Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

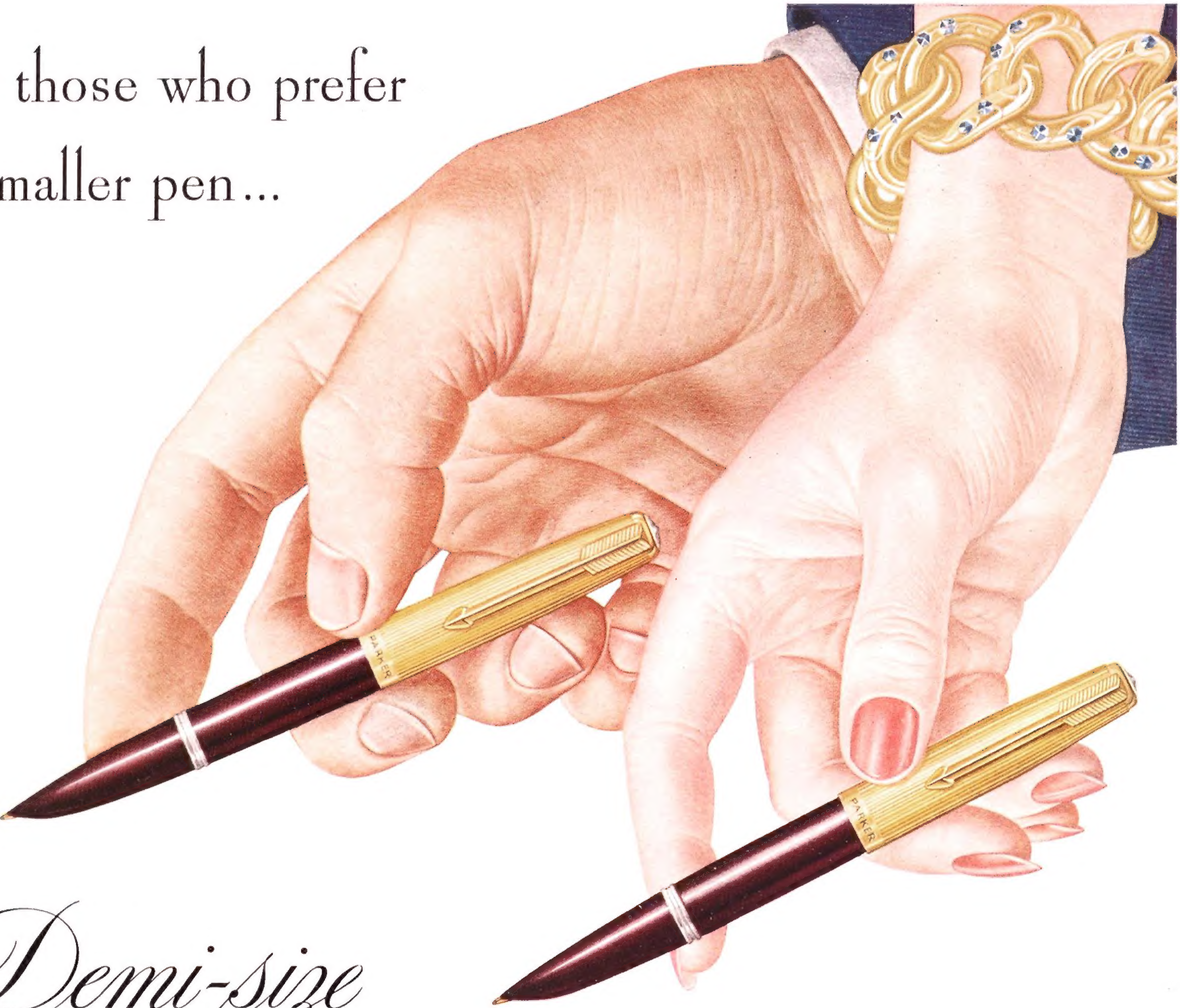
PRICE
50¢
CANADA 55

Father's Day Issue

Gift Section
page 61

Bedside Murder Mystery
page 54

For those who prefer a smaller pen...



Demi-size

a new Parker "51" ... world's most wanted pen

New . . . jewel-like in each detail . . . the *demi-size* is a true "51" in everything but dimensions. Created especially for the man or woman who prefers a smaller pen.

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Precision-made throughout, the *demi-size* offers a wide range of custom points. You choose the one that best brings out the full individuality of your handwriting. For added color and character, you'll want to use new Parker *Superchrome* Ink. Created for use only in the Parker "51" Pen—this super-brilliant, super-permanent ink actually *dries as it writes!* You never need a blotter.

See the new *demi-size* Parker "51" today. Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. Matched Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada.

Parker "51"... writes dry with wet ink!

PARKER
Superchrome INK
FOR THE "51" PEN ONLY

NEW! Wholly different—created by leading scientists. World's most brilliant permanent ink—and it *dries as it writes!* Choice of 5 tropic-bright colors. Full year's supply, only 50 cents.

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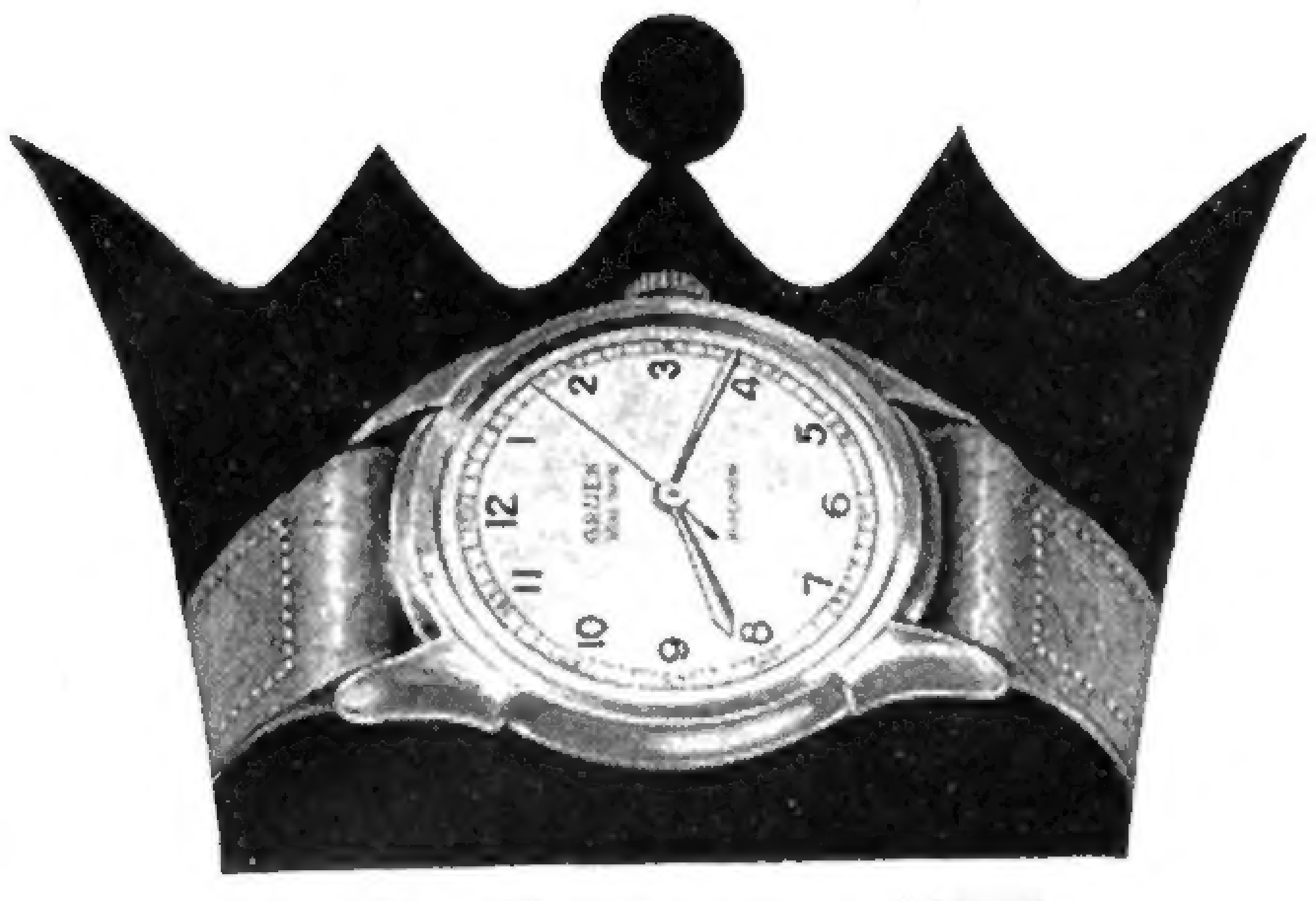
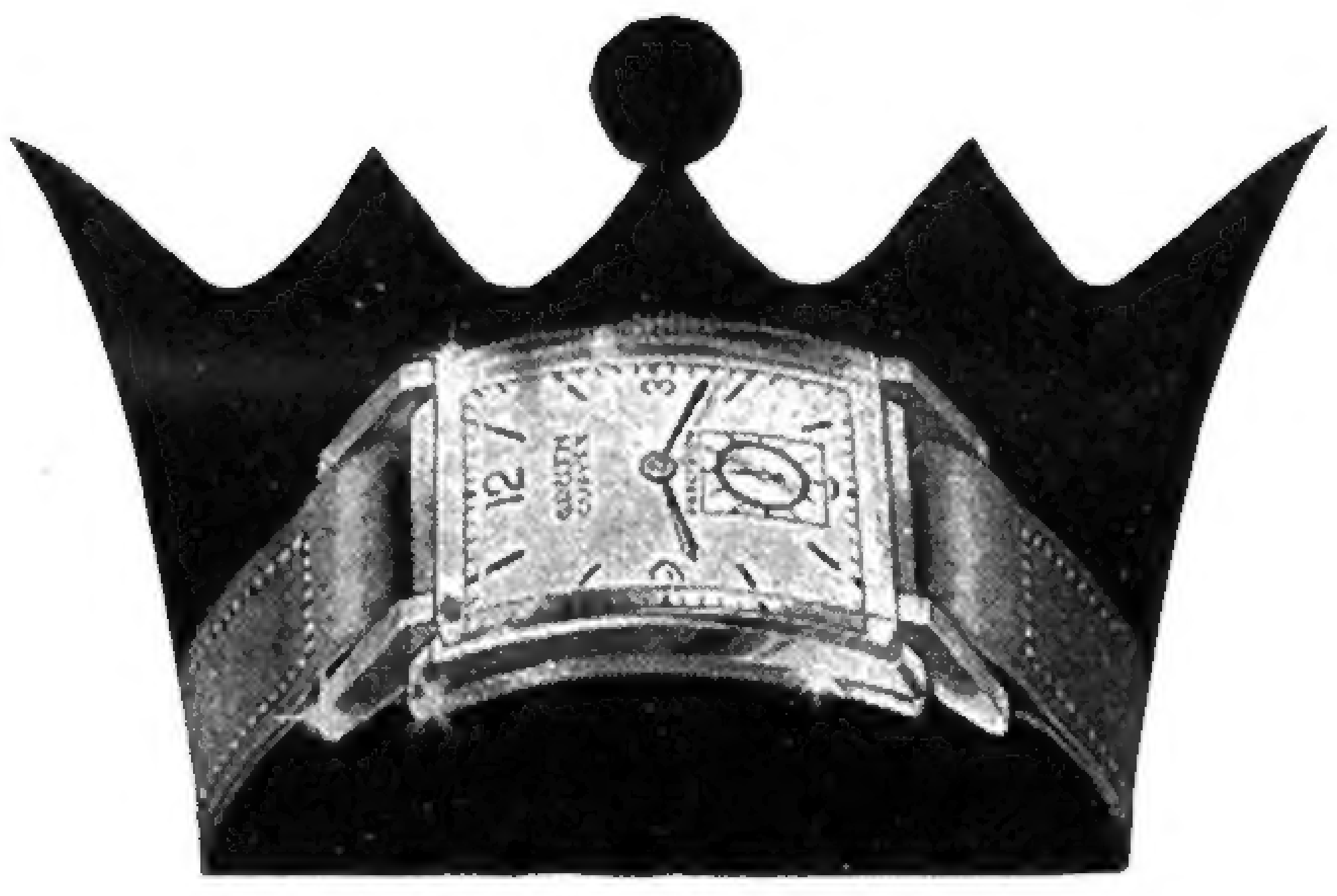
Father's Day is June 20th



Veri-Thin Pan American, $49.75

for his majesty...Dad

Curvex Camargo, $71.50



Curvex "One Hundred," $100

Curvex Executive, diamond dial, $200

Veri Thin Franklin, $59.50

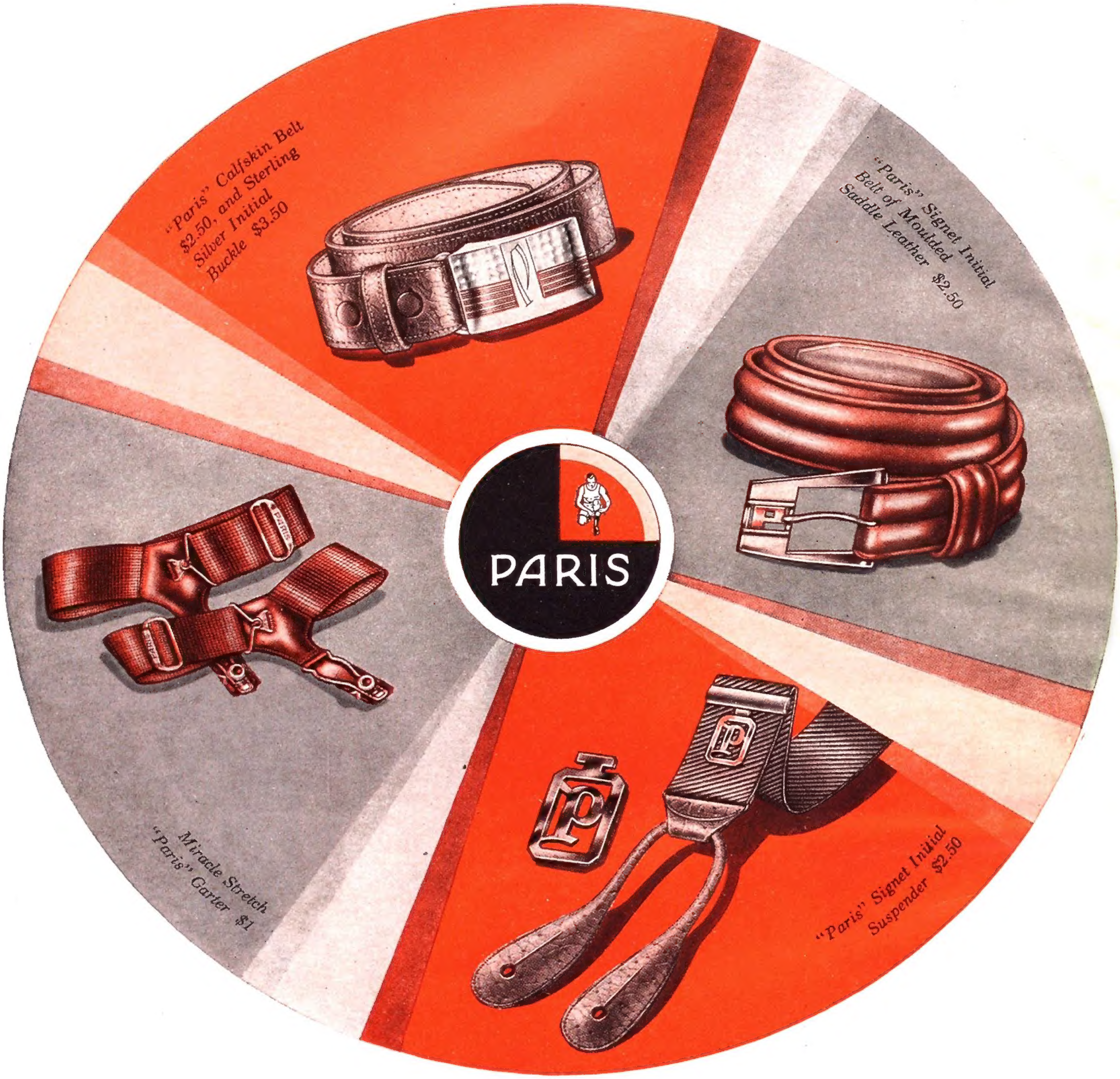
Because he's a prince among men... because he's worthy of fine things... and just because you love him, give Dad a Gruen watch this year. Here is a gift to be proudly worn... truly the crowning achievement of the watchmaker's art. You may choose a Gruen Curvex,* the world's first truly curved wrist watch, or a Gruen Veri-Thin,* thinnest of smart watches. Either is magnificent in style, both are famous for their Gruen-Precision. Yes, for the best Dad in the world, give a Gruen on Father's Day. At Gruen jewelers only, from $33.75, federal tax included. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati 6, Ohio, U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

GRUEN

THE PRECISION WATCH

For cherished gifts, consult your jeweler.

*T. M. REGISTERED


"Paris" Calfskin Belt $2.50, and Sterling Silver Initial Buckle $3.50
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PARIS
Miracle Stretch "Paris" Garter $1
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Give DAD something he can really use, a gift that expresses your thoughtfulness. These smart "Presents by Paris"* are preferred by men everywhere, yet they're easy on your pocketbook. Your favorite men's store or department store has a complete selection now, reasonably priced from 55c to $10. Buy your "Paris" presents for Papa now.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Co.

Coming in August

Full Twenty-Page Glossary

The Esquire Liquor Intelligencer

Both the practiced host and informal man of leisure will be delighted with this complete guide to the gentlemanly arts of drinking: a detailed and comprehensive survey of all the secrets which can add to the pleasure of drinking and serving potables. This is a wise and witty compilation of the knowledge every man should have of one of the pleasanter pursuits of living. Colorful illustrations, exact instructions down to the last flourish of the swizzle stick, will make this section one of your prized possessions. You'll save this August issue for the *Intelligencer* alone, and we predict that you'll be a happier host after you've digested this last-word advice on a very stimulating subject.

How to Drink Like a Gentleman
Esquire's What and When Chart
The Esquire Here's How Guide to Mixing
Aged in the Wood
The Long Drink
Twenty-five Cocktails
The Balanced Bar
Bar Accessories
Wines and How to Buy Them
How to Serve and Drink Brandies & Liqueurs
The Liquor Closet
Connoisseur's Consultant
Beers & Ales
Men, Mice & Malt

Esquire Bedside Mystery

The Lasher Ice *by William Francis*

The Bedside Mystery of the Month brings into August another whodunit especially written for Esquire and compounded of all the thrills, chills and jills which are making this great series one of Esquire's most popular features. Especially illustrated in full color by Victor Kalin.

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Bullfight, *by Édouard Manet*

A reproduction of Manet's classic painting in gatefold size, worthy of framing. On special stock and with Esquire's famous fine-arts faithfulness to the original in color and line.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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T.M. REG.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, President; Alfred Smart, Sec.-Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Treas.; Editorial and Art Depts., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17; Circulation, Business and Production Depts., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Manuscripts, drawings and cartoons should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere $12.00. Subscribers changing addresses should notify Esquire Subscription Dept. 30 days before change is to take place. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Editorial: Where was Father Machree?

FATHER'S reputation as a hero is none too well established by tradition. Adding it all up, the folk songs, the dramas, the jokes, he seems to emerge as a lusty and lovable sort of windbag, only occasionally given over to inspired wisdom or action, but more often out tilting at windmills, leaving his little ones at home clutching their mother's skirt the while she wearily stirs the gruel.

Shakespeare's fathers (recalling those we can without cravenly referring to our "Collected Works") fared none too well, what with Lear bucking an unkind winter wind, Polonius getting a sword in the arras shortly after sounding off to his son, to say nothing of that tempestuous head of the family who lay full fathom five on the ocean bed exchanging his eyes for pearls.

THE ESQUIRE
FATHER'S DAY FOLIO
JUNE
20
FATHER'S DAY
"For The Greatest Man in the World"
To His Dog, and to Someone at Some Time in His Life, Each Father Is the Greatest Man in the World.

Father Machree is another lad who draws our sympathy. Although he certainly should not be hard put to outshine his drudge of a wife, we get the impression that *his* toilworn hand is more apt to be reaching for a barmaid's knee than guiding the plow. The inference is that if *his* brow ever were furrowed, it would be by the stroke of a shillelagh in a tavern brawl, rather than in any homey calculations on the problem of raising an Irish tenor.

There is sentiment, mind you, in favor of Father—Clarence Day has been abroad too long in the land for us to deny it—but it is of the fretful sort which sometimes manages to excuse his tempers and his selfishness only by a stray pat on the cheek or a solid bank account. All too often, the old cry of Father, dear father rings out in the night.

We prefer to rely on the incidents everyone carries in his mind concerning his own father, calculated to last because they become a lesson in manhood that is unforgettable. We remember our own father, for instance, at a dignified age when his cane and mustachios were a proper ornament, handing us the cane but twinkling the mustachios as he polished off a young street rowdy with all the old-time science of a Corbett. We held the crowd back, yelling, "Give 'em room," while the contestants circled, and we cheered wildly and counted every time the bum went down—a doubtful contribution which was terminated when the police arrived. It was discovered then that our father's challenger, wearing brass knuckles, had only managed to bruise a mustache tip; while father's straight lefts had loosened quite a few teeth. We remember that orders were carried out promptly after that around the house; and the image of the gentleman who carried himself coolly in combat lingers sharp, and serves us well.

We rise to defend another father, equally able to defend the hearth, who nevertheless chose the path of lesser glory—sitting on an egg. This father, an unmustachioed swan, we observed only some weeks ago doing duty over what at first appeared to be a pale green football, speckled with brown, but which turned out to be his offspring in the shell.

Mother Machree, at this point, was not grubbing for the nest, or troubling her toilworn wings over the little one, but was busying herself grabbing off all the best insects for herself, humming a snatch of Saint-Saens the while.

Just when a boy, or a swan, gets around to appreciating his father, we don't know. Mark Twain once remarked that as a boy of fourteen he found his father so ignorant that he could hardly stand to have the old man around—but when he got to be twenty-one, said Mark, he was astonished at how much the old boy learned in seven short years.

Father, we are proud to declare, having achieved the vision of a Twain at twenty-one, is not only a gentleman and a scholar, but is also a damn good sport about having that point overlooked throughout the year, while he shells out heavily for Christmas, Mother's Day, St. Valentine's Day, Easter, assorted birthdays and anniversaries, and St. Swithin's Day, when he buys mother a new umbrella.

It is only fitting, we say, that his day grow in recognition and sincerity because the old boy deserves his hour of triumph so thoroughly. You may know that Father's Day is not yet so old as to become a tradition, and yet you should know that neither is Father's Day any newfangled commercial idea founded on sentiment. A lady, bless her, a lady by the name of Mrs. John Bruce Dodd, in Spokane, Washington, first had the idea in 1910, as a gesture of appreciation toward her own father, whose virtues we should all applaud at this time. Showing some of her ancestor's mettle, she did her best to speed the adoption of the idea throughout the United States. It is customary at this point in such a narrative to claim that *we* (speaking editorially of course) supplied the encouragement which made it possible for the project to thrive. Well, maybe we did, because from the beginning Esky favored the idea of giving every father his doddsworth on the third Sunday of each June, and that idea has become an Esquire tradition, carried on by this issue. We refer you to Miss Ilka Chase, if you will, and her sprightly and charming essay on that blessed article so dear to father's heart, the double bed. We would have you note *Head of Whose House?* by Darrell Huff, an examination of our modern architecture and its failings. *Inside Father* by Helen Lawrenson is a neat surgical examination of that esteemed gentleman. And for his reading and re-reading: Jimmy Cannon's inside story on Joe Di Maggio, James Hilton's mountain-climbing musing on Mt. Everest, and, of course, the Esquire BEDSIDE Murder Mystery for this month, *Hot Blonde, Cold Blonde,* by William Francis, book length.

Straight to the point is our own Gift Chart which tells you the right gift for the right man. This is not, we will have you know, a series of beautiful color shots playing store window in a magazine. We sent out a bevy of scouts and surveyors (and *you* should be so lucky as to be questioned by *some* of the girls) to find just the thing for the man of special tastes, and of many tastes, and the Gift Chart puts the proper suggestion right under your finger and your eye as soon as you decide whether your father is doctor, lawyer, merchant or chief. You could do worse than keep it around for another occasion when the boss rates a remembrance worth some thought.

These troublous times, a little honesty and a little sentiment, and a little honest sentiment may be more than worth the effort. When the best guy in the world is right in your own house, or in your own heart, you can do no better than to tell him so on this occasion in your own way. And, we respectfully recommend that you do. ⧺

For men of action*
Tanbark
COLOGNE
LENTHÉRIC
NEW YORK PARIS-LONDON
AFTER SHAVE
LOTION
LENTHÉRIC
NEW YORK PARIS-LONDON
HÉRIC

QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

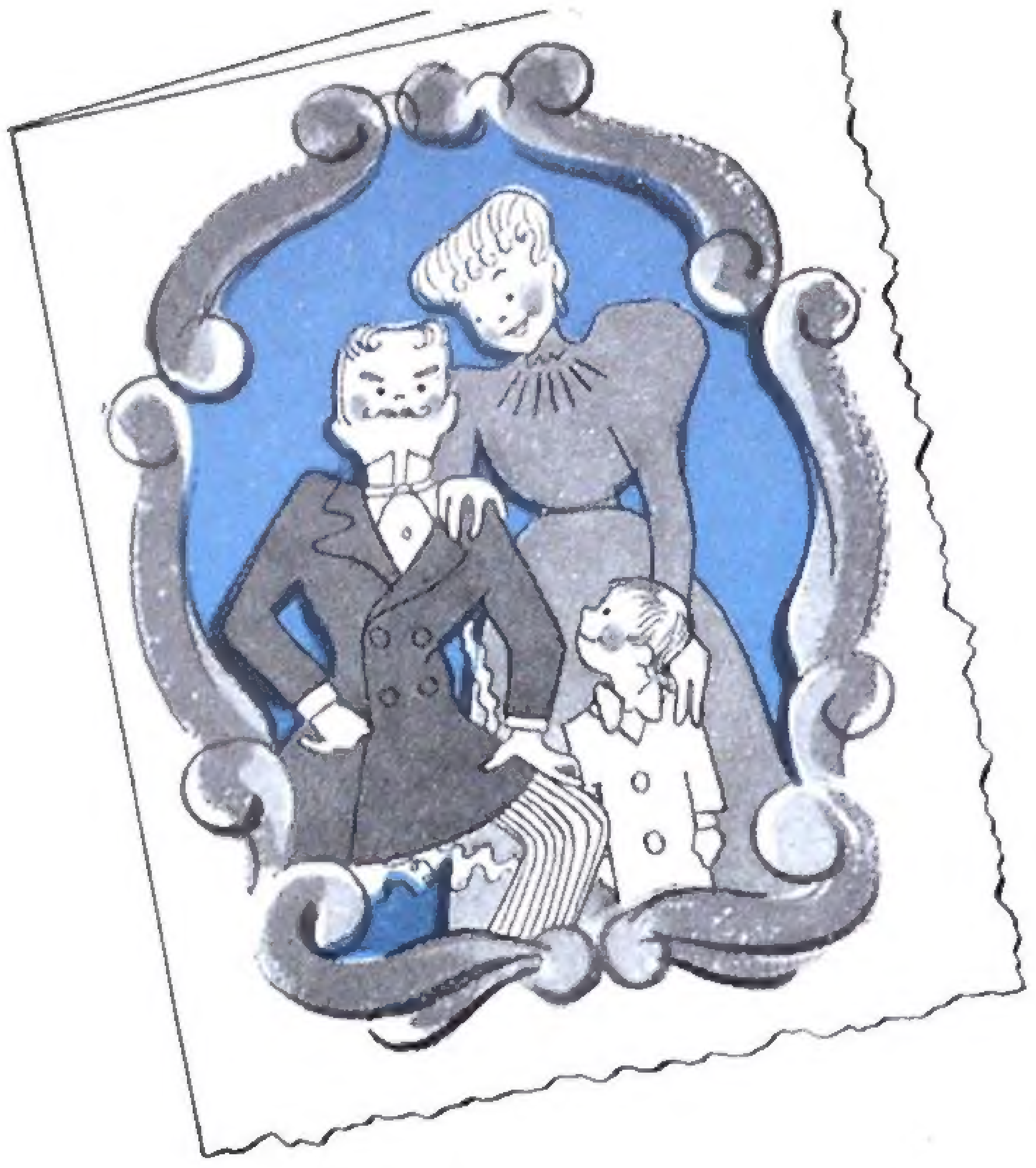
De luxe duo, wood-capped decanters of Lenthéric's refreshing "Tanbark" Cologne, and tingling After Shave Lotion, $5.00 the set. Also available in individual flacons and decanters. $1.00 to $4.00. *All prices, plus tax.*

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1948, Lenthéric, Inc.

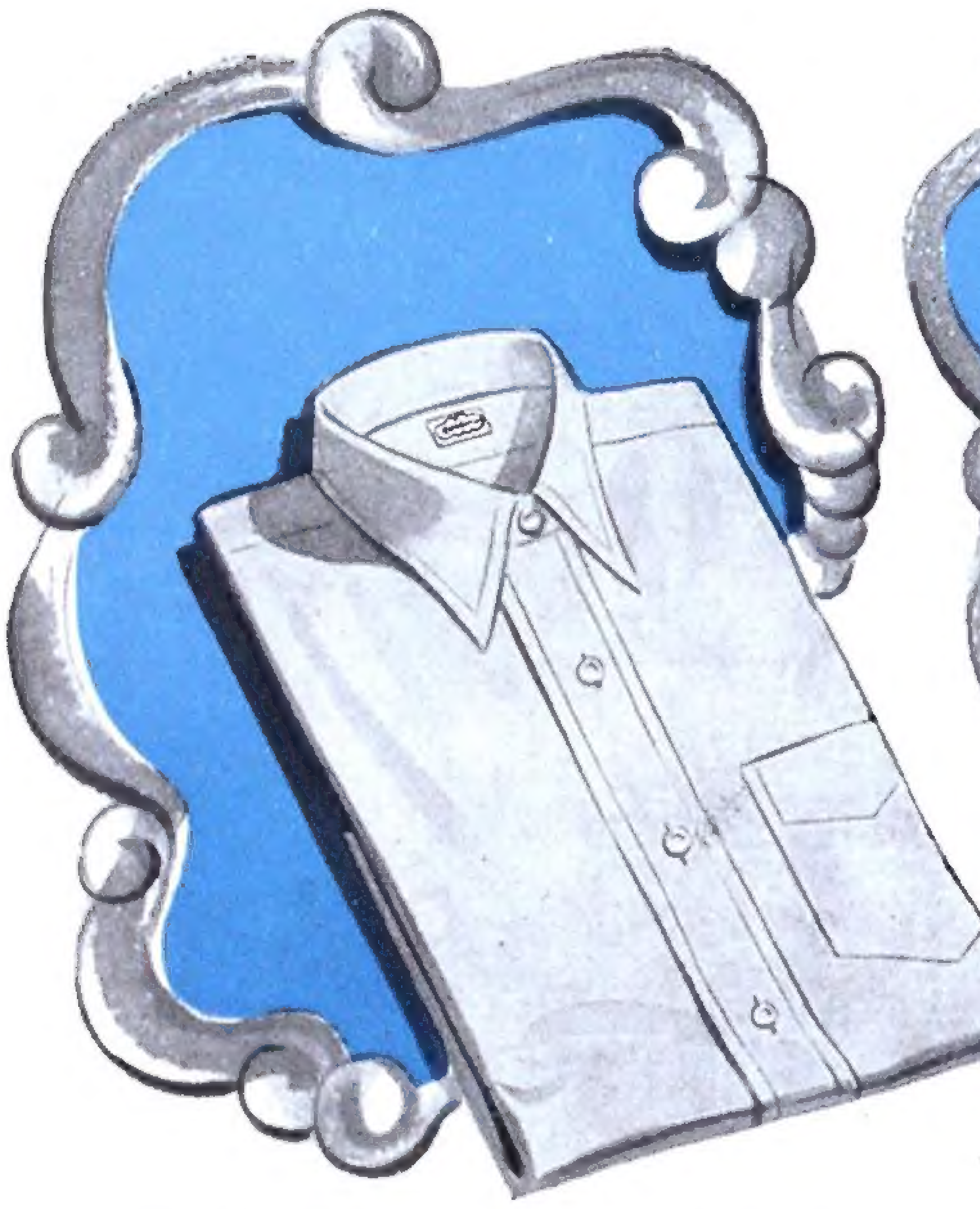
Fa-ther...how things have changed!



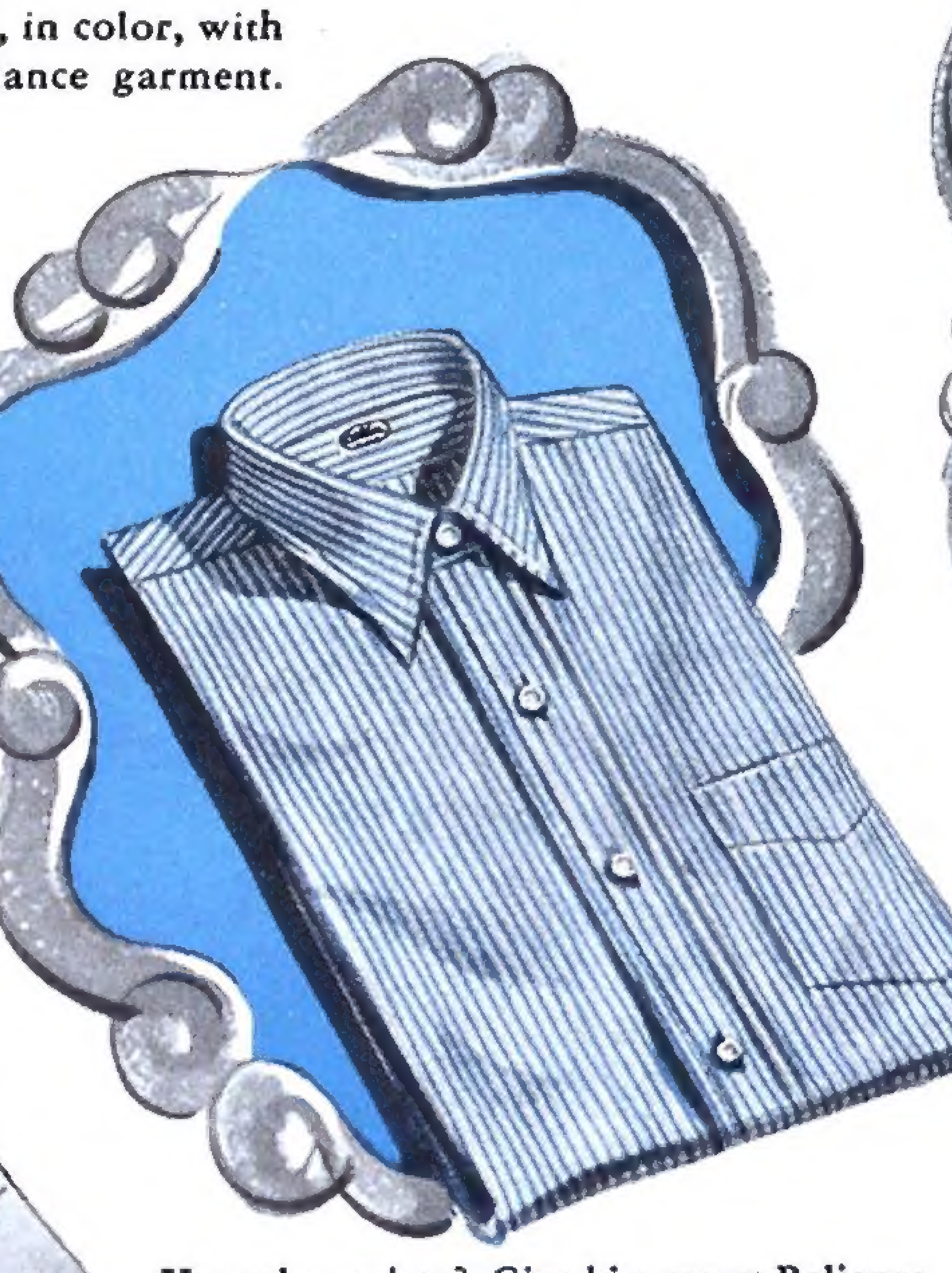
Happy Father's Day This card, in color, with each Reliance garment.

The Gay Nineties . . . now but a dream . . .
Had modes and vogues a mite extreme,
Today, men's wear is handsome, trim,
With looks and comfort made for *"him."*

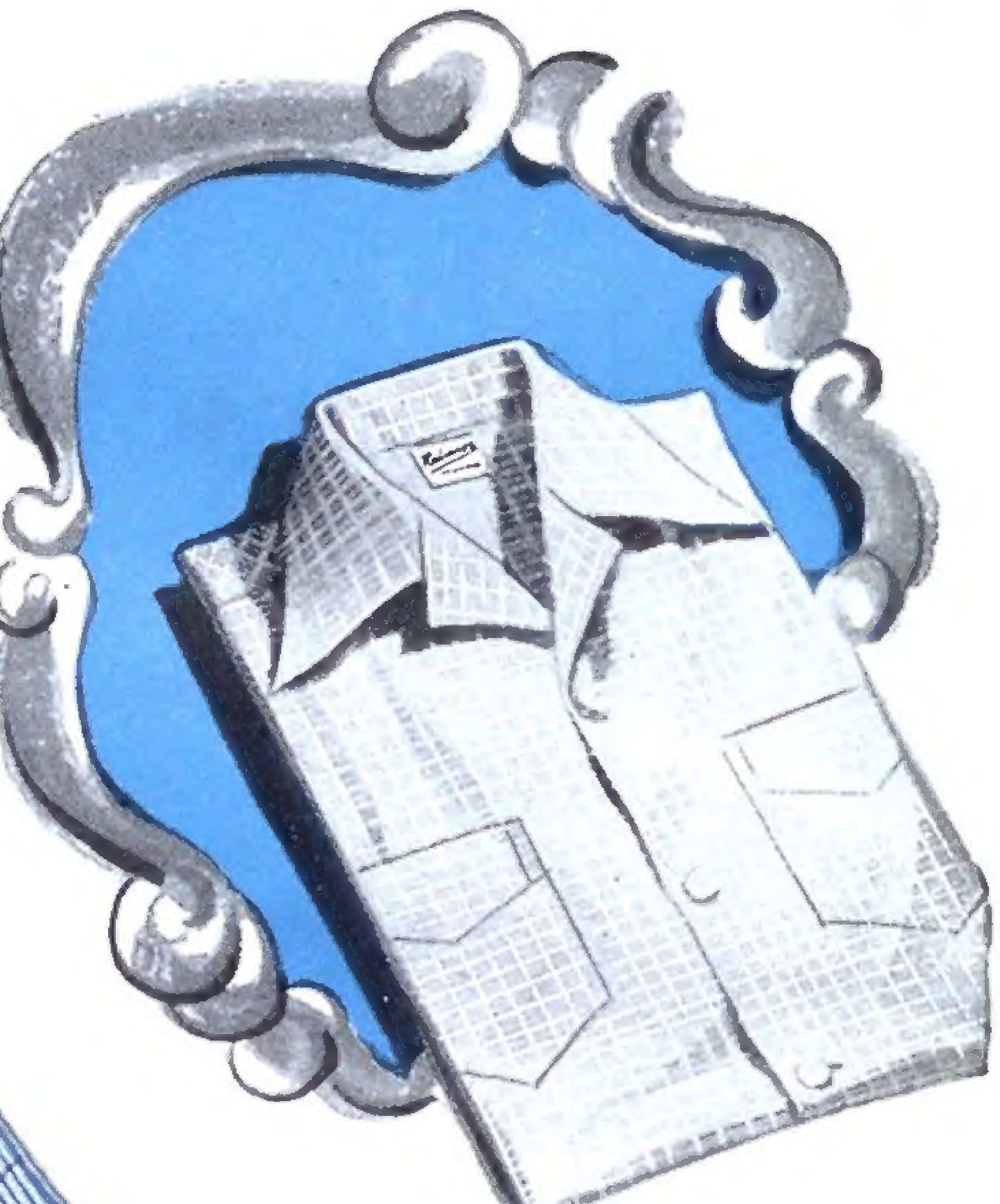
Today, hear father's happy sighs
Over *modern* men's wear that he buys:
Your cue for Dad's gifts sure to please . . .
Reliance items such as these:



Fine white broadcloth shirts with those ultra-important features Dad looks for . . . like the exclusive Reliance contour collar that looks better, feels better . . . and the Sanforized fabric with less than 1% shrinkage. About **$3.25 to $4.00**

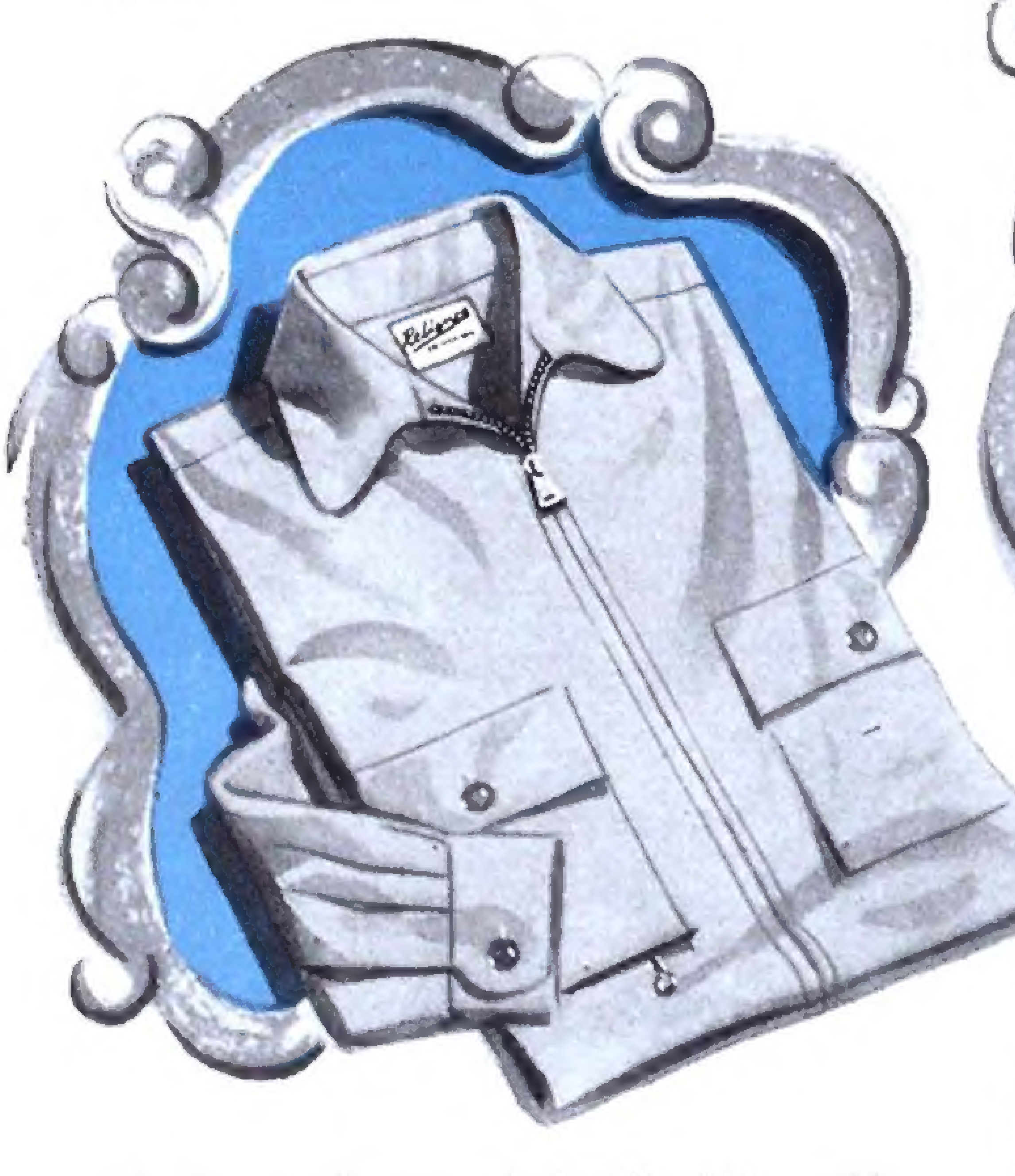


He seeks variety? Give him smart Reliance striped shirts in a wide color choice . . . with contour collars, in Sanforized fabrics, tailored carefully throughout to give Dad the grand fit he wants in his shirts. About **$3.25 to $4.00**

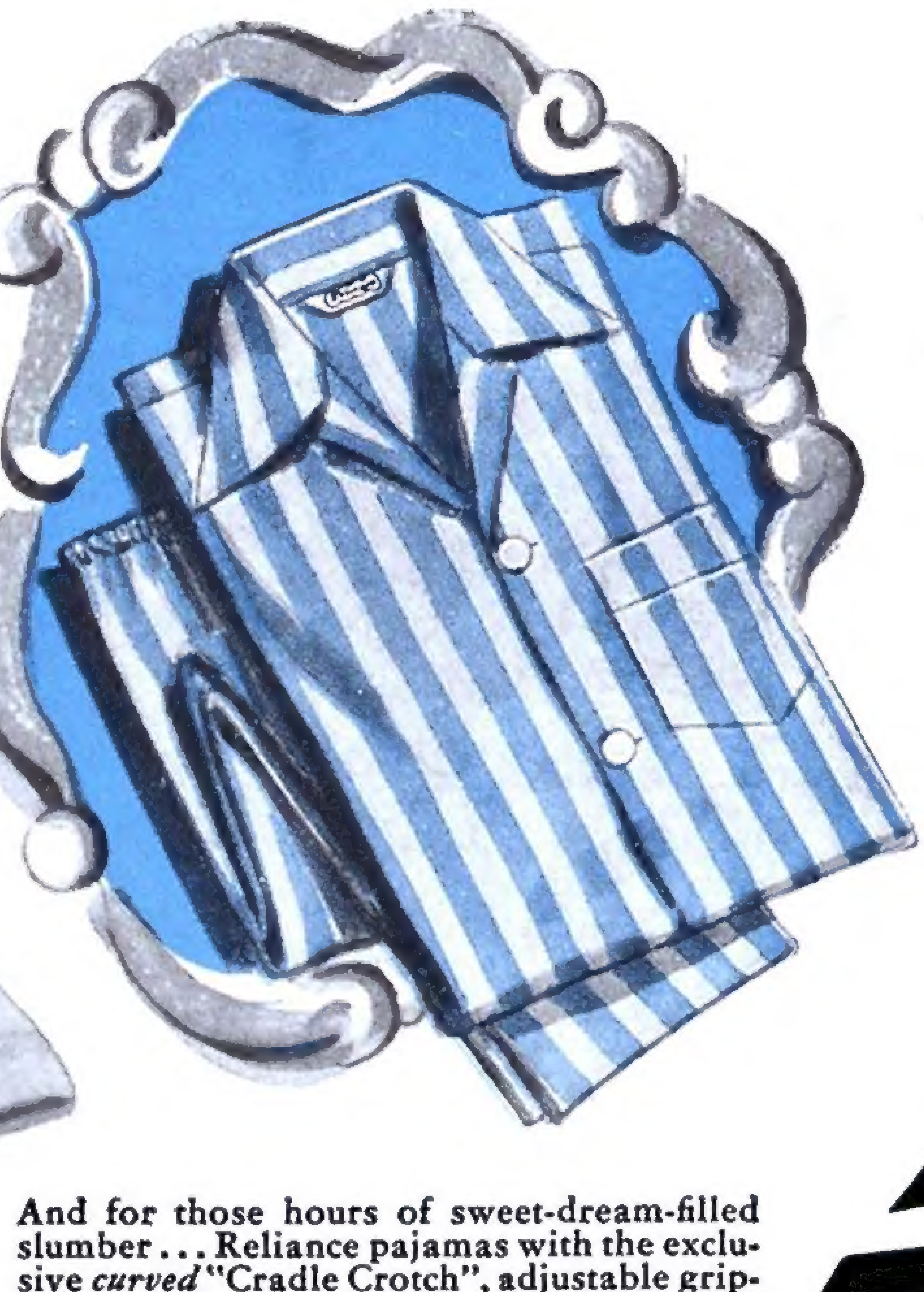


Here's your chance to get in real B-I-G with Dad! Short and long sleeve sport shirts in an eye-catching variety of washable cotton and rayon plaids, checks, and solid colors. Reliance two-way collars. About **$2.95 to $5.00**

At Better Stores Everywhere



Get him an all-purpose jacket like this . . . with the adjustable waistband, swing bottom pockets, sta-set collar, raincape yoke, zippered change pocket . . . in rugged water repellent fabric! About **$5.95 to $9.95**. Other Reliance jackets **$5.00 to $12.95**



And for those hours of sweet-dream-filled slumber . . . Reliance pajamas with the exclusive *curved* "Cradle Crotch", adjustable gripper front, elastic sides! Coats and trousers of fine Sanforized cotton fabrics, in Dad-appealing patterns and colors. Coat style with collar, or pull-over style. About **$3.95 to $5.00**

Gather 'round, families . . . see the grandest group of 1948 Father's Day apparel ever . . . and choose fine Reliance wear that'll do Dad real proud! Remember . . . Reliance quality is laboratory-controlled, and the excellent styling and tailoring *prove* fine men's wear need *not* be expensive!

Reliance

SHIRTS • PAJAMAS
SHORTS • SPORTSWEAR

50th Anniversary Reliance Manufacturing Company
Half Century of Value

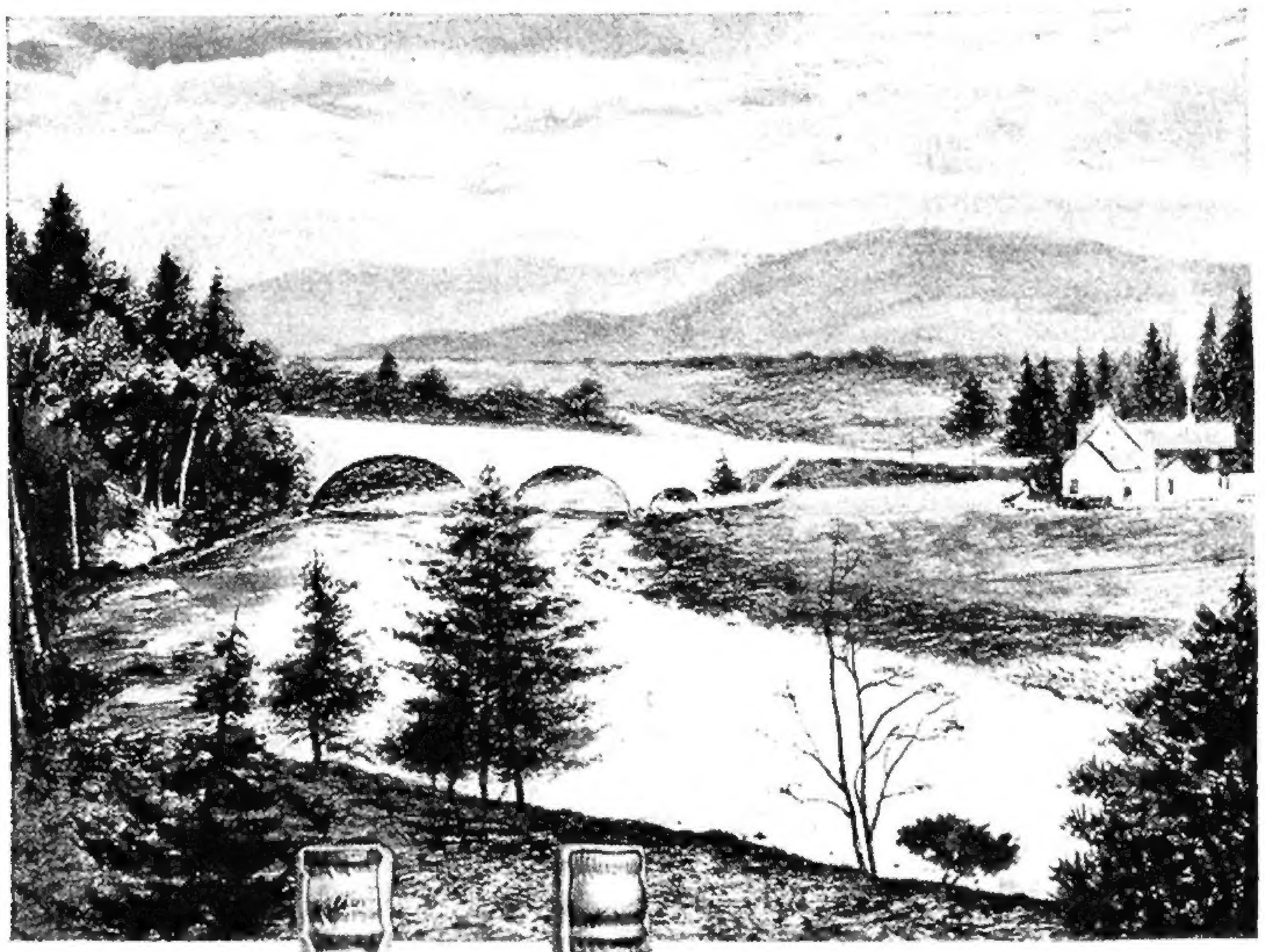
Reliance Manufacturing Co., Chicago, New York

FORECASTING...

The day's prize catch

FROM THE RIVER SPEY TO BIMINI

Favoured by salmon fishermen is Scotland's foaming River Spey. And favoured the world over is Johnnie Walker. It's Scotch of such unsurpassed richness and mellowness that *only* Scotland's cool mists, bred-in-the-bone distilling skill and clear spring waters can produce it.



Few thrills surpass hooking that big one at Bimini. Except, of course, the thrill of afterwards...with Scotch joyously unsurpassed for bouquet, mellowness and distinctive flavour, all yours to be savoured sip by sip. Name? Why, Johnnie Walker, of course!

Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Johnnie Walker
Black Label

ASK FOR SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL • BLACK LABEL

Both 86.8 proof

BORN 1820
...still going strong

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

The Sound and the Fury

whither Bentleys

I was most interested to see a reference to this Club in the February issue of Esquire.

Thanks for the boost for British sports cars in the United States, but some of the maximum speeds quoted are on the high side. The "TC"-type M.G. and the "1800" Triumph will barely touch 80 m.p.h., let alone exceed 90, and the Jaguar only just tops 90. The Allard depicted has not been the subject of a road test in this country so far, but I think 100 m.p.h. would be its maximum.

Three of the fastest British sports cars not mentioned and only very recently introduced to the American market are the Healey, Bristol, and Frazer-Nash; these really go.

If any readers know of. "vintage" Bentleys in remote places, I should be pleased to hear from them.

Stanley Sedgwick
Hon. Secretary—
Bentley Drivers Club

Editor's Note: *Esky will slow down on our speed figure for the "TC" type M.G. which, as the Hon. Secretary says, has an 80 m.p.h. top. However, the Hoffman Motor Car Company in New York backs up our statement that the Jaguar will do 95 and the makers of the Allard assert it will do 104 with a special gear. Moreover, Fergus Motors Inc., of New York City, promise to drive any serious prospective purchaser 90 m.p.h. in a Triumph.*

Latins are testy lovers

Since I married my husband, I have become very well acquainted with your magazine, not due to a morbid curiosity as the magazine is supposed to be "only for men," but because my husband does not read English and therefore I translate everything he wishes for him.

It is not my intention to deny that women do possess the defects mentioned in Dr. Rice's article; but to point out that he has forgotten the better aspects of her nature.

His portrait of a woman as an egocentric, pampered, cunning, fickle little monster, always abusing the patience of her kind, tolerating and condescending husband, would only reflect the failure of the husband's manhood in my country.

Blanca de Diez Gutierrez
Mexico City, Mexico

that wag, Kitroeff

"*Plus ca change, plus ca soît la meme chose.*" Mais voyons, it is not at all la même chose. Permit me, I pray you.

In January I am confronted with an Esquire who is meager like an épouvantail—how you say it—a scarecrow. There is *Armchair in Hell* oui, and I do not wake up in the morning with a valise under each eye but with a portmanteau.

In February, oh, la la, he is still meager this Esquire and, name of a pipe! Les petites gravures by the story-titles! What is arriving? Where are they? And the Gallery? Did you not remark that she is alone, la belle fille au maillot?

La Lawrenson . . . ah non! I think her article smells very bad. One should not talk like that about l'amour. It is subversive sabotage and also, she is betraying her sex, a dangerous affair, what?

Lieut. A. Kitroeff
Athens, Greece

questing student

I'm a journalism student at the Berkeley campus of the University of California. From my "student" status, you might assume that I don't know a helluva lot about anything, including writing. Nevertheless, I know what I like in your March issue:

Enchanting Minks: Good pun, but the gallery gals were more realistic.

Holbein's Star Performance: Not spectacular, considering who wrote it.

Herb Graffis deserves a uranium-plated typewriter for his attack on the New Look.

Red Stars Over the Olympics: Is Mr. Kugelmass fishing for a prophet's medal? Nothing but statistics.

Do You Know Your Women?: The good doctor proved that "science writing can be accurate without being dull."

Just One Minute's Rest: Disturbing. Tell me, was it the lady or the tiger?

Stanley E. Williams
Pinole, Calif.

Editor's Note: *Bruce Henry, author of* Just One Minute's Rest, *relates the payoff as follows:*

"I am happy to report that immediately after the hero of the piece left the sanitorium he found his affairs in good order, his lady more loving and devoted than ever and his business associate loyal and true. Thus, he suffered no ill effects from the 'rest' treatment except for one very minor aberration—a newly acquired liking for fried eggs. He liked fried eggs very much. He kept them in all his pockets."

minesweeper's s.o.s.

We are operating in the Red Sea, clearing shipping lanes of minefields.

Esquire, though much sought after, is impossible to obtain except on rare occasions when American freighters call here and we manage to get one or two from the crew. I wondered if your readers have any back numbers, no matter how old, they could possibly let us have.

Believe me, sir, the few tattered pin-ups that decorate our mess deck have become almost personal girl friends and are a tonic to gaze upon after a day on the "field" in this red hot climate. They brighten up a drab existence.

Many of your fashion pages and charts I have kept. They will prove a great help when I don civvies again.

Robert F. Piggin
2nd Minesweeping Flotilla
c/o G.P.O.—London, England

on your heels, Ryan

Shame on Mr. Ryan for being so ungrateful to Esquire; he knows darned good and well he gets more for his money when he buys a copy than for the same amount spent for anything else—and that even goes for issues which contain no writing of mine. I tried to make my description of the Dand as clear as I could, but my article was no $30 course in physical culture, so I naturally could not tell everything.

Let's start all over again, Ryan: Get down on all fours. Now squat back on your heels in the position of a frog about to leap. That's clear, isn't it? From that position, bending the arms, push the chest forward and let it graze the floor. Straighten the arms, just as you do in the good old American push-up exercise. You are back where you started from now, ready to squat back on the heels, and start all over again. Get it now?

There are several hundred varieties of Dands. I have written a book or course about them, but that, as Kipling says, is another story, and it isn't ready for anyone to read as yet.

Charles B. Roth
Arvada, Colo.

Greek bearing gimmick

A motorist, driving his car at a constant speed, saw a milestone with a two-figure number on it. After traveling for exactly one hour, he passed another milestone with the same two figures, only in reversed order. After still another hour's travel, he passed another milestone with the initial order of the two figures, only that a naught was inserted between them. What were the numbers on the three milestones and at what speed did he travel?

Costos G. Kyriakos
Athens, Greece

reactionary

The one thing that's better than discipleship of change is to know a good thing when you got it. You had a good thing in February and look what change did to it in March.

In February you had *Sing Before Breakfast* by Timothy Fuller and *The Bed We Lie On* by George Weller—two gems of sophisticated writing which gave the first intimation that Esquire knew from muscles. Even if you did rash out in that portentous Kreymborg poetry of disembodied voices, you had *The Big Drag* by Mel Heimer. You had *Always the Sentimentalist* by Arthur Strawn, who knows that the true short short is short on whim, long on wham. You had *Scoop: How I Licked Japan* by Robert Lewis, which was as superior to Helen Lawrenson's congested wit as even Lawrenson's is to Herb Graffis'.

So what happens in March? You have Quentin Reynolds. Pardon me if I dispute the claim of power for his story. You have *Do You Know Your Women?* by Dr. J. B. Rice. It *was* a treat to find out that women are not men and vice versa, the psychologists have been so busy with cross-alloy lately, but he didn't tell us anything else about them that, unfortunately, we didn't know.

Ernest Buckler
Bridgetown, N. S.

thwarted

I make this dying lament and protest of the New Look, described by Graffis.

With wasp waists and bulging bustles, ankle-length skirts and French polished lipstick, the female look today is so horrifying that at the moment when I'm doing my damnedest to find the girl of my life, I recoil shuddering from even looking at these defilings of the potentially beautiful, and not only miss whatever beauty might be lurking underneath, but I'm sure will end up old and grey, a bachelor.

D. O. Cose
Trail, B.C., Canada

sugar and spice

Mr. Graham, whose remarks appeared in June, is quite right. I don't see how teachers can be as impartial as they are. I'm sure I'd never be able to give a smiling bright-eyed little gal with a gay ribbon in her hair less than 100%, regardless of her examination paper. Teachers are human; and temptation to "grade down" the boy who keeps the class in constant turmoil with his rowdyism must be well-nigh irresistible.

But discounting such factors, I believe girls earn their better grades in grammar and high school. Girls grow faster in all directions (adult women are smaller than men because they stop growing earlier). Females cut all of their teeth earlier, their bones ossify (harden) earlier, and they learn to talk, dress themselves, and do simple tasks before boys. Girls reach puberty two full years ahead of boys. A girl of thirteen is from one to two years older than a boy of thirteen.

But girls don't maintain their lead. The most intensively studied group of children in the annals of psychology, the "Therman Genius Group" of 1300 California school children, revealed gifted girls began to fall behind male competitors soon after puberty was reached.

In adolescence, boys begin to realize that mathematics and chemistry might be useful to them later on, and they begin to work toward an objective. At about this time, many girls begin to realize that it's quite possible to be a howling success without knowing from nothing. Once she observes that a girl can get farther by capturing a man and "letting" him work for her than she can by working for herself, the jig is up. Her interest turns to social charm and personal appearance. The fact that most girls recognize this "fact of life" at an early age is more evidence that "there's nothing wrong with the female mind."

J. B. Rice, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

Continued in center of page 145

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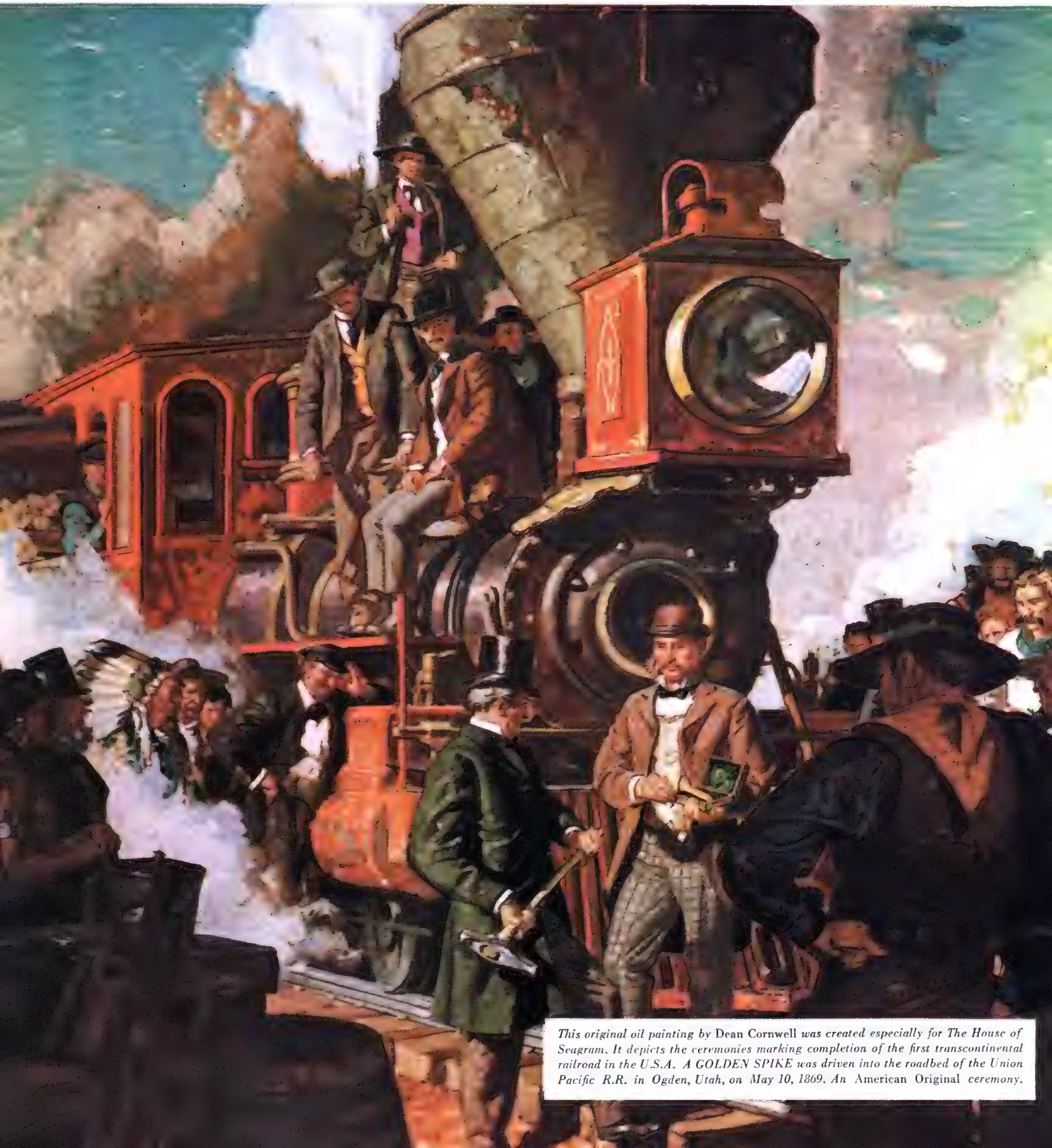
An American



This original oil painting by Dean Cornwell *was created especially for The House of Seagram. It depicts the ceremonies marking completion of the first transcontinental railroad in the U.S.A. A GOLDEN SPIKE was driven into the roadbed of the Union Pacific R.R. in Ogden, Utah, on May 10, 1869. An* American Original *ceremony.*

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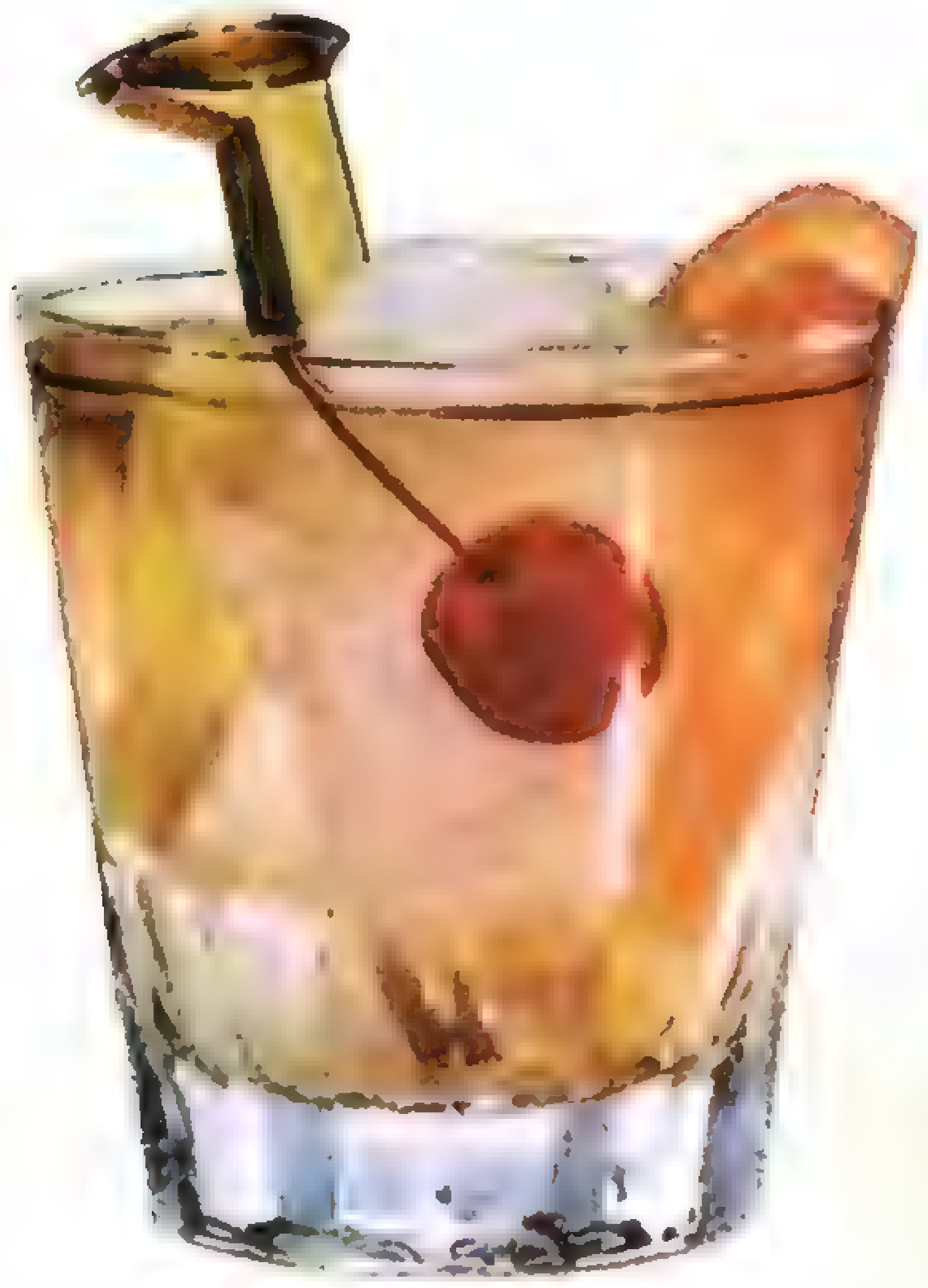

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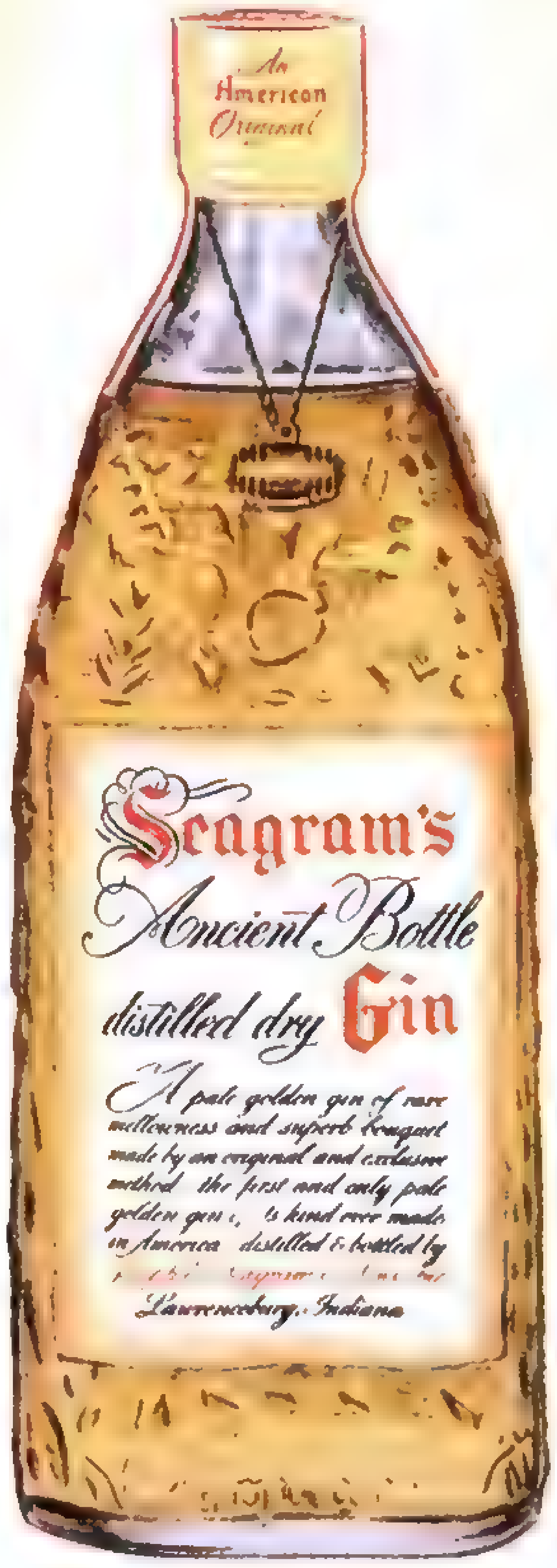
2 drops bitters • Very little granulated sugar
Splash of seltzer or water • 2 cubes ice

If sugar is desired put into an old fashioned glass, add bitters and a splash of seltzer or water. Muddle, add ice, a slice of orange, a twist of lemon peel and a cherry. Then pour in the gin, stir well and serve with a stir rod.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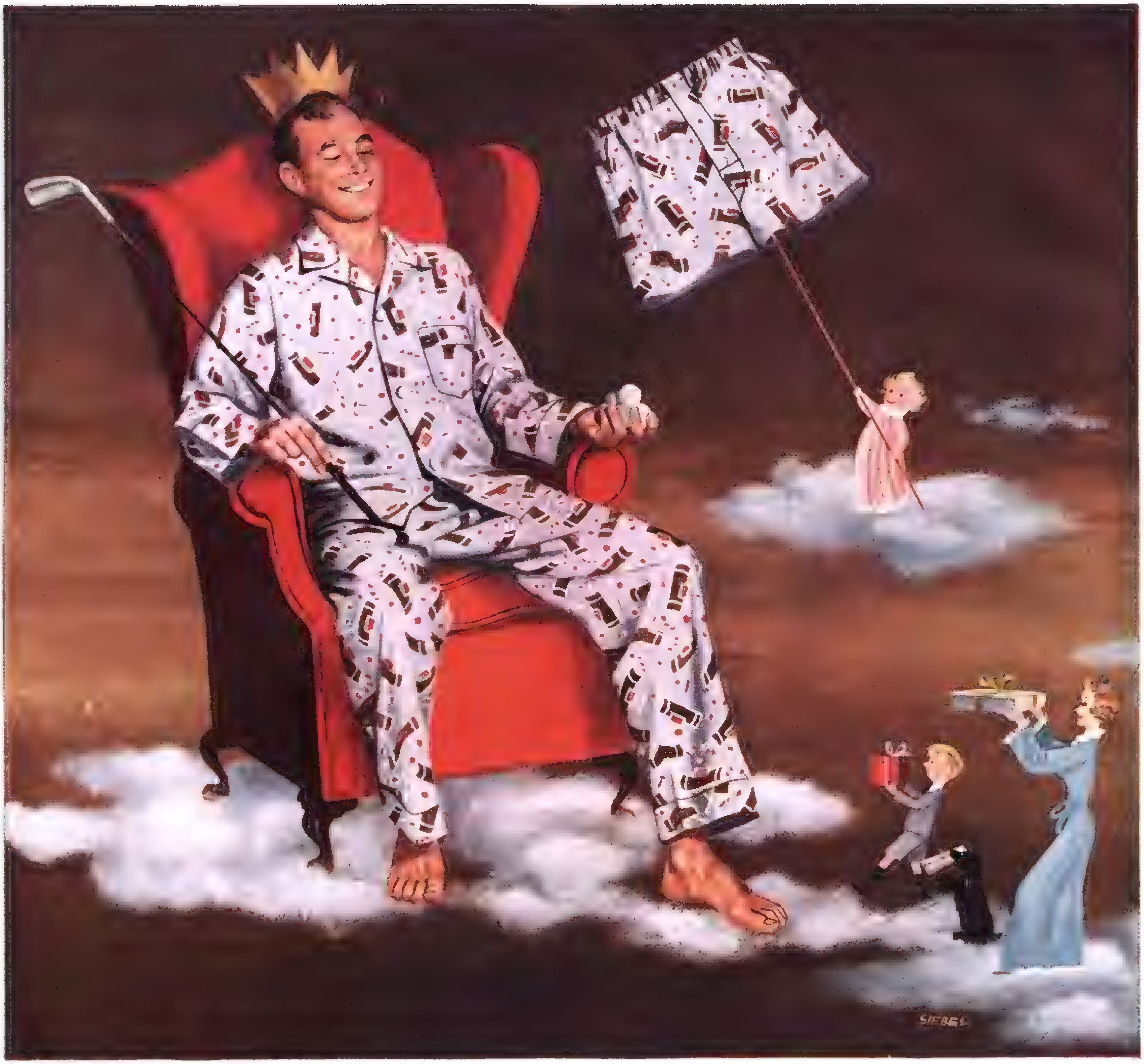

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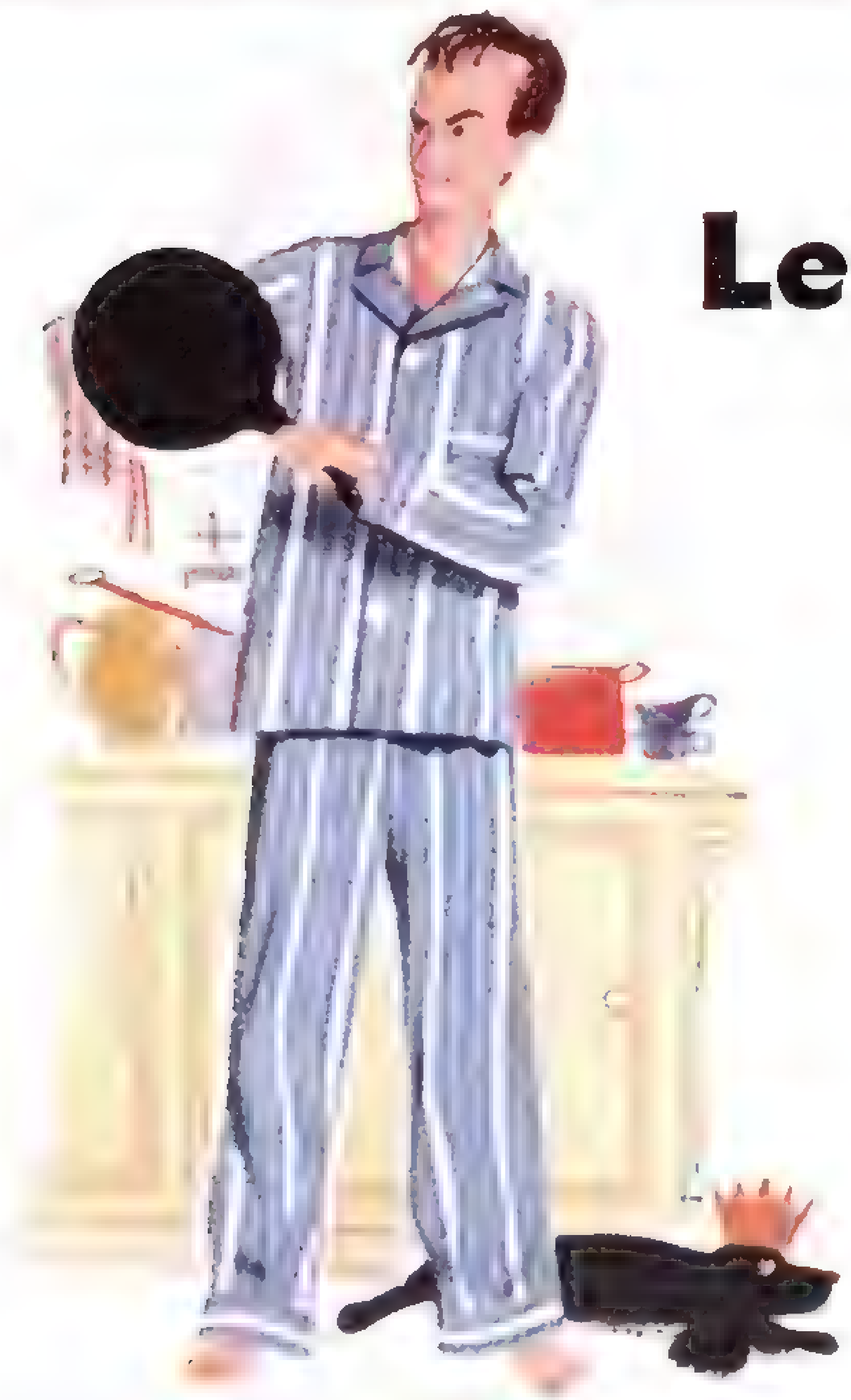

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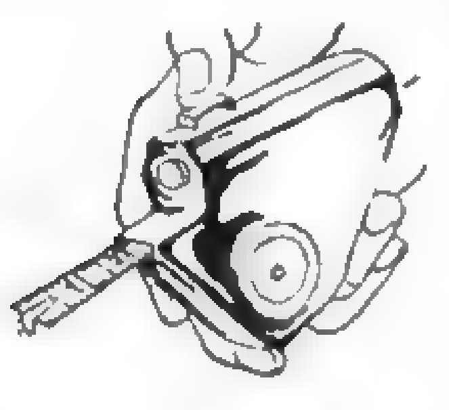
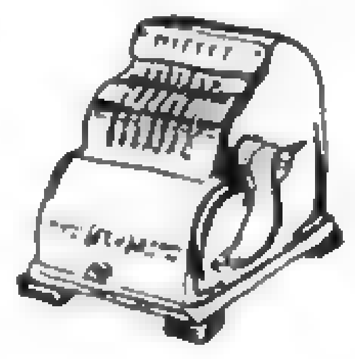
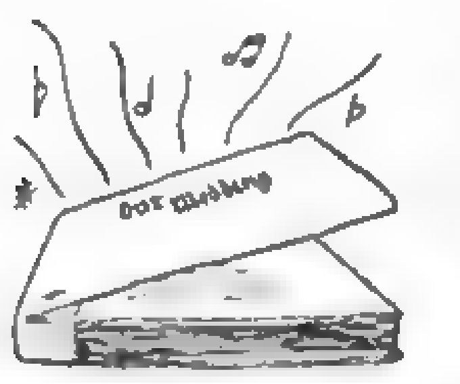
Talking Shop with Esquire



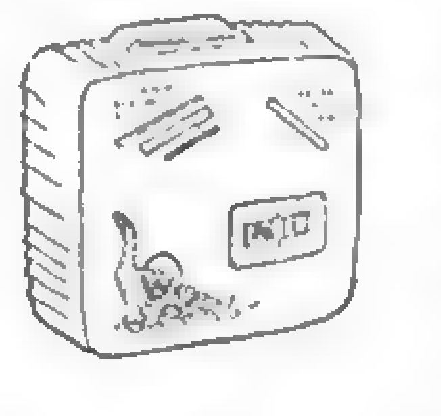
DE-LIGHTFUL RULER. You don't need x-ray eyes to measure dark corners if you have one of these illuminated flexible rulers. It's a compact combination of 6 ft. rule with a midget size flash light built right into the case. Ought to be handy for contractors, architects and insurance appraisers. Just about as big as a pack of cigarettes, with a flexible steel rule that snaps back into it's aluminum sheath. Battery is simple to replace.



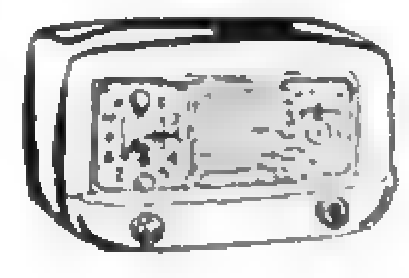
HOW DO YOU FIGURE? If you're a whizz at arithmetic and can do square root in your head, maybe you'll want to just skip this! But if you're on the other side of the mathematical fence, this compact little adding machine will make life easier for you. It's put out especially for people who do a lot of figuring, but can't afford a big expensive machine, like salesmen, accountants, farmers and housewives who are really serious about balancing the domestic budget!



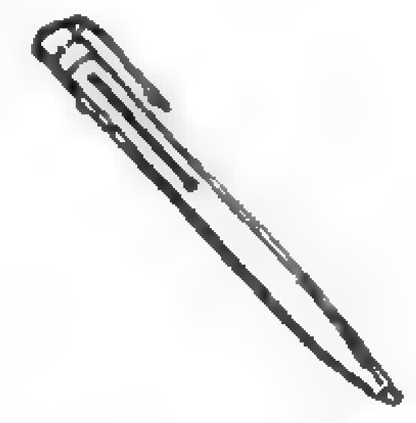
SET TO MUSIC. The Happy Pair will like to show off their wedding photographs, if they have them mounted in this special bridal album. When the book is opened a music box — concealed in the binding — strikes up "Here Comes the Bride!" Bound in a type of white leather, treated so that it's washable and no trouble at all to keep clean.



UP-TO-DATE SAVINGS. Here's a calendar savings bank to help you save something *every* day. A nickel, dime or quarter in the left hand slot changes the day on the calendar. A quarter in the right hand slot changes the month. Easy way to keep up with those Christmas club payments or life insurance premiums. The calendar bank is made of ivory plastic with a gold embossed design. Patented mechanism and a pick-proof lock. (There's a key, of course.)



WAKE UP TO MUSIC—or whatever you prefer in the way of a morning radio program. Point is, this clock and radio combination will collaborate to get you up on time, no matter what your favorite show is. Before you nod off, set the radio dial and volume to the right station, then fix the alarm at the proper hour. It's all done with electronics.



SHOW YOUR COLORS. This new type of pen has hidden talents—it writes in three colors. No larger than any other pen, and finished in a gold colored metal. It's a simple matter to switch from red to blue or green—just flick a small button. Each color cartridge has its own retractable precision ball point. Writes on practically any surface, and makes a clear carbon copy if you want it. Refills available in any of the colors.

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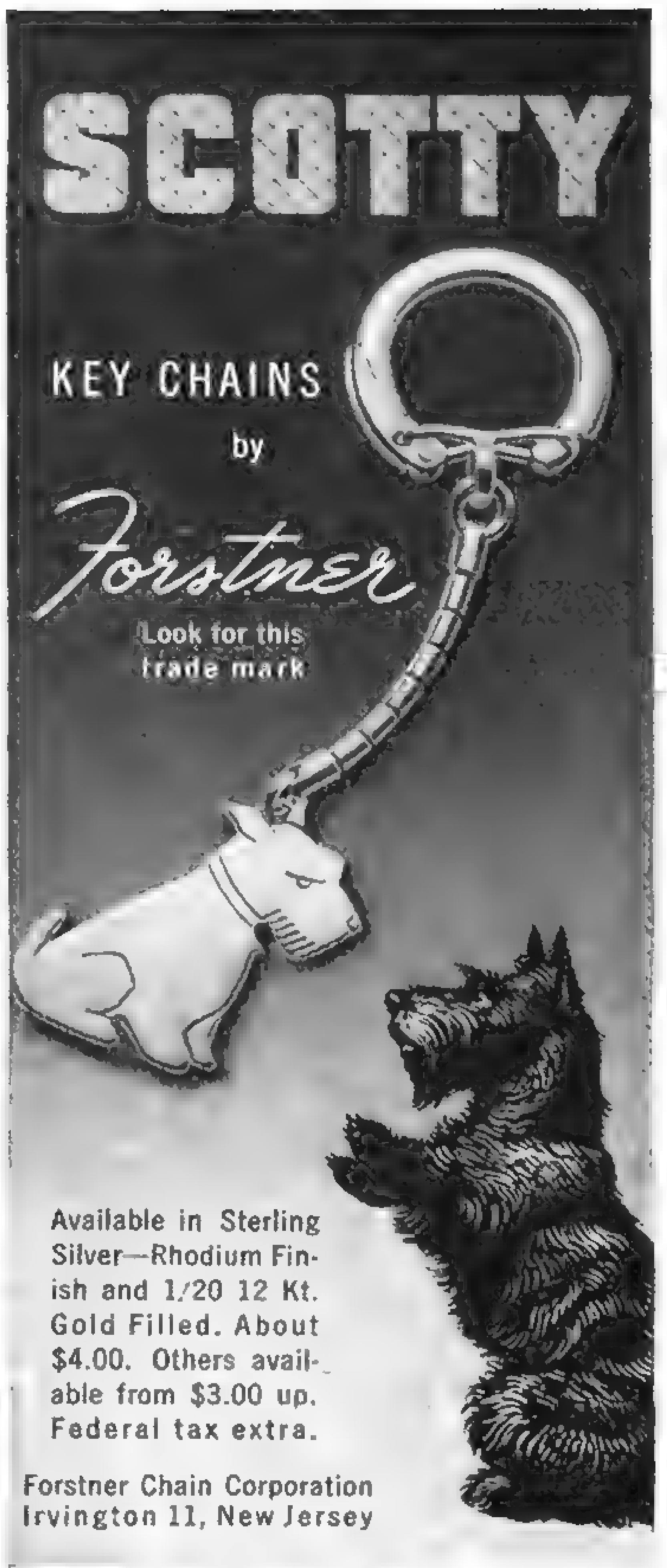

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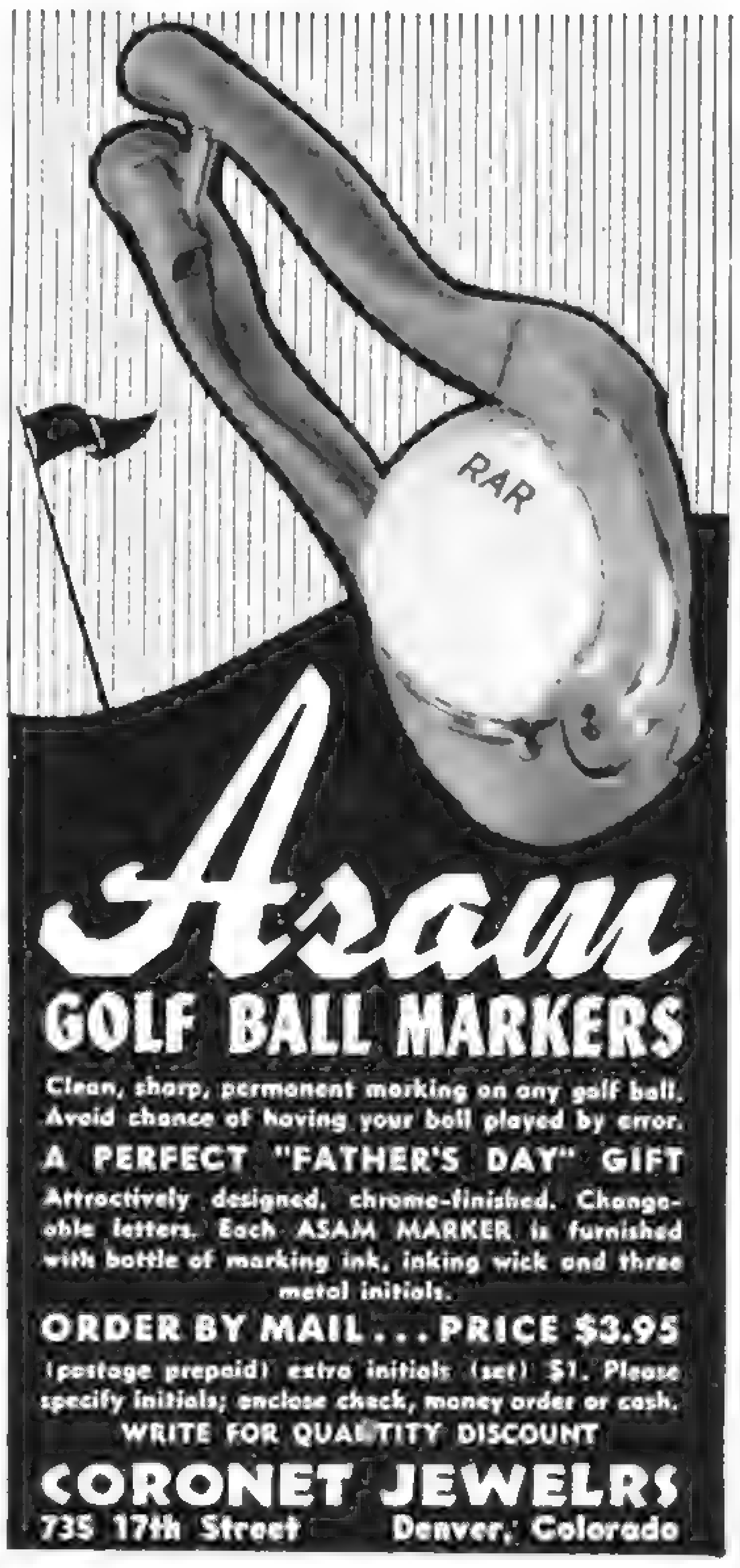

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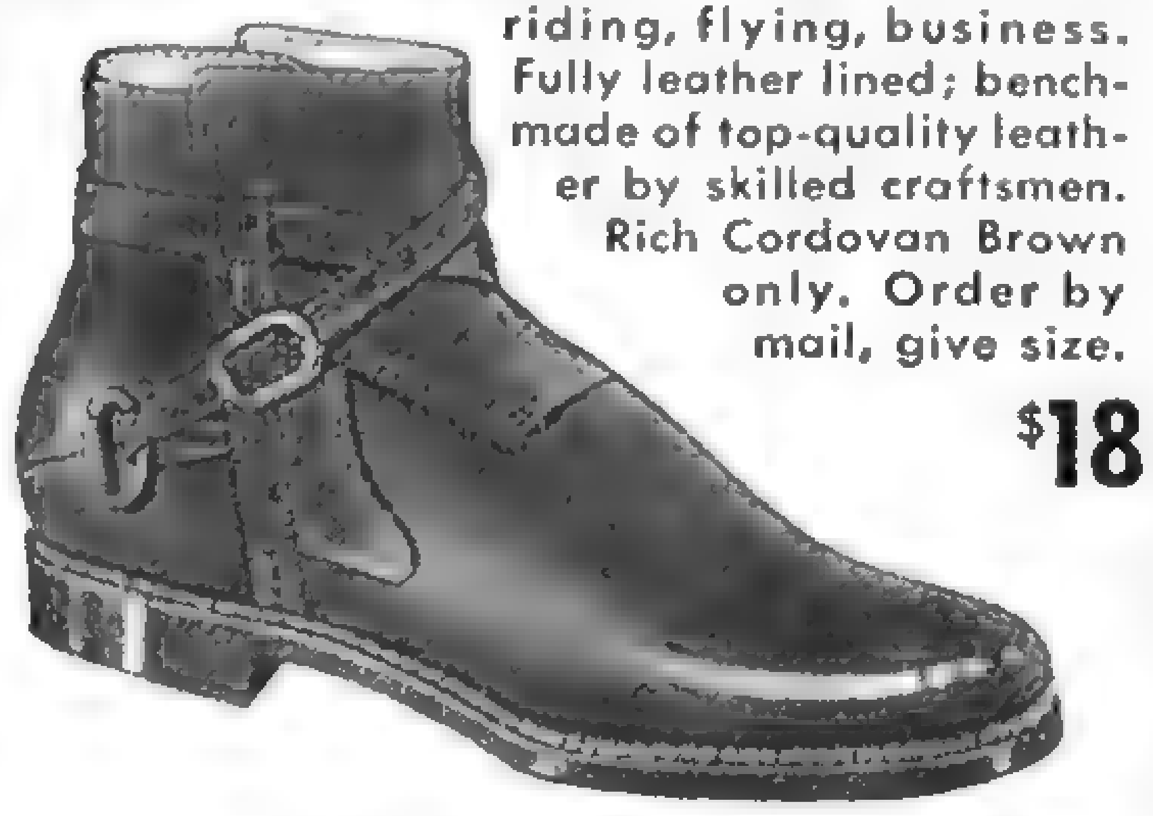

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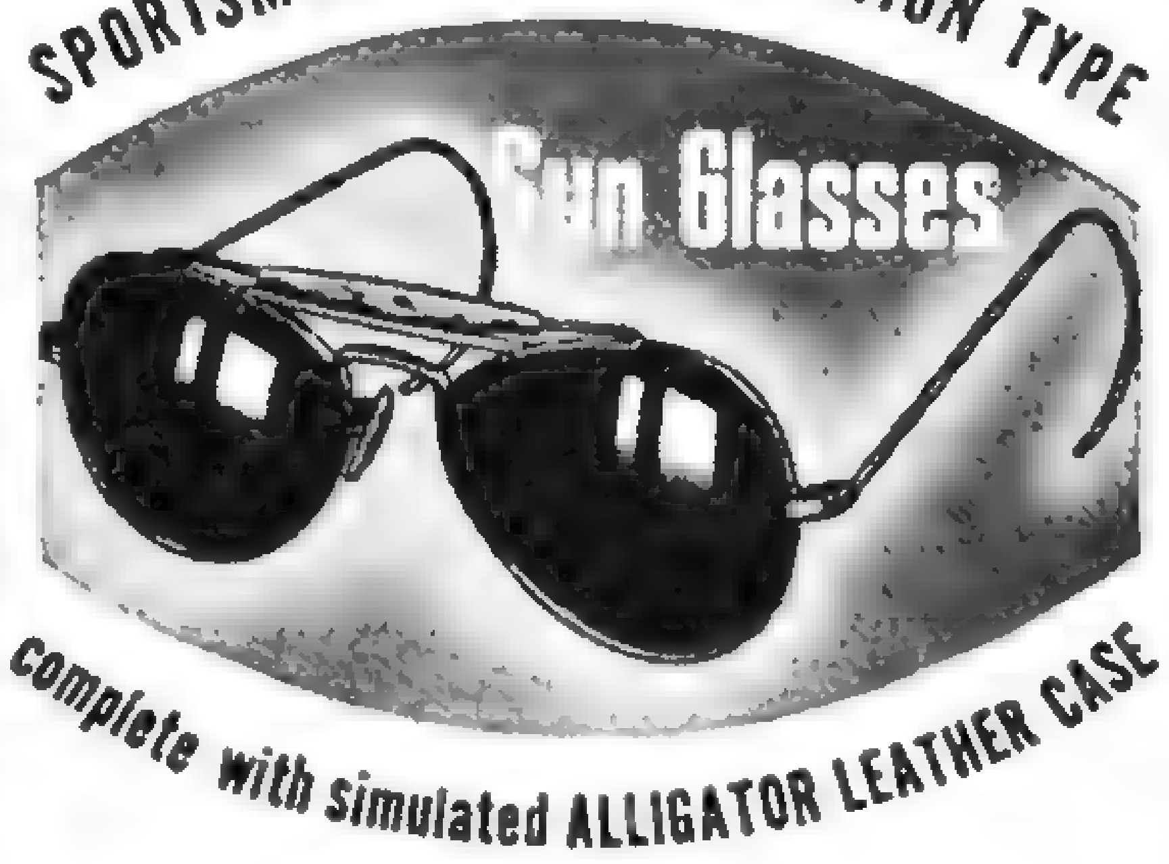

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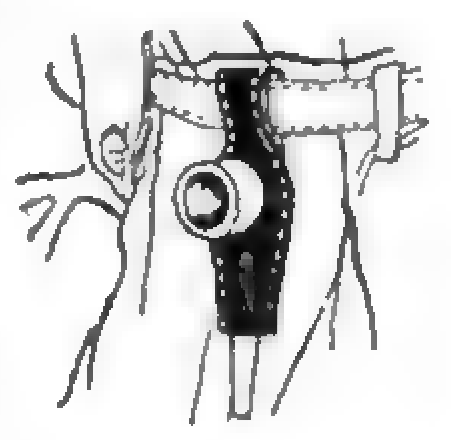
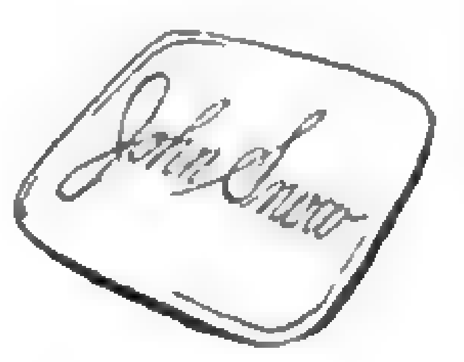
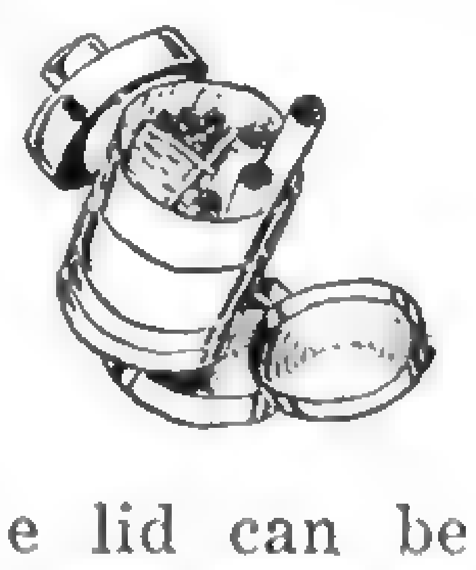


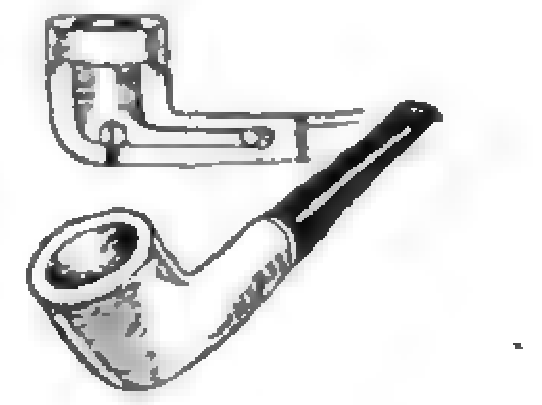
WHERE'S MY PIPE? With one of these leather pipe holders, a man *knows* where his pipe is. It's right there with him, attached to his belt—not home on the bureau or maybe burning a hole in his pocket. The flat leather loop fits almost any width belt and the rest of it hangs flat when not carrying a pipe. Ought to be useful when you're out on the golf-course, or anyplace else out-of-doors. Comes in three shades of cowhide, brown, black and natural, with a contrasting saddle-stitch.



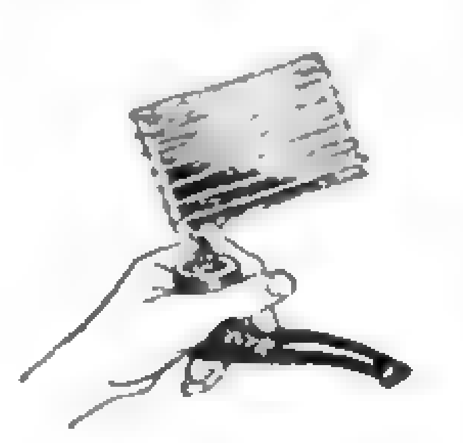
YOU NAME IT. Your own signature decorates the surface of this hand-fired enamel ash tray. It's five inches square, with a polished copper base, and makes the kind of a "personalized" gift that's not forgotten. All you have to do is send along the signature of the person you're giving it to, and the clever gals who make these ash trays copy it accurately, enlarging it in the process. It's then transferred to the enamel and "fired" so that it's absolutely permanent. Take your choice of colors—white, beige, light or dark green, light or dark blue, gray and yellow. Signatures on the light colors are in black—on the dark colors in beige.



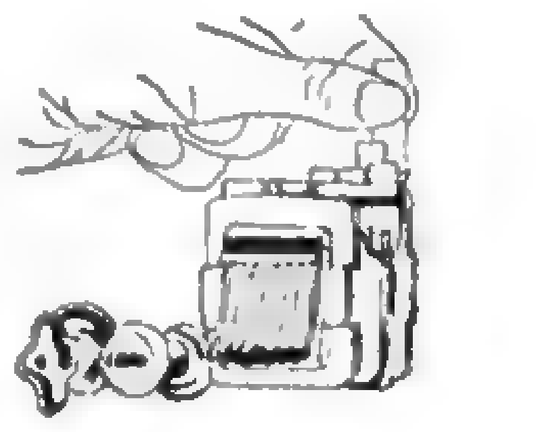
CARE FOR A CIGARETTE? When you offer your guests a cigarette from this special cigarette humidor, they're getting a smoke that's strictly fresh. If you want to go in for something different, the humidifier gadget in the lid can be moistened with a few drops of rum, whiskey, wine or menthol! Made of polished spun metal, banded with copper. Lined with a non-warping mahogany, with four compartments to accommodate regular or king sized cigarettes. Four copper ash trays fit together and form the base of the humidor. They easily fit back together again after use.



AIR-CONDITIONED. From the outside, this looks like almost any other well-made pipe. But there's a special, concealed "carburetor" built into it that gives it special cooling advantages. Every time the smoker draws in on the pipe, cool air comes in through the carburetor from the bottom of the bowl. Cools the smoke and makes the tobacco burn evenly. Because the bowl is kept dry, it eliminates the formation of "wet-heel". Comes in a sandblasted or smooth finish.



TOBACCO TOTER. Some pipe smokers like to carry their tobacco in a rigid container. Theory being that the tobacco retains its freshness longer and won't crumble or pack. This new transparent container not only keeps the tobacco in prime condition but it provides a simple method of filling the pipe. Just insert the round opening in the bowl of the pipe, snap back a releasing catch and the job is done neat and fast. When the container needs refilling, that's accomplished from the opposite side—a section slides back, and entire contents of the package goes in. Fits flat in your pocket—about the size of a cigarette case.



LIGHTING UP a cigarette while you're driving is a risky business if you have to fumble through your pockets. But you can reach for a smoke and a light without taking your eyes off the road—if you keep cigarettes and matches in this dandy holder. Attaches to the dash-board by means of a vacuum cup, holds a pack of cigarettes and folder of safety matches—placed head down with flap folded yonder for easy access. Once the vacuum cup is secured to the instrument panel, the folder—cigarettes and all—can be lifted off and carried in the pocket.

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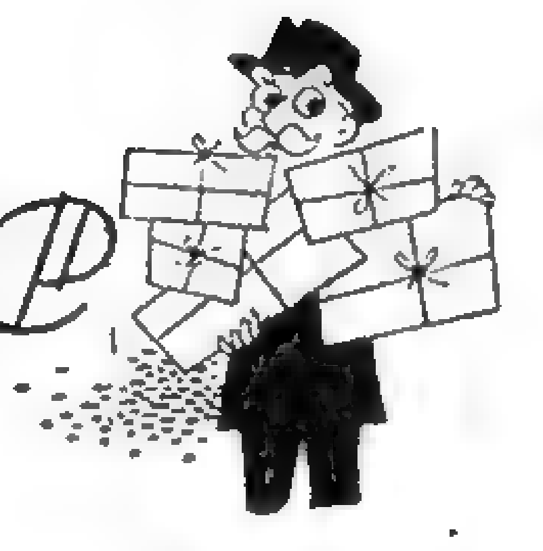
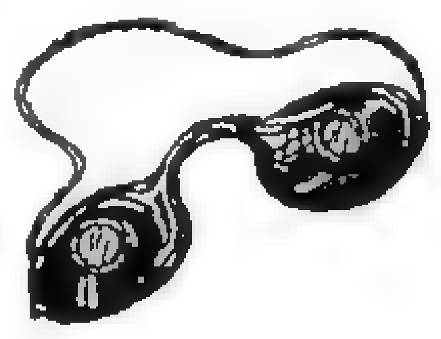
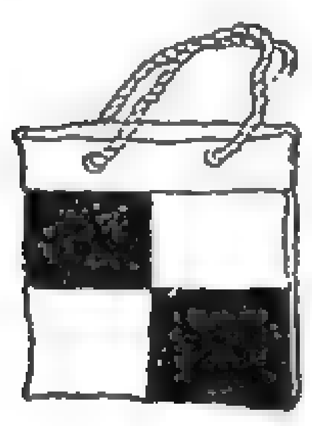
with Esquire



EYE-DEAL FOR TANNING. Even with your eyes closed, bright sun manages to penetrate the thin skin of the eyelid. And snoozing in the sun with full-scale sun glasses on can leave a guy looking like a panda with white circles around the eyes. This molded plastic eye covering blocks out the sun's rays, and covers up only the eyes—none of the area around. A narrow elastic cord holds it in place, and there are round ¼ inch openings in the center covered by a darkened lens so that you can get a squint at the time, when you want to. For complete oblivion in the sun, there are molded plastic eye coverings of this same type—but without the lens and elastic cord.

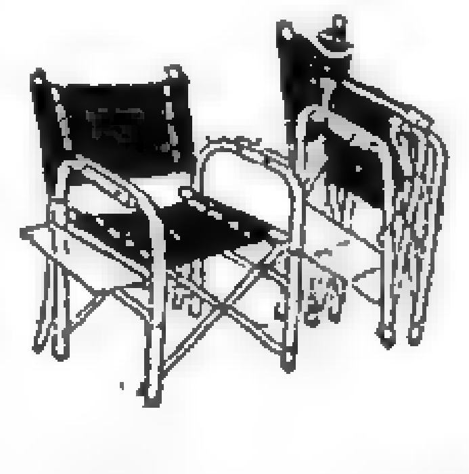


SIGNAL BEACH BAG. You can stow your gear in this sturdy canvas bag, or use it to "flash" a message. Based on authentic nautical flagship codes, the bags spell out various messages with their bright colored canvas exteriors. Like so—"Bar is dangerous" (one side of bag is blue and red; the other red and white) "You should follow me" (blue and white; red, white and blue) . . . "Reply is yes" (red, white; yellow, black) and so on in various combinations. If your girl attracts a little too much attention while she's acquiring a suntan, you might provide her with the beach bag that spells out "You should stay where you you are!"—to warn the wolves to keep their distance.

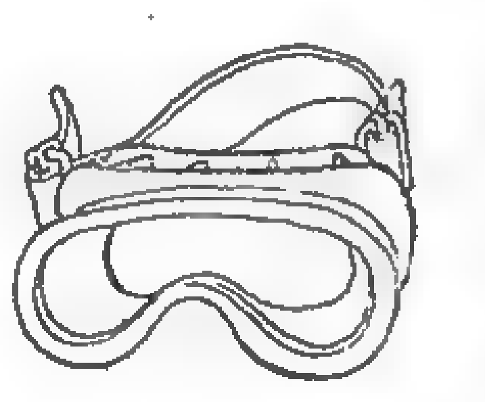


BURNING QUESTION. How to get tanned without going through the Red-as-a-Lobster stage—slather on some of this special tanning solution. Concocted by chemists to screen out the burning rays of the sun, and still let tanning rays come through. It's not greasy or oily—takes just a minute to dry off to an invisible coating on your skin. Laundries ought to appreciate it too, because it won't stain the towels or beach wear.

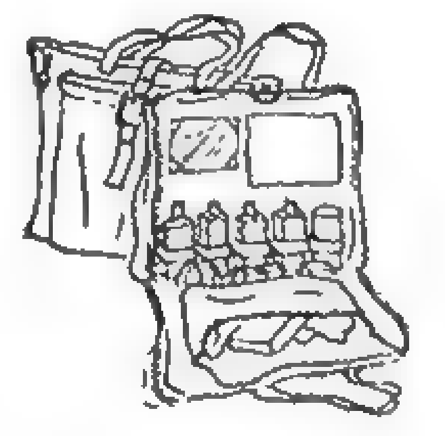
FOR SUN WORSHIPPERS who like to get their ultra-violet rays in the back yard or sitting on the porch—a folding chair that's built for comfort. Because it's so light in weight, (about 7 lbs.) it's a simple matter to tote it to a sunny (or shady) spot. The aluminum alloy makes it rustless even around salt water. Extra legs on the back provide support for the back-tippers. A convenient aluminum tray on the side holds drinks and ash tray, yet it all folds up flat for storage. Canvas sections are sunfast, mildew resistant duck—in any one of five bright colors—red, orange, yellow, green or blue.



SWIM GOGGLE. If you're looking for mermaids or doing a little under-water fishing, you'll probably want to have a pair of these single-lens undersea goggles. The rubber cushion edge is constructed to fit practically any face, and the heavy crystal lens will let you get a good look at everything under the sea. Adjustable strap keeps them firmly in place.



BEAUTY AND THE BEACH. To simplify matters for gals who want to lug a complete dressing table of cosmetics with them every time they whip out to the beach, here's a something special in the way of a beach bag. Made out of bright red, waterproofed canvas, with two easily accessible pockets on the outside and completely outfitted with all the cosmetics she'll need. The fact that it has a diagonal zipper on both sides, allows her to open it way up, hang it up by a handle, and have a dressing table complete with mirror right in her Cabana.



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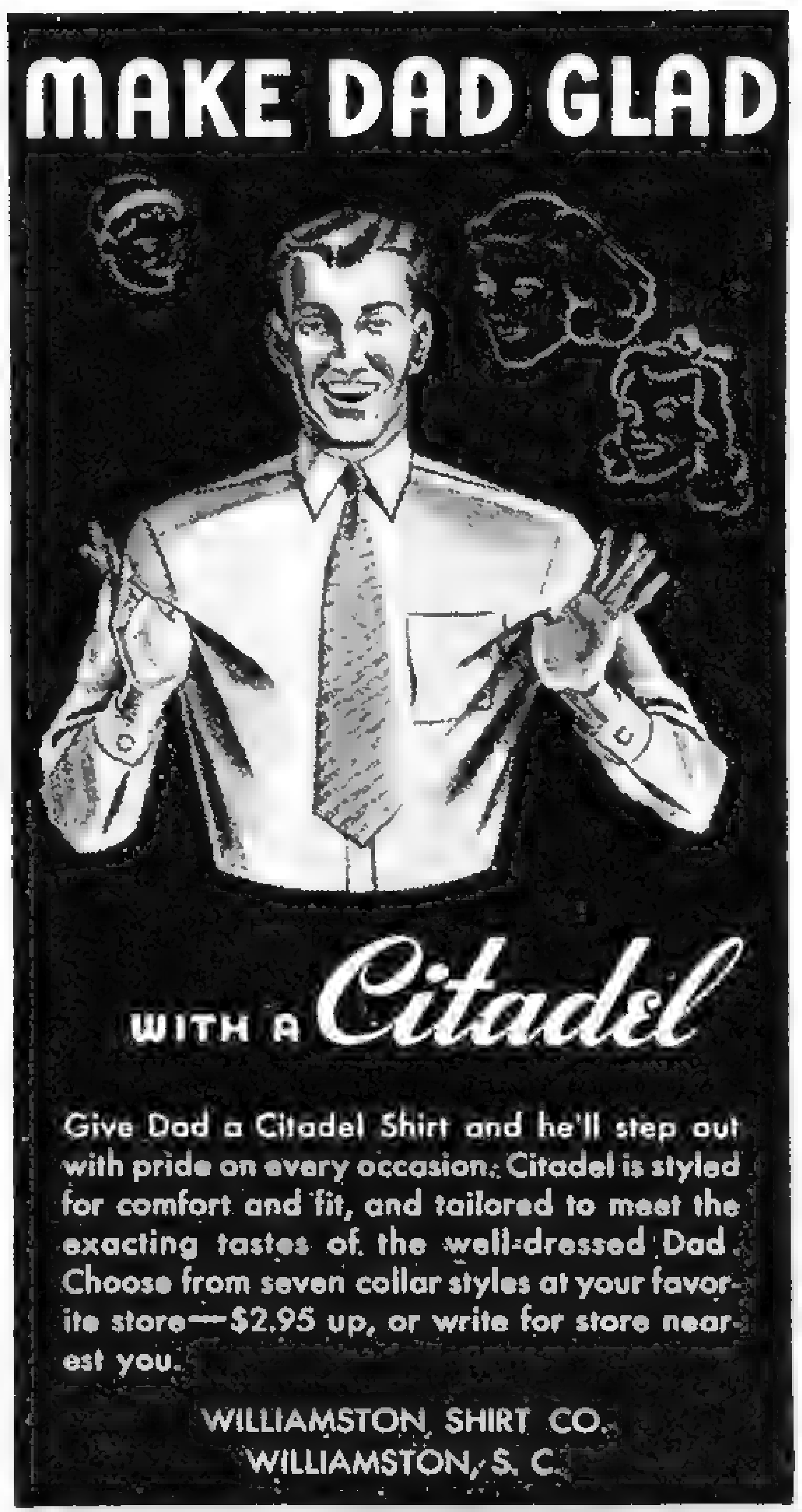

MAKE DAD GLAD

WITH A Citadel

Give Dad a Citadel Shirt and he'll step out with pride on every occasion. Citadel is styled for comfort and fit, and tailored to meet the exacting tastes of the well-dressed Dad. Choose from seven collar styles at your favorite store—$2.95 up, or write for store nearest you.

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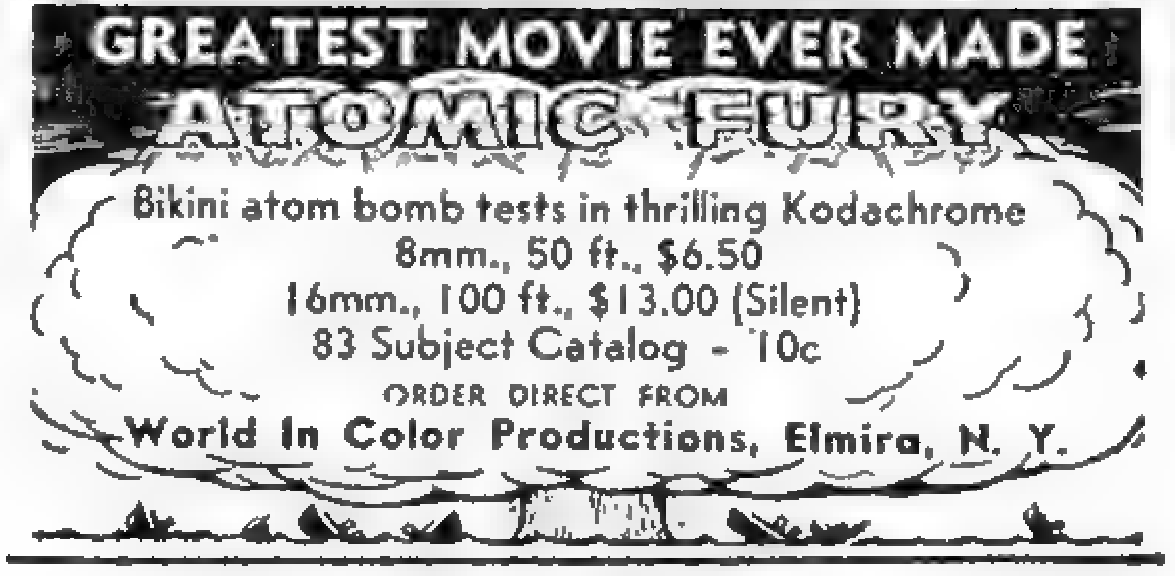
WILLIAMSTON, S. C.



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Just what you have been looking for... a MAN'S CONCAVE 18½" PLASTIC HANGER. Shaped and styled for suits, coats, leisure jackets, Practical. Unbreakable, Special concave construction. "Shaped like a man's shoulders" Wide full trouser bar prevents creasing. Revolving chrome plated hook. Gift packed 6 to box.

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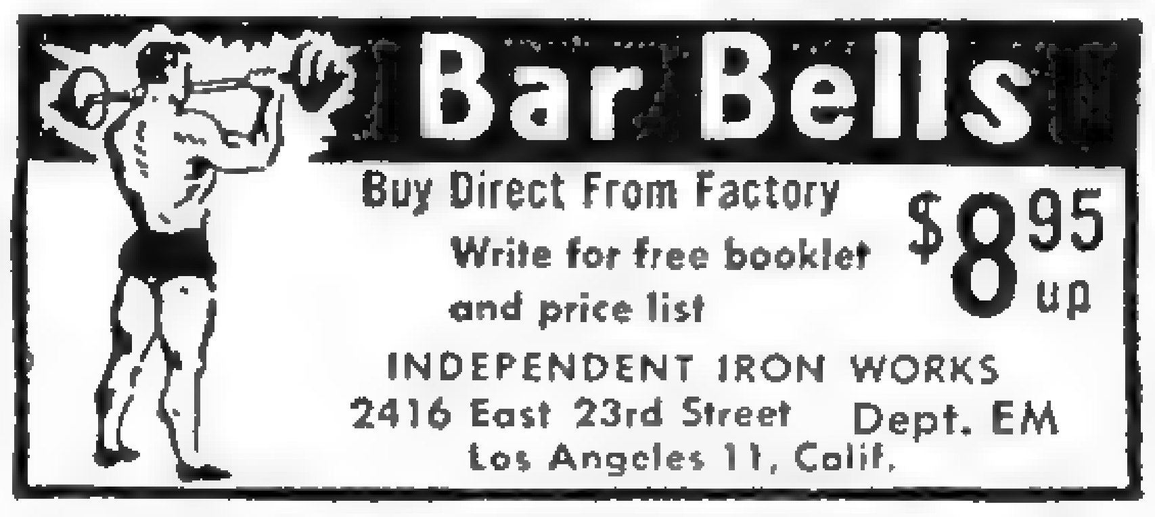

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HANGS ON WALL . . . CONVENIENT . . . SAVES PRECIOUS DESK OR TABLE SPACE.
1. Holds 14 (count 'em) pipes!
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In hand-crafted knotty pine, waxed, hand-rubbed. Size: 13" x 18". (Pipes not included)
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Keene Quality Belts... available at better men's stores.

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TALLER
Rise to NEW HEIGHTS
This EASY way!

This FREE Booklet tells how

Hundreds of thousands of successful men are now impressively taller thanks to "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing shoes. You, too, can now wear these nationally-famous smartly styled shoes. They look just like other fine shoes. Hidden *inside* construction makes you almost 2 inches taller! And so many men now wear "ELEVATORS" that they cost no more today than most other quality shoes. Be fair to yourself—get the *full facts* about "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing shoes; also name of nearby dealer. Send for *free booklet*, mailed in plain envelope.

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Send Booklet and name of nearby dealer

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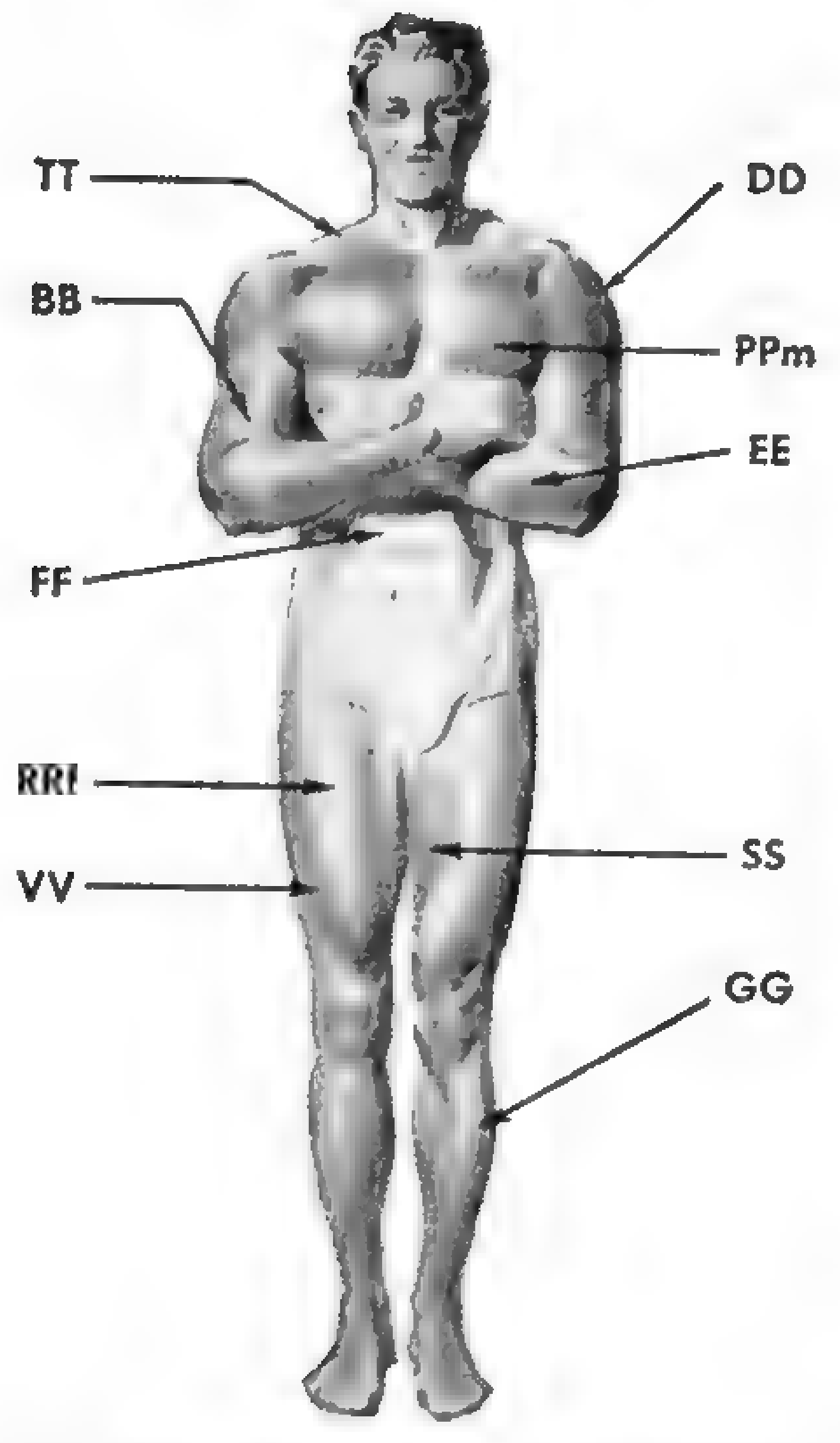
The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS"
Manufactured Exclusively by Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.



Do the gals admire your manly figure — or is one glance enough? Improve your figure . . . Strengthen your muscle development . . . Enjoy the benefits of Swedish massage — in your own home. A new zest for living, the admiration of all can be yours with a manly development of some of these muscles:—

- **TT** Trim Trapezius
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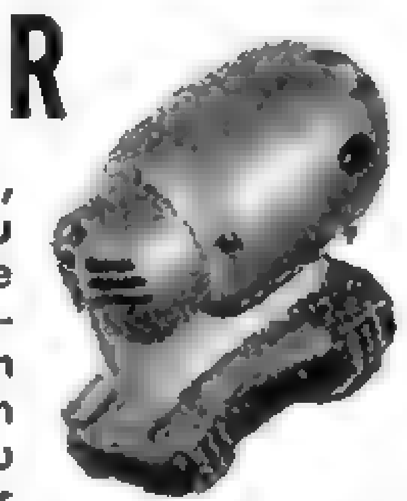
- **EE** Excellent Extensor
- **SS** Snappy Sartorius
- **GG** Gorgeous Gastrocnemius

VITALATOR



Back on the market again, the VITALATOR brings to you —in your own home—all the invigorating effects of Swedish massage. Just slip it on the back of your hand, switch on the electric motor and you have right at your finger tips the exhilarating tingle—the soothing relaxation—that comes with the circular rubbing and kneading action of Swedish massage.

$15.00 At the Better Department, Appliance and Drug Stores

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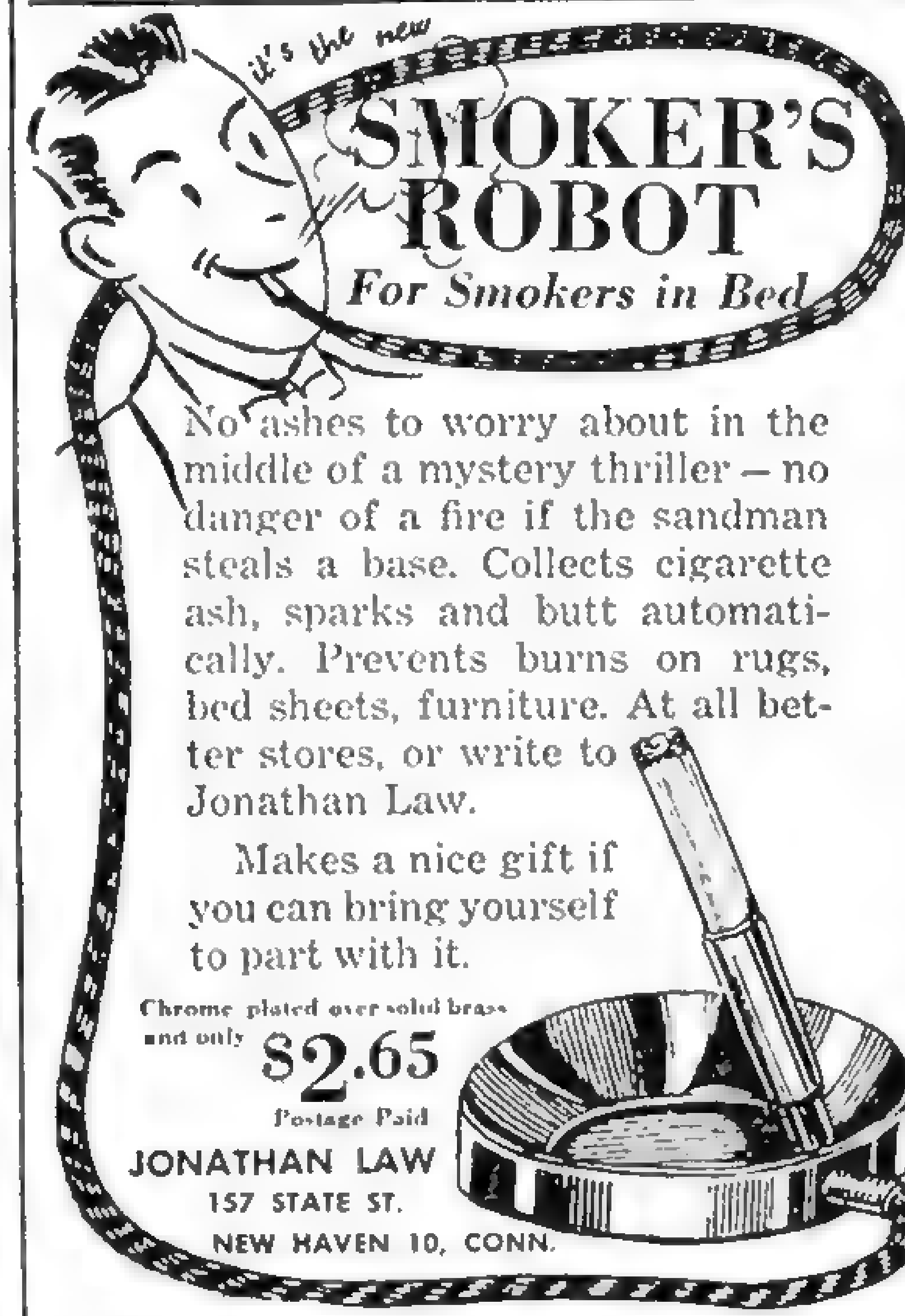
Send me FLYING CROSS shirts through nearest dealer. I enclose $. Attached is my name and address, my collar size and sleeve length, collar and cuff choice, color preference.



No ashes to worry about in the middle of a mystery thriller — no danger of a fire if the sandman steals a base. Collects cigarette ash, sparks and butt automatically. Prevents burns on rugs, bed sheets, furniture. At all better stores, or write to Jonathan Law.

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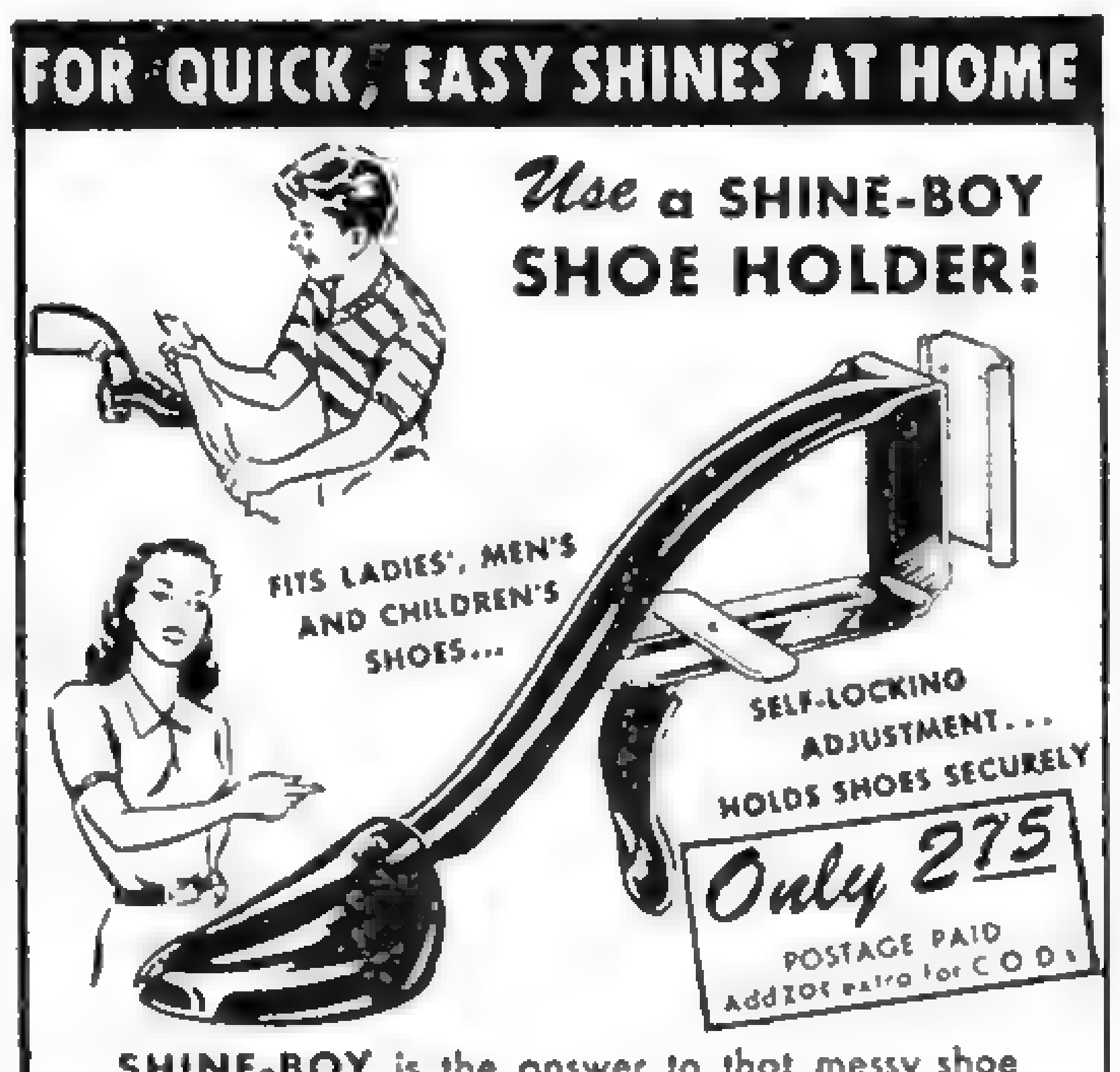
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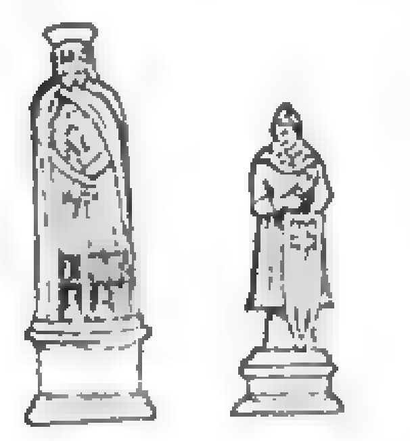
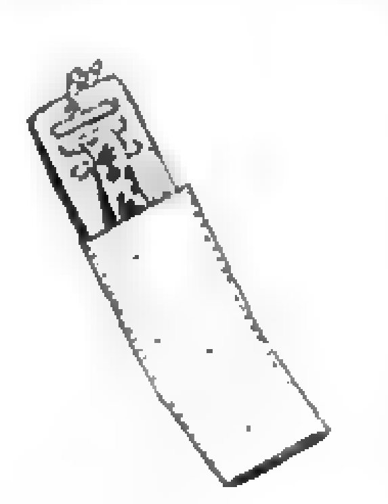
Talking Shop with Esquire

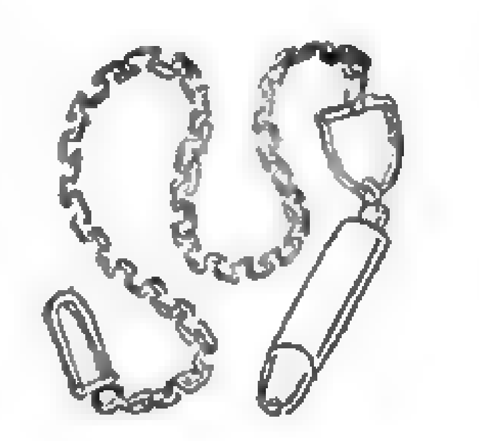
FATHER'S DAY is June 20th. In case you haven't found the right present for Pop, here's a roundup of last-minute gift suggestions.



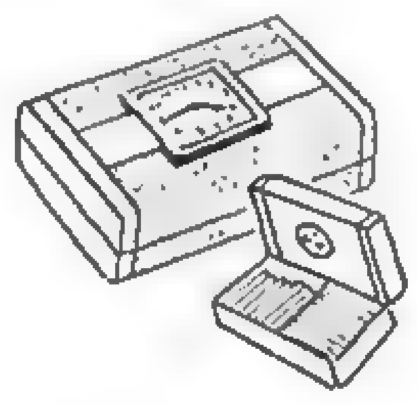
CHESS PLAYING FATHERS will like to wage their favorite indoor sport with this new chess set. Instead of present-day small symbolic pieces, these chessmen are full figures—accurate reproductions of the chessmen used in the 11th and 12th centuries. The king is a real king — stands about 4½ inches high — the pawn is about 2½ inches high. The pieces are made up in ivory plastic, set retails for about six dollars, eight for deluxe, set of full instructions and a simplified "lightning" version of the game that takes fifteen minutes to play.



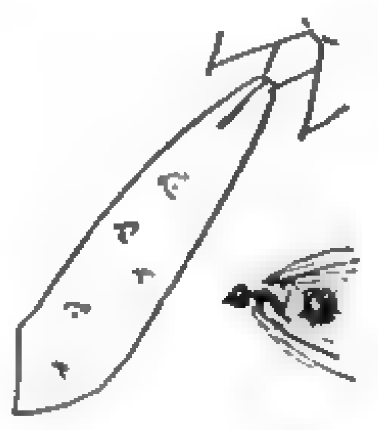
FOR TRAVELING TIES. A special accessory to keep neckwear neat in transit. Comes in two parts—flat plywood panel and a stitched leather envelope. The ties slide through the three slots near the top of the panel, and lie flat on either side of it. Then the leather jacket slips over the whole deal, keeping everything flat as a pancake. The plywood is stained and lacquered to a mahogany finish and the envelope is genuine leather, stitched on both sides and open at either end. There's a leather thong so you can hang up the panel for a temporary tie rack.



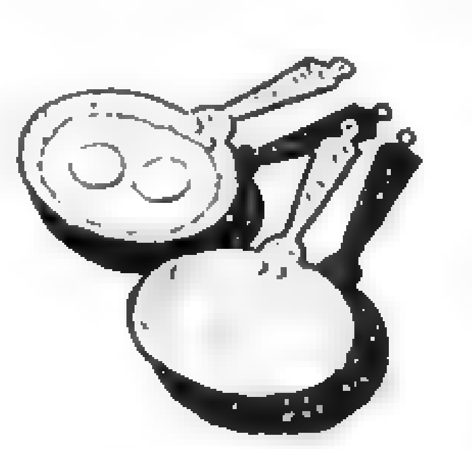
FLASH FOR FATHER. Sterling silver key chain with a miniature silver flashlight attached to it. The chain is made of heavy, squared-off links, and the 2 inch flashlight is a streamlined bullet shape. Ought to solve the problem for key hole gropers, doorbell hunters and shed a little light on the subject of theater programs. The small batteries are easily replaced.



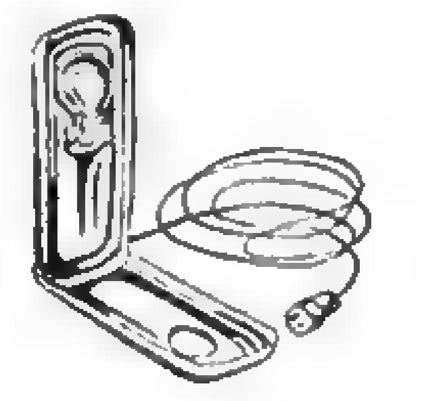
FOR DAD'S DESK. There's a square-faced desk clock built right into the top of this leather box. The two compartments inside the box will hold cigarettes, playing cards, or whatever Dad wants to have handy. The sturdy construction is leather-covered, hinged, and bound in polished metal.



FISHING FLY TIE. An unusual sort of a four-in-hand for a fisherman father. Bona fide, hand-tied flies are firmly anchored on the handwoven, wool fabric. The ties come in a range of colors — medium blue, dark brown, light brown, green, canary yellow, and grey.



RIGHT OUT OF THE SKILLET! Dad can have his bacon and eggs sizzling hot, when they're fried in this individual skillet that's designed to go right from the range to the breakfast table. These miniature aluminum sikllets are exactly the right size for individual servings — 6½ inches wide, with handles of hammered bronze, 4½ inches long.



BRIGHT IDEA FOR NIGHT DRIVERS —An automobile lamp with an extension cord. Sheds light on that tire-changing job; serves to warn oncoming motorists when you have motor trouble. Plugs into any automobile cigarette lighter, with a cord long enough to reach all the way around the car. Casts a good bright light and stands on its own base. Comes in a neat black case—a good gift for car owners.

Ranger

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MOORESVILLE
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for dates in the sun...

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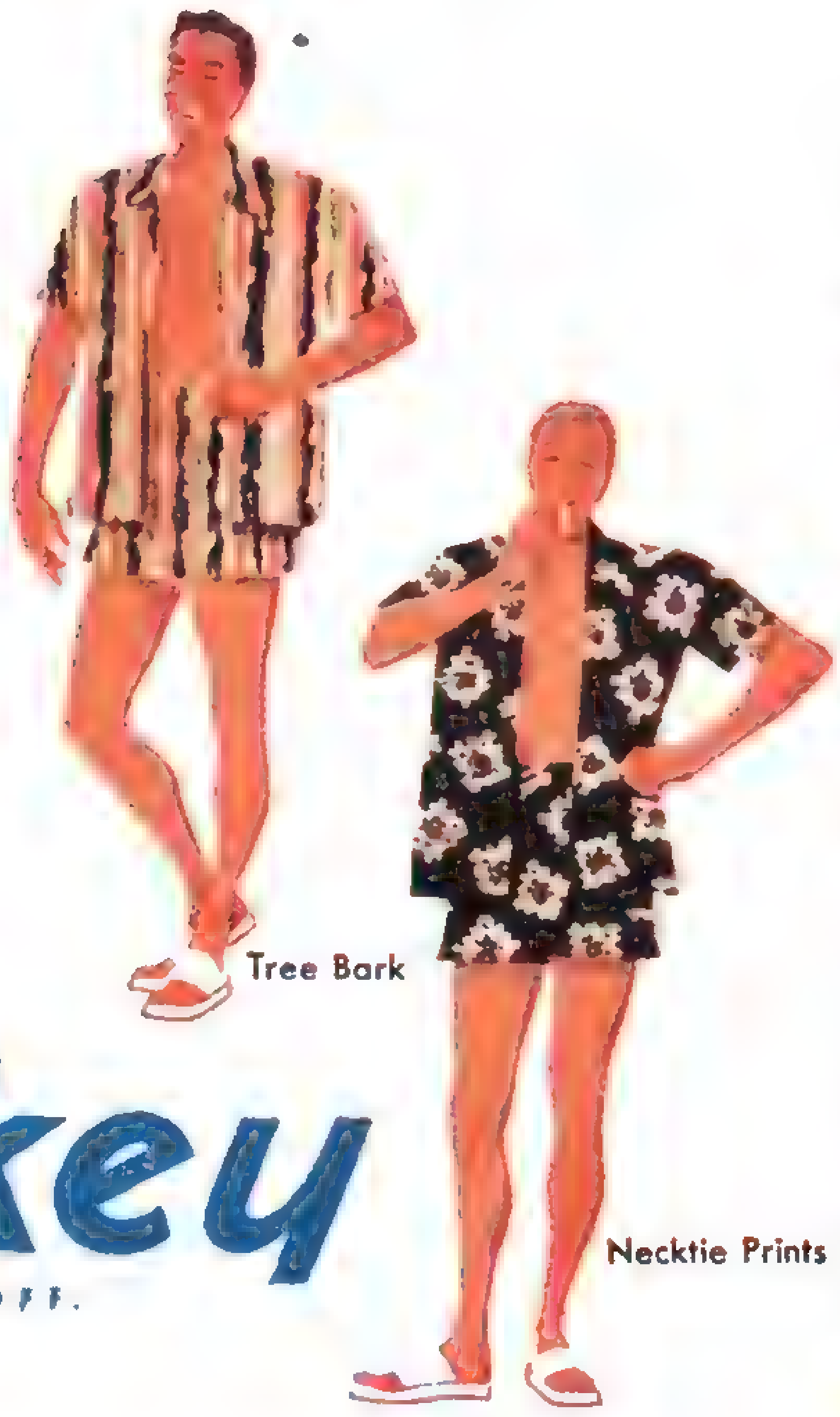
sport shorts



What you *wear* makes the difference between self-assurance and self-consciousness in beach lolling before an audience. Men who have "been around" know the lift that comes from being correctly dressed *everywhere*. JOCKEY Sport Shorts give you this feeling; the knowledge that you have *social security*.

Only JOCKEY Sport Shorts have the snug-fitting Jockey Short *inner construction*—a concealed knitted liner cleverly fashioned to give mild support and perfect protection. Only JOCKEYS have Coopers-styled exclusive fabrics, vat-dyed and Sanforized. For summer-long enjoyment, get JOCKEY Sport Shorts today, with Beach Shirts to match.

Nassau Plaid

The secret of amazing comfort in JOCKEY Sport Shorts—the *inner liner*—shown with outer fabric cut away. It's knitted, for elasticity and perfect fit; all-elastic waistband. Look for JOCKEY label.

*IT'S A BRAND • • • IT'S A TRADEMARK • • • IT'S MADE BY Coopers INC. KENOSHA / WISCONSIN

[illegible]
Aust[illegible]
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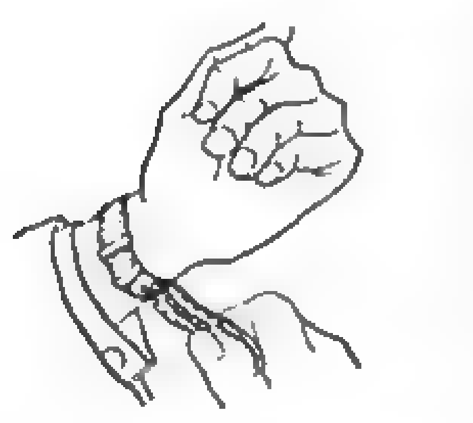
Rudkin; for Switzerl[illegible]

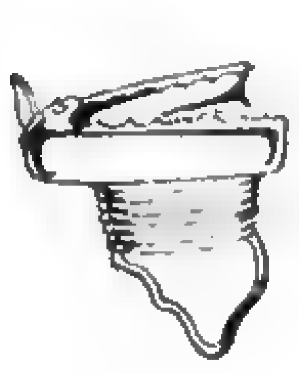
Talking Shop with Esquire

LET'S FACE IT! Complexion problems, that is. This special cleansing lotion for men goes right to the roots of the trouble, going deep into the pores to loosen hidden dirt. Two applications a day ought to keep your skin clean as a whistle. Makes a good after-shave treatment too, because it contains astringent and antiseptic properties. Particularly recommended for adolescent complexions going through the difficult stage. If you have a complexion problem the Skin Expert who invented the lotion will send you a questionnaire to be filled in. From that information, a special course of action is suggested. There's no charge.

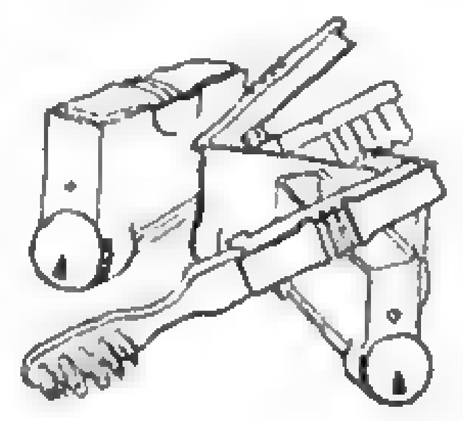
FITS THE WRIST. Here's a leather watch strap that adjusts to your own wrist measure and locks in place at just the right point. It's all accomplished with a zipper-like arrangement that releases to let you slip the watch on over your hand. On or off in a trice. There's an important safety factor too, to guard against loss. When washing the hands, you just slip it up on the forearm, no danger of knocking it off the sink, or forgetting it when you leave. Genuine leather in calf, pig or morocco.



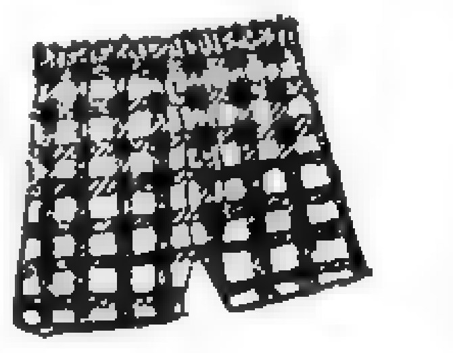
UNITED FRONT. Somebody's finally thought up a deal to cure the droop-front shirt! It's a small metal device that anchors shirt front securely inside the trouser waistband. Lets you present a "unified" appearance to the world, without having to jab at your shirt tails every five minutes. The clip that attaches to the shirt at the waist front has a narrow metal loop which fastens to a button inside the waistband of the trousers. Because of the spring action between clip and loop, there's no feeling of restriction. Measures only an inch and a half either way, and very simple to use. Reasonably priced.



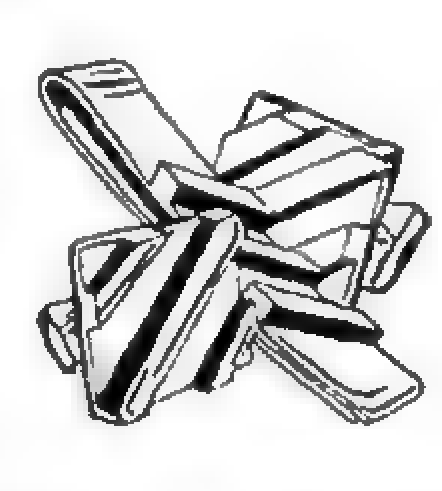
TRAVELING TOOTHBRUSH. Whether it's a week in Havana, or just an over-night jaunt, this fold-up toothbrush makes a good traveling companion. Comes in its own plastic container that slips conveniently into your pocket. Unfolds into a full-grown toothbrush, locks in place so that it can't collapse while you massage your molars. Folded, the brush becomes the top of the container. There's a separate section to hold a supply of tooth powder.



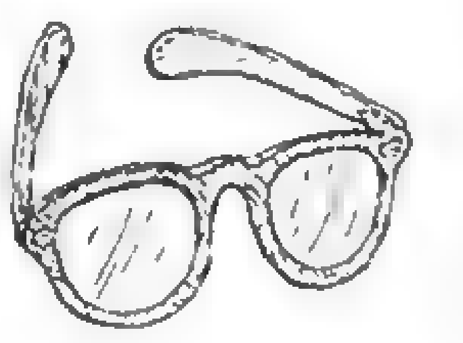
DOUBLE CHECK SHORTS. Boxer style shorts in two-color checks. Combinations like black with a yellow overcheck. If you like, you can order these in plaid in equally startling colors. Built for comfort as well as style—with elastic fabric waistband and banjo cut seat. Small, medium and large.



IN SOLID. A bold touch for cuffs and four-in-hands handmade, sterling silver cuff links and tie clasp in massive diagonal design. Links are about ¾ of an inch square faced with three raised diagonal bands. Background surface has a smoky, oxidized finish. Tie Clasp is about ½ inch deep—repeats the same diagonal pattern.



TIMBER! Frames for your eye glasses in inlaid mahogany. Very light weight, turned out with cabinetmaker precision. Frames are encased in acrylic—a clear, hard sheath which protects the inlaid wood, and makes for comfortable wearing. Temple bars are tapered to conform to the head. For your regular prescription lenses, or for sun glasses.



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All Cigars Guaranteed Fresh
CIGARS IN BOXES OF 50

	Reg.	Our Price
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A mechanical device that permits you to practice perfect putting.
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WEAR HITE-BUILDERS IN YOUR OWN SHOES

Want more respect? . . . more opportunity? Then increase your height INSTANTLY with Davis Hite-Builders. Slip them inside your own shoes. Invisible, comfortable, easy to wear. Made to last years. Amazingly low-priced!

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Rush name, address, and shoe size today. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage for your pair of Hite-Builders, mailed in plain package. If not delighted with immediate result, just return them and we'll refund your money at once. Or send $1.95 now & save postage. Same guarantee, of course. Order today, look *taller* next week!

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DAVIS MFG. CO.
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BUBBL-MATIC
SHOOTS thousands of BUBBLES without re-loading
FULLY AUTOMATIC
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Harmless fun that intrigues both youngsters and adults! Sturdy, light aluminum, automatic gun that shoots thousands of harmless, stainless bubbles with each cartridge loading. Simple to operate. Comes complete with 6 refill cartridges. Additional refills, six for 30c. Order today for the next birthday!

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Style hits a new high in these ultra-smart hand-woven *Concords.* Designed especially for all-purpose wear—ventilated for cool comfort. Distinctive pattern in rich brown leather. Flexible leather sole and rubber heel. Style-right for any occasion. A topnotch shoe value!

ORDER BY MAIL—*Immediate Delivery*
Quality insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order Model E-25 today. State exact shoe size and width. Available *now* in sizes 6 to 12, A to E. **$11.95.** Add 25¢ for mailing.
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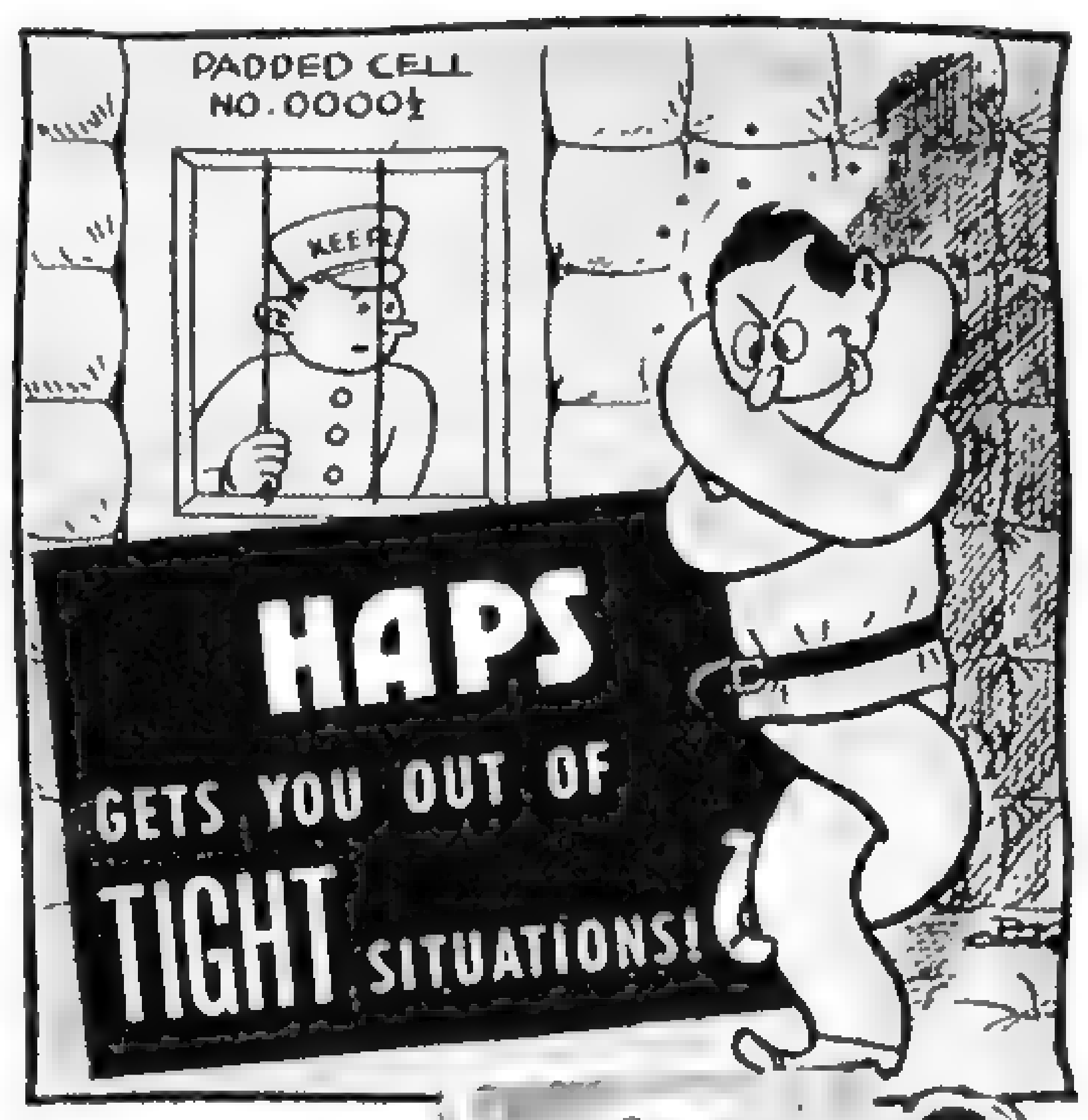

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STATURAIDS
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LOUNGER
brown calf & white buck, No. 11 (shown above)
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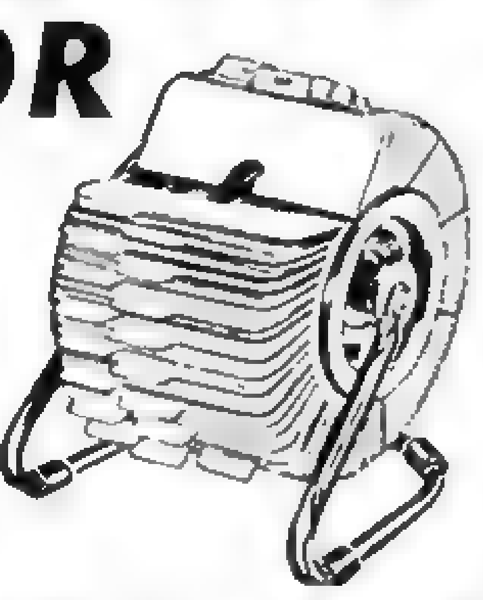
A CUB FOR THE OLD BEAR ON FATHER'S DAY



If the old boy doesn't have 1,000 good phone numbers (anymore) he will enjoy using the 1,000 card Wheeldex Cub file for business, personal or club activities such as membership or prospect list, music, film or other hobby catalogue, Christmas list, reminder file, etc. Price, only $18.00, complete, post paid. Features: black and red plastic wheel in chromed base . . . 1,000 slot punched cards, easily inserted or removed, both sides fully visible . . . sparkling clear plastic cover . . . No bigger than your phone and much lighter . . . Immediate shipment. Send check with order to:

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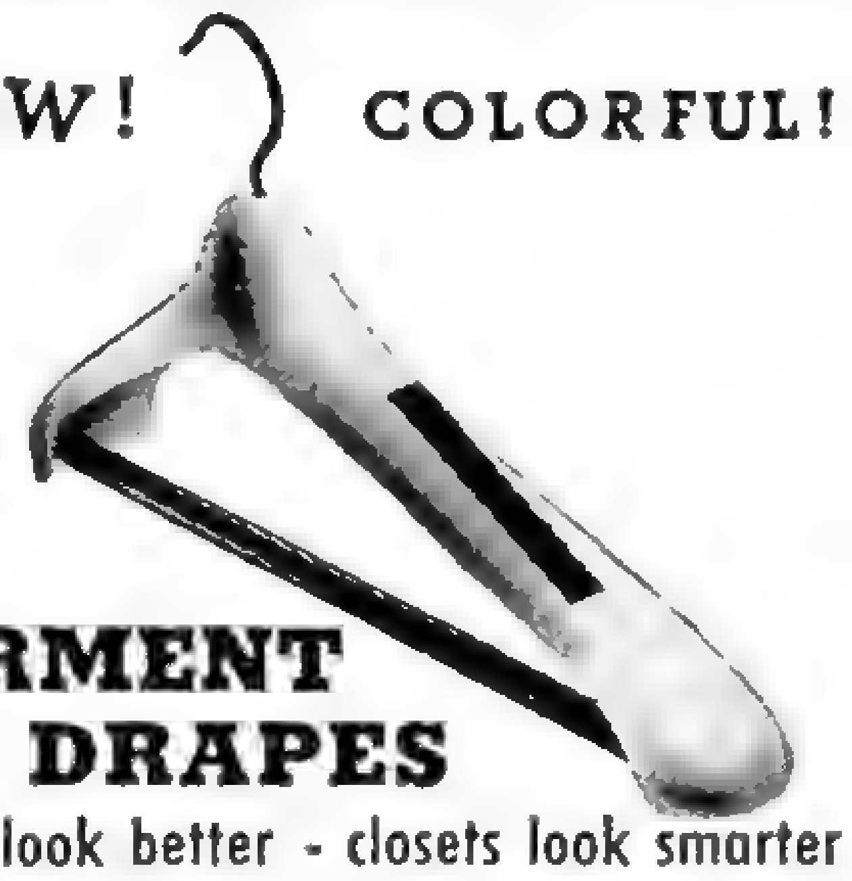

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To preserve fine cut and good styling, hang your clothes on attractive new "Garment Drapes". Shoulder-form shape supports collars without creasing, protects shoulders from crushing, allows garments to hang in natural lines. Felt pads prevent slipping or shifting. Six beautiful colors to modernize your closets: red, green, yellow, black, blue, pink. Smooth, durable plastic with long-life "suspended" construction. 16" wooden pants bar.
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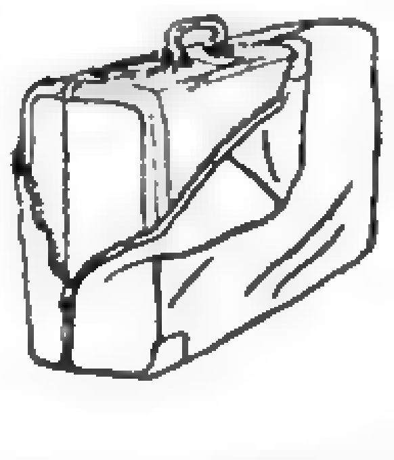
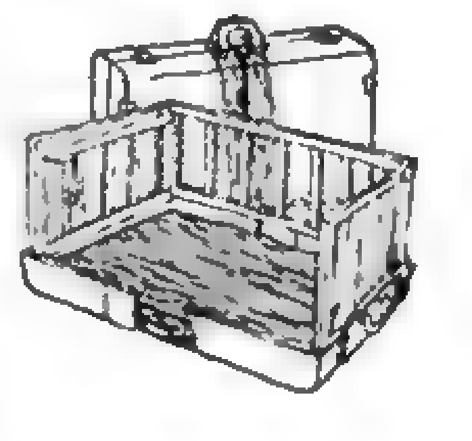
Talking Shop

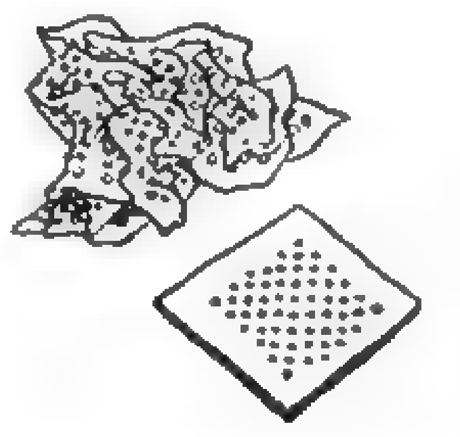
A SMOOTH TRIP for you may be a rough trip for your luggage, especially if it's traveling back in the baggage car or jouncing around in the back of an automobile. You can keep it from getting travel-worn and scuffed up with these ready to put on luggage covers in durable duck. Comes in a range of sizes to fit virtually every size and shape of luggage, and you can take your choice of tan, blue, grey, brown, tan, or red plaid. Slide fastener closure; double-stitched seams and brass studs on the bottom to absorb heavy punishment.



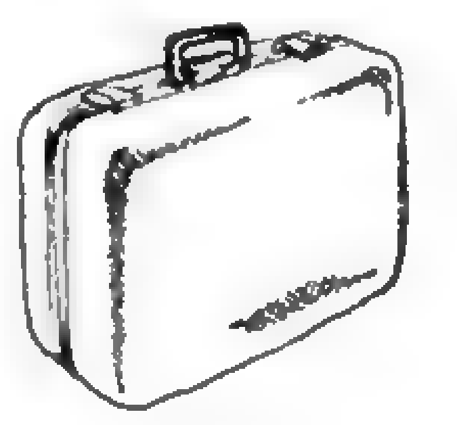
TRAVEL CRIB. Vacationing parents who are traveling with an offspring will welcome this innovation in portable cribs. Closed, it looks like nothing more than a well-made piece of luggage. But opened up it becomes a sturdy, comfortable crib complete with cushioned mattress. The legs lock down and are securely braced in place. With the legs pulled up, the crib doubles as play pen — happy thought for active yearlings on their first trip. When open the crib is 48 inches long, 29 inches wide and 28 inches high. Closed, for carrying, it's 29 inches across, 9 inches wide and 20 inches high—weighs thirty-seven pounds, mattress and all. Particularly good for traveling by train or car, and a boon when visiting relatives.



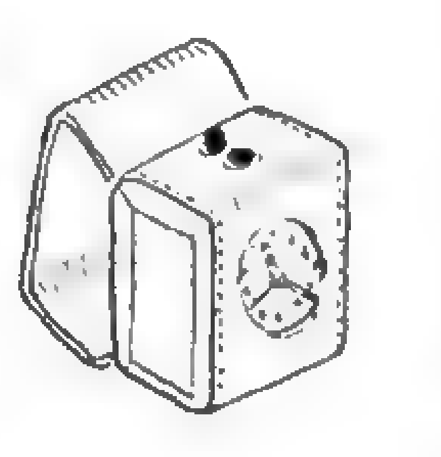
NO PROBLEM. A soggy washcloth will put the final gruesome touch to an otherwise neat job of packing. But here's one type of washcloth that doesn't present a single packing problem. Made of perforated vegetable parchment, it dries in a hurry. Or if you're in a real rush you can just leave it behind—it's that inexpensive. Although it looks like a folded-up hunk of paper, in water it's very efficient. Doesn't disintegrate, the way you'd expect, but can be used over and over. Comes clean with just a quick rinse-off.



BUILT TO TAKE IT. This new lightweight luggage has a deceptively elegant look to it. What you'd expect to be an easy to scuff exterior turns out to be about as vulnerable as a stone wall. There's no bulky reinforcement, either—it's all done with layers of fabric and plastic sealed together and processed in such a way that it's tough and resilient. The luggage looks as if it were covered with a good-looking textured fabric. Which it is. But that in turn is sheathed in a hard film of plastic.



GOOD TIMING. This miniature travel clock with luminous dial will not only give the time of day, but it will remind you to get up on time too. There's a pleasant bell alarm and a watch type movement enclosed in a handmade leather case. Only 2½ inches square, it takes up a minimum of space.



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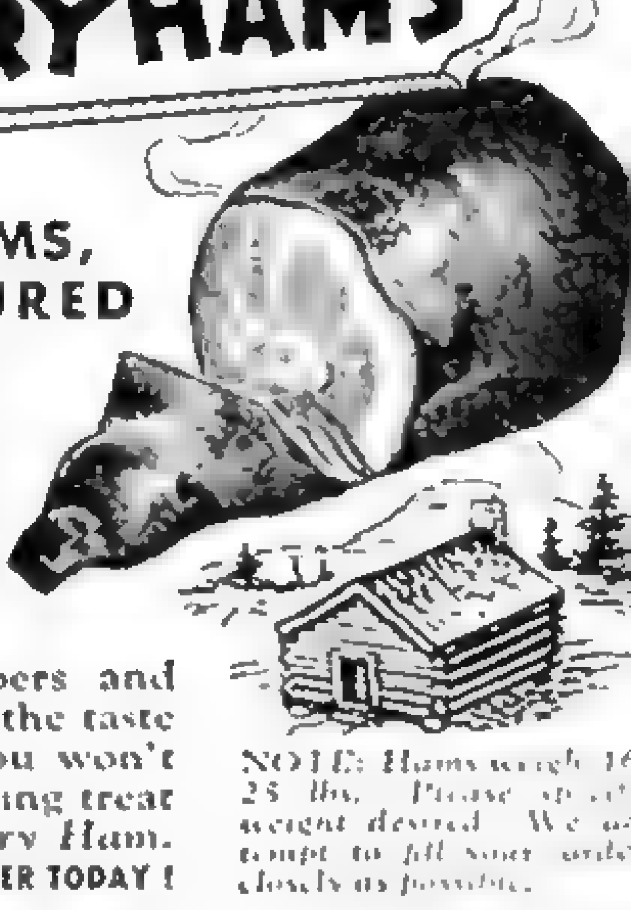
COUNTRY HAMS



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Only 95c lb. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY!

NOTE: Hams weigh 1 25 lbs. Please sp weight desired. We a tempt to fill your orde closely as possible.

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Please send C. O. D ....hams, approx. ....lbs. each at 95c per lb. Hams weigh 16-25 lbs.

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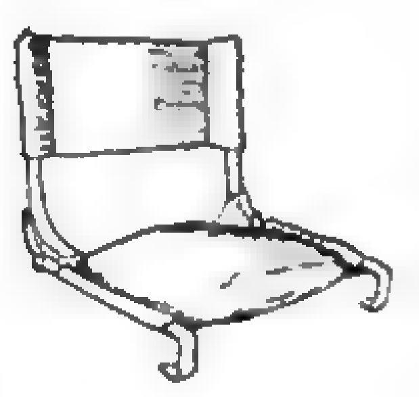
SITTING PRETTY. This light weight, folding seat makes comfortable sitting for fishermen. It hooks onto the cross board of the boat, providing a backrest and a cushioned seat. And if accidentally knocked overboard, it will float until rescued! Also provides comfortable seat for stadium-spectator sports events—baseball, football games, tennis matches. Rustless aluminum alloy frame, heavy duck back rest and soft kapok filled seat. In red, blue or green.



SHEAR UTILITY. Clean your catch the easy way with these steel utility shears. Scales everything from bass to bluefish; has 'em cut up for the skillet in jig time. These versatile scissors also double as bottle opener, hook extractor, pliers, screw driver and hammer . . . All this for about four dollars. (To keep peace in the family, maybe you'd better get two pair—or the Little Woman will rob your tackle box.)

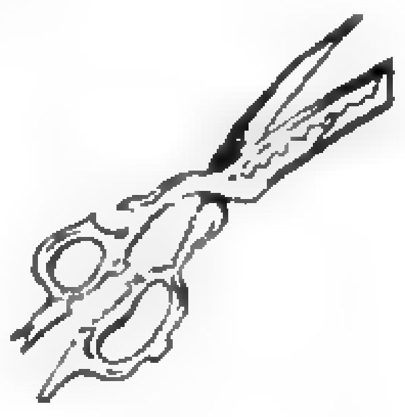
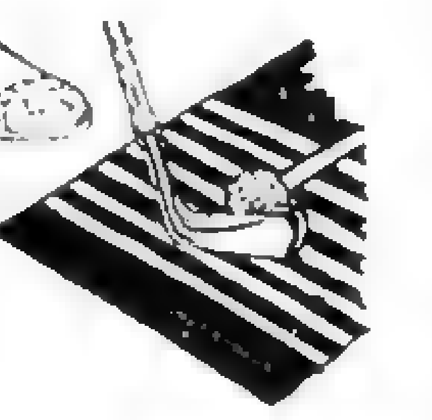
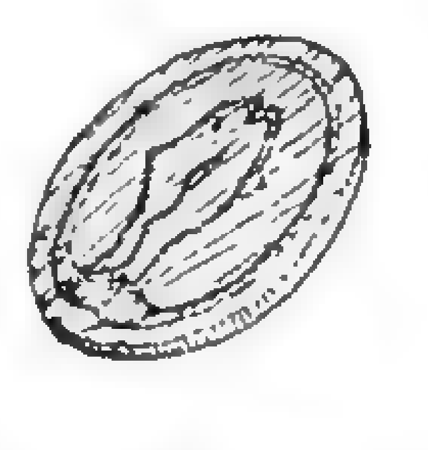


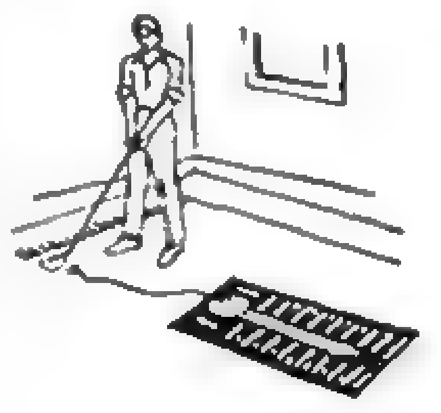
CHART YOUR PUTTS. How good are you at estimating an exact right angle? If you're right on the nose, you probably don't need to practice putting. But if your judgment deviates even one degree, that's enough to throw off more than 50% of your ten-foot putts. You can sharpen up by practicing with this new visual aid to better putting. It's a diagrammed chart that lies flat on the floor—the practice shots are done right from its surface. A center line directs your eye to the imaginary cup, and in back of that a field of parallel white lines tells you when your blade is out of line.



LUCKY FISH . . . if he winds up on this handsome oak plank, made especially for serving and carving that prize catch. Measures 10" x 16" and is made from special kiln dried oak, a full inch thick. The grooves outline a fish—instead of the conventional well-and-tree design. Grooves are formed so that the juices flow down to the well area. Oak surface helps prevent temperature changes from affecting the fish.



LOTS OF DRIVE. This home practice range enables golfers to brush up on their driving ability without ever setting foot on the fairway. It measures the length of the drive and checks accuracy of direction. Consists of a regular golf ball anchored to a five and a half foot length of heavy cord. The other end of the cord is attached to a steel disk, set into a groove on the driving board. When you wallop the ball, it travels through the air, pulling the disk forward in its groove. As the board is marked off in a scale of yardage, you can check the distance the disk has been moved to determine just how far your drive would have sent the ball on a regular course.



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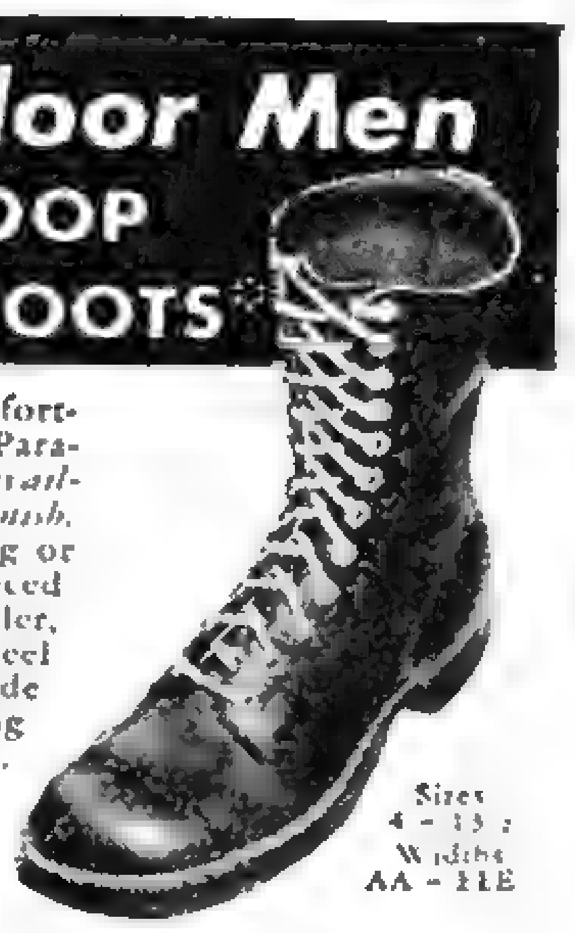

For Outdoor Men
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Here are the famous rugged, comfortable, foot-protecting boots that Paratroopers wore in the war . . . *now available in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.* Ideal for hunting, fishing, hiking or outside work . . . 10" height, balanced construction; leather counter, filler, middlesole and hard box toe, steel shank, reinforcing instep tapes, wide toe and narrow heel, long wearing rubber outer tap and non-trip heel.

Sizes 4 - 13 ; Widths AA - EEE

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Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots. Check Money Order for $10.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D. E-7

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

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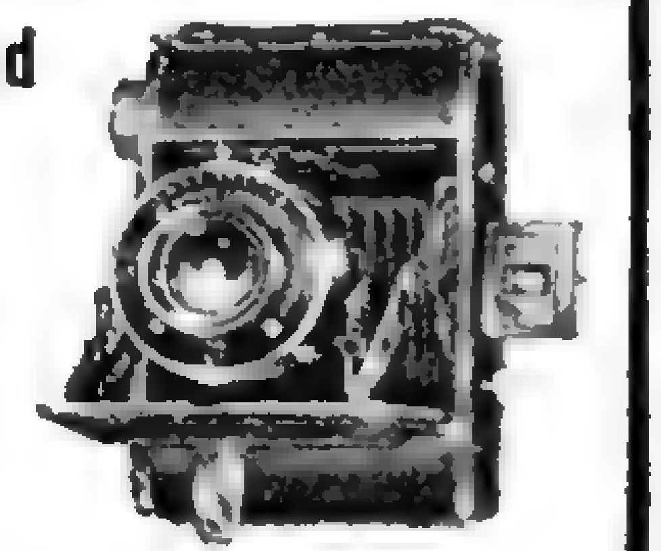
Regular shoe size & width______



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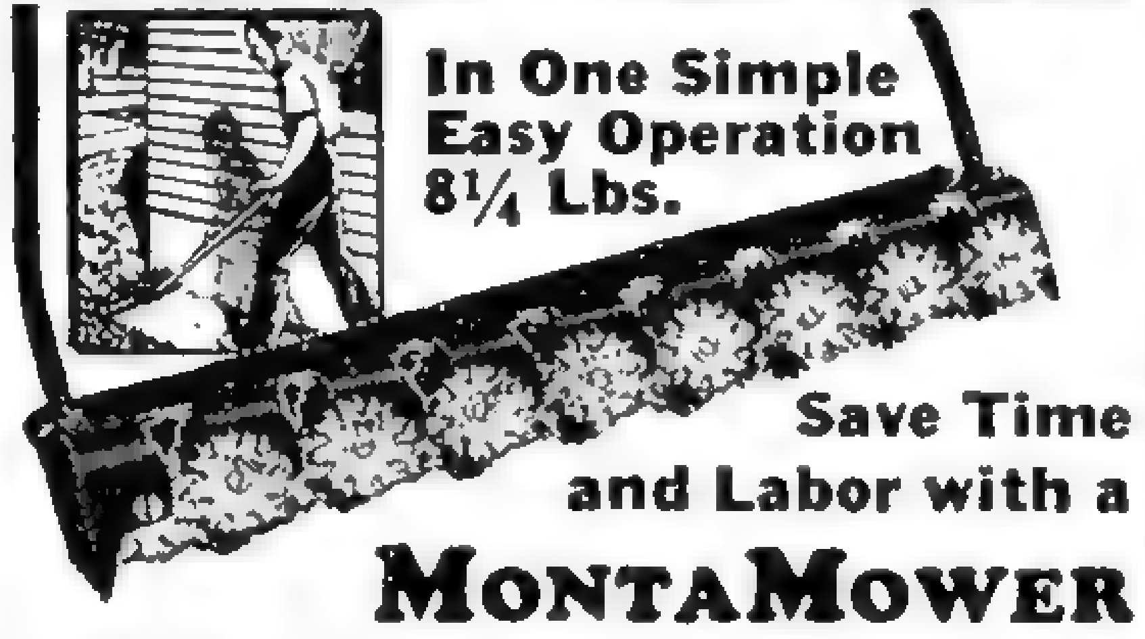

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Made of Stainless Steel in Regular, Long & Short lengths, Reg. fits all Reg. style Collars. Sold in Men's Shops, Drug, Cigar, Dept. & Variety Stores. Ask there first—if unavailable, order direct. Send $1.00 for 4 sets ass't. lengths; 25c, 1 set, to GEO. R. OLIVER MFG. CO., Dept. L, BOX 1324, TULSA, OKLA. In Canada send $1.00 for 3 sets; 35c, 1 set, to STOLLERY of St. Thomas, Ontario.

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Send me . . . Ranger Inverters at $4.95 each under 10-day money back guarantee. (Money order or check for . . . enclosed.) Add sales tax in California.

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SHE IS MAN-BAIT, CATCH?"

● And you won't have to *fish* for compliments . . . because this man-tailored 100% wool Jac-Shirt will not only make you the most warm and comfortable fisherman on the lake, but also the most *strikingly* handsome.

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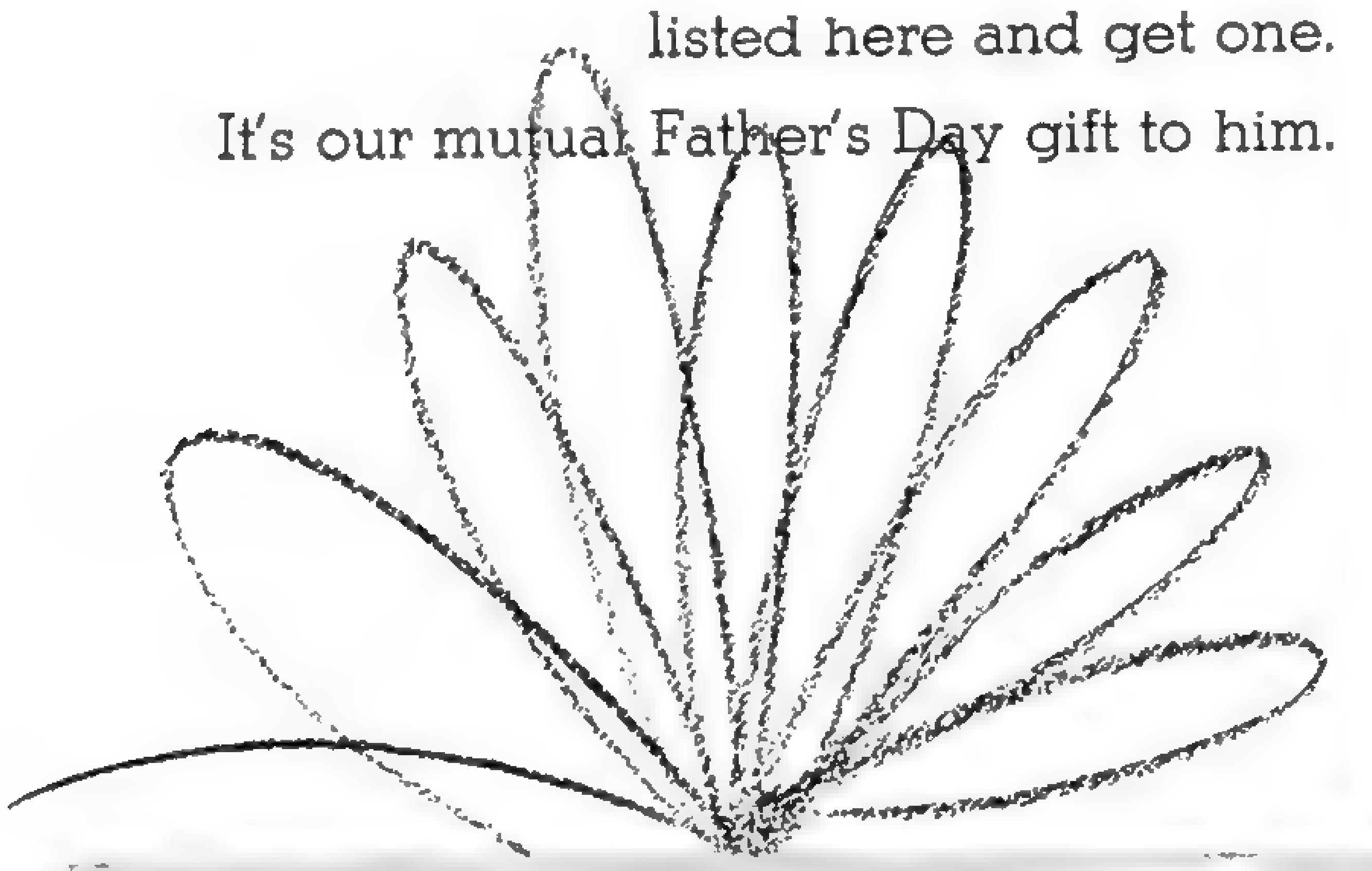
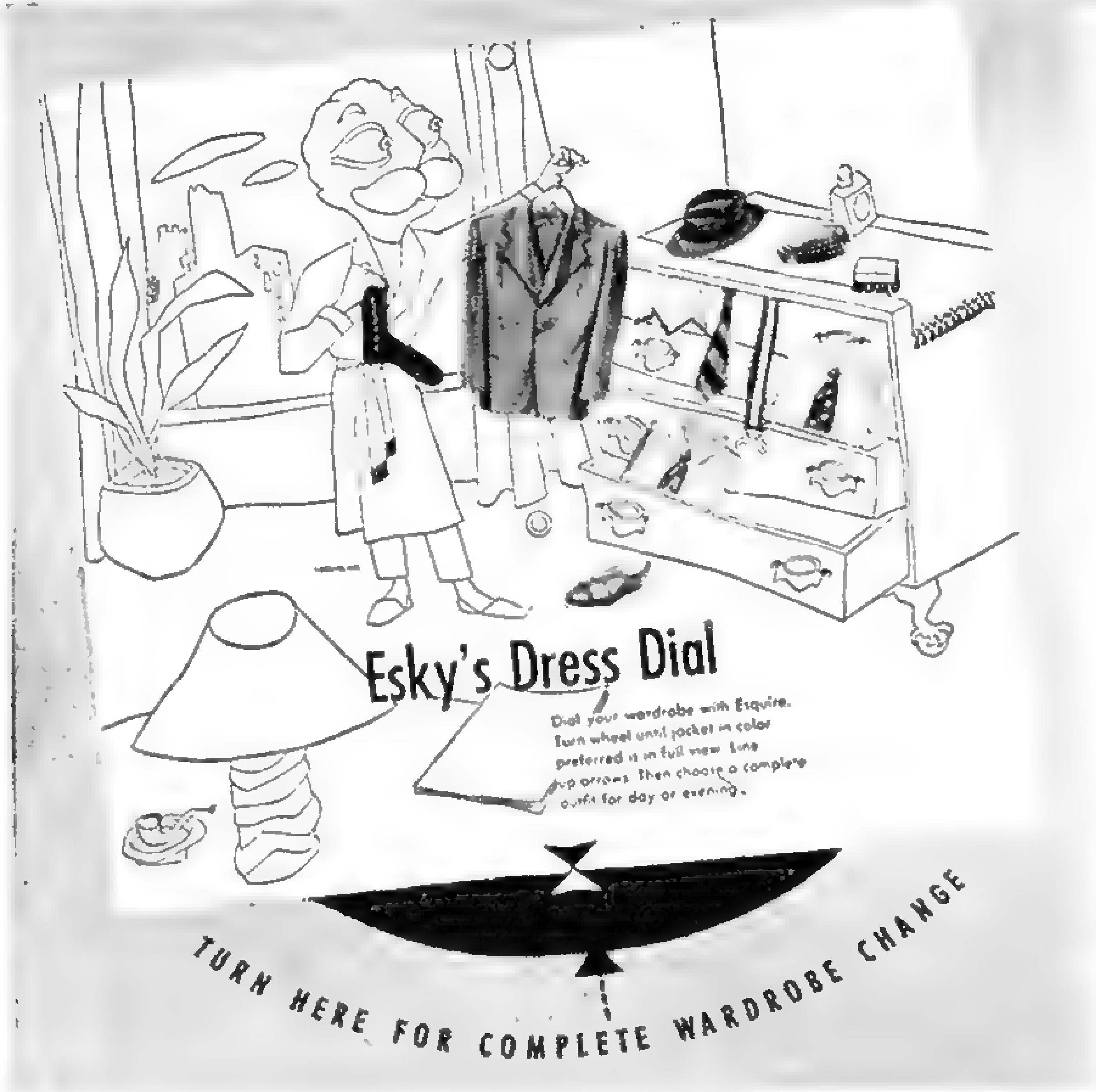
Here's a free gift for DAD!

Esquire's Dress Dial makes good grooming a game — get one for Dad, free, at any one of these leading stores.

It's a wardrobe guide which puts together a color-coordinated ensemble with a twist of a dial. And incidentally, it's a good ensembling guide to follow when you're doing your Father's Day shopping. Stop in at any of the leading stores listed here and get one. It's our mutual Father's Day gift to him.




Esky's Dress Dial
Dial your wardrobe with Esquire. Turn wheel until jacket in color preferred is in full view. Line up arrows. Then choose a complete outfit for day or evening.
TURN HERE FOR COMPLETE WARDROBE CHANGE

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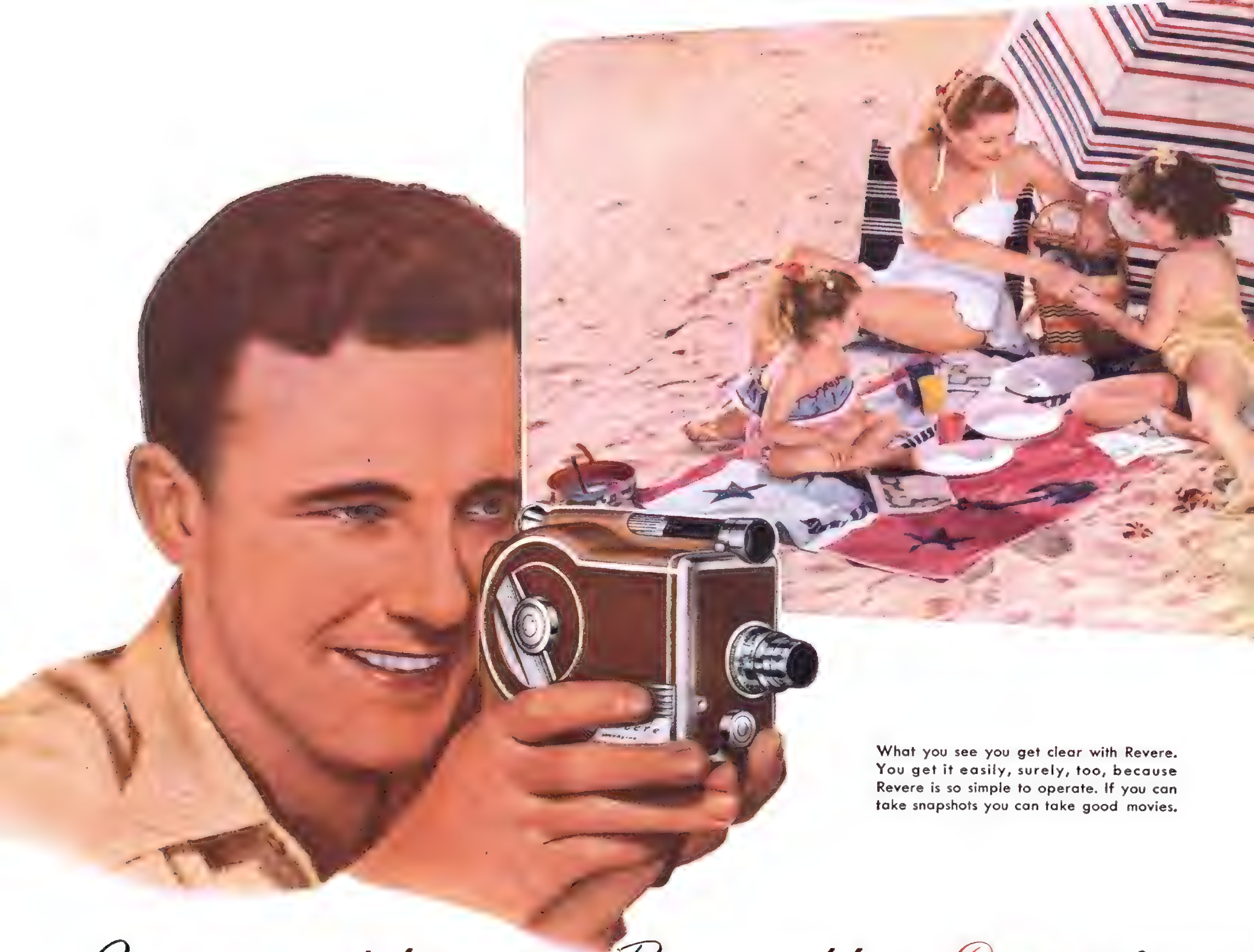

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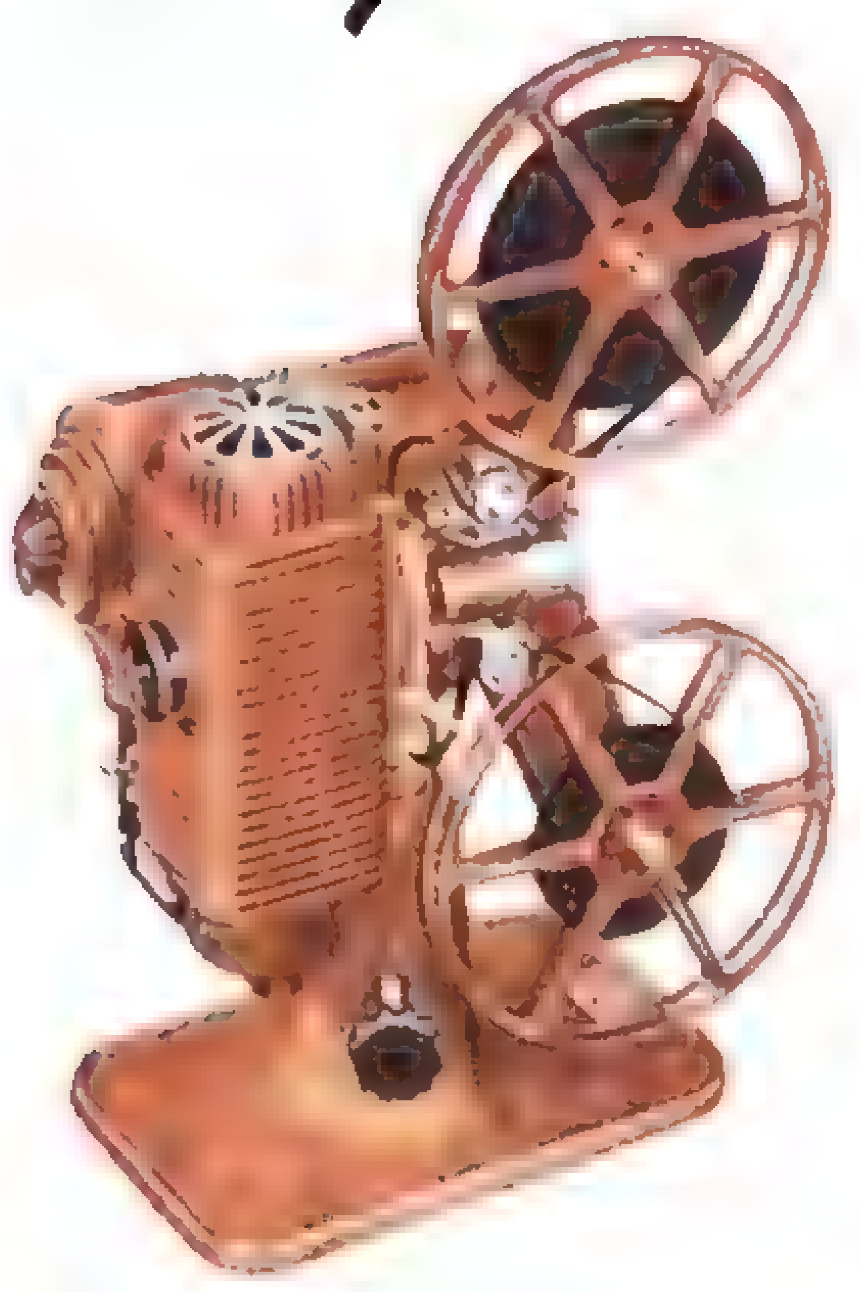

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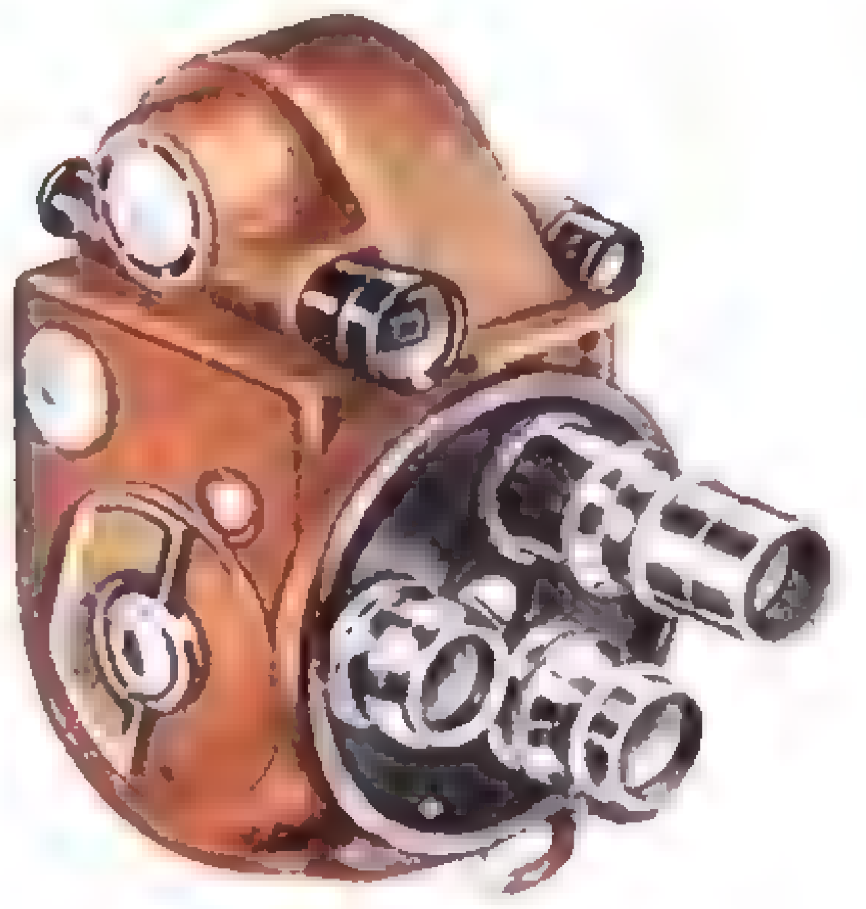

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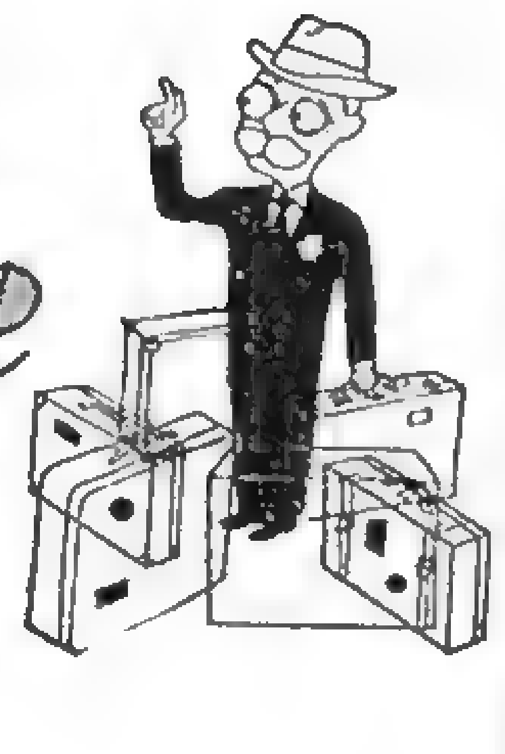
Going Places with Esquire



JULY'S THE HEIGHT of the Summer travel and vacation year. Winter and off-season vacations have become more and more popular these last few years, but most people still choose July and August for their annual two or three weeks with pay. This summer is expected to be the greatest travel season since '39, so it's more important than ever to make reservations well in advance. Decide now where you'd like to spend your vacation, and write or wire at once for reservations.

TRADITIONAL Eastern Vacationland has always been New England, and more people probably spend more summer vacation money here than in any comparable area in the country. Twenty miles or so out of Boston, on the lovely Massachusetts South Shore, the Cliff Hotel is welcoming vacationists who have been coming back for many years. Its private beach at North Scituate is one of the loveliest on the North Atlantic, with cool breezes, warm water and an undertowless surf for carefree bathing. Scituate chicken lobster is famous, and is a feature of Manager Aram Brazilian's noted shore dinner menus. Most South Shore guests enjoy seafood, though there's a wide variety of meat and chicken on the bill of fare.

IF YOU'RE planning a wandering vacation anyplace in the U. S., Canada, or Mexico, be sure to pack a copy of the 1948 Leahy's Hotel Guide and Travel Atlas in your bag, or—better—keep it grabable someplace in the car. Gives you Rand McNally double-page highway maps of every state and Canada and Mexico; rail, bus, and air routes and mileages, and it lists more than 21,000 hotels, motels and inns — giving number of rooms and rates.

ON THE Connecticut shore, the Hotel Griswold at Groton is featuring fine, conservative hotel operation behind a facade of some of the weirdest stunts ever conceived by hyperthyroid press-agentry. Breakfast in bed or no breakfast, wade-tresses who swim out to serve your lunch in the pool, an 18-hole golf course with rickshas to ride in between shots and dogs used to retrieve lost balls, professional pool-side wrestling matches in which the loser is slammed into the water, shark boats with captured deep-water killers supplying the motive power—these are among the less zany dreams of Publicist Will Yolen, with the chuckling connivance of Manager Mort Mencher.

CLOSER TO New York City, the Glenmore Hotel, a converted estate in the Ramapo Mountains at Chester, N. Y., is an excellent spot for summer weekends or an entire vacation. There's just about everything you'd hope for to make your holiday happy: an eight-mile lake, 28 miles of wooded riding trails, golf, tennis and nightlife.

EUROPE EXPECTS the biggest influx of American visitors (out of uniform) in history. Featured attractions are the Olympic Games in London from July 29 to August 14, and the devaluation of the franc, which makes operating costs of a French vacation less than comparable living costs at home. Olympic visitors will be able to buy anything on sale in British stores without ration coupons, and that means fine woolens, sports coats, rain coats, shoes, whiskey, chinaware, etc. Food, though not as varied as in the States, is adequate for visitors, and quite inexpensive. Dinner at an average restaurant is $1, at deluxe restaurants $2.65. Excellent wines and spirits are available at the better restaurants at prices comparable to those at home. Hotel rates average about $4, single. In France, franc revaluation has brought prices for American visitors down to about half of what they were a year ago, according to Phillippe de Croisset, Agent General of the French National Tourist Office in the United States and Canada. Dinner in an outstanding Paris restaurant costs about $3, an excellent bottle of wine $1.50, and you can have room and meals in a first-class resort hotel for about $7.50 per day, single.

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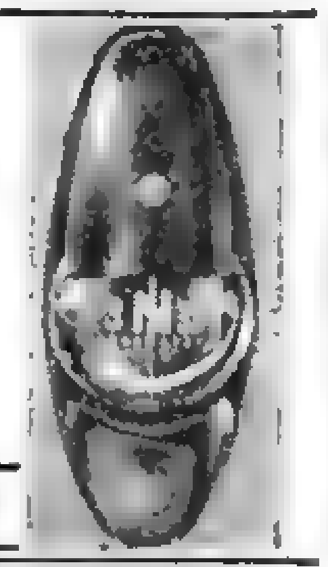

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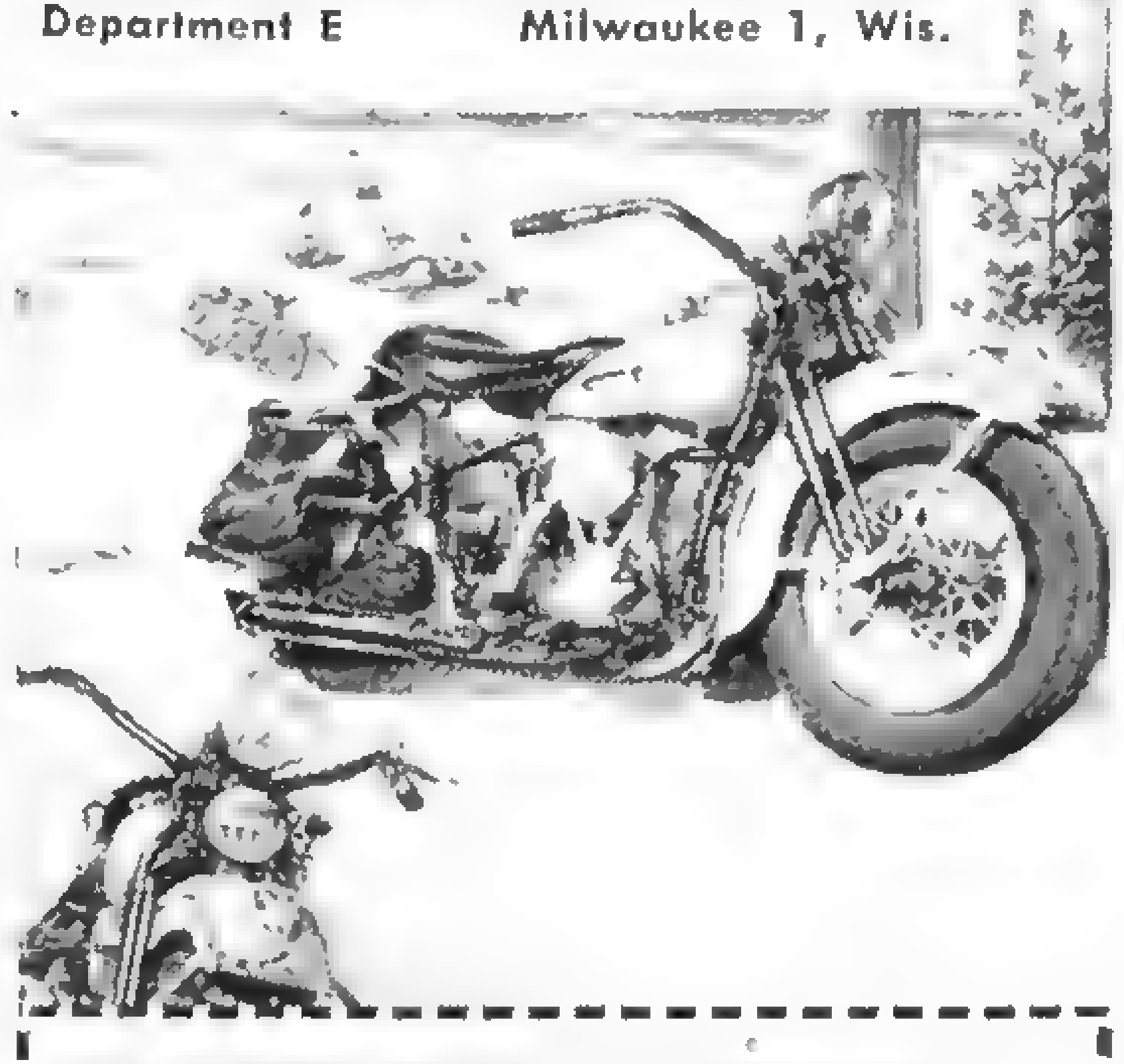

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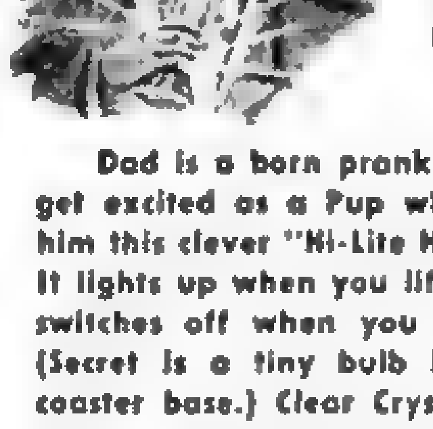

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Painting the Town

IT IS utterly impossible to-day for any one individual to have investigated all the really excellent eating places in Manhattan. It used to be that one would visit the same restaurants night in, night out—the Stork, the Colony, Larue, and a handful of others. And it also used to be that this routine was entirely satisfactory because the food, service, and decor at these establishments are almost invariably above reproach. Now, though, there is another satisfaction—the deep and unequaled pleasure of exploration—the pride and joy of finding superb, but obscure, restaurants; of tasting exciting dishes whose existence had been previously unknown. Which, by no manner of means, is to imply that the Stork, The Colony, Larue, and all the other sweethearts of our cradle days, should be jilted but simply that we don't go steady with them any more. These nights are also enjoyable at such pleasant and unpublicized places as Ricky's, the Fireside Inn, da Cinta, and Billy's. Such exploration is rewarding: especially, when it uncovers a restaurant like the Fireside Inn.

IF THIS were winter, we could dwell at length upon the fact that the Fireside Inn (which is located at 411 West Twenty-Fourth Street) is one of the few New York restaurants affording the cosiness of an open fire. It has incidentally, not one, but four open fireplaces—and they all draw beautifully. This being the summertime, however, it is more appropriate to mention that there is outdoor dining here. It's an important consideration in the sweltering Manhattan nights.

THE FIRESIDE INN's most valid claim to your patronage would seem to be its fried chicken, which is served in the basket with shoestring potatoes and sweet buns, and costs an extremely reasonable $1.45. The restaurant's menu is well-rounded rather than extensive, and among its specialties is a succulent filet mignon. On our last visit the owner was toying with the notion of adding barbecued ribs to the menu.

SPEAKING of ribs, the best i
downtown New York are prob
ably those being served at th
Royal Roost (1580 Broadway)
They cost $1.65, have a magnifi
cent barbecue sauce, and ar
served with cole slaw, Frencl
fries, and hot buns. The Roos
has, besides its ribs, severa
other things to recommend i
At the moment of writing, fo
example, it is offering the musi
of the late Jimmy Lunceford'
band, which is far and away th
best big group now on display i
any New York cabaret. Th
Roost also has chicken in a bas
ket, which is superb and cost
only $1.25. You'll like the atmos
phere of the place too. It will re
mind you of the way uptow
joints used to look in the night
when Harlem was a real treat.

BACK IN THE golden year
when you and I were young
Maggie, and jazz was untar
nished by the nonsense of th
be-boppers, West Fifty-secon
Street was paved with more tha
good intentions. Everywhere on
went along the block betwee
Fifth and Seventh Avenue
there were obscure geniuses lik
Benny Goodman and Jack Tea
garden sitting in with the hous
bands and making music tha
was sheer glory. In those years
the Hickory House (144 Wes
Fifty-second Street) was a rea
shrine. The crew-cuts down fron
New Haven or up from Prince
ton would sit around the circu
lar bar and listen to the splendo
of the jazz being played by Jo
Marsala and such other talent
as Bobby Hackett, Dave Tough
and George Wettling. Now thos
years are gone and probably w
will never again know their like
West Fifty-second Street is
shambles—a tawdry street wher
strip-teasers strive fiercely, bu
vainly, to preserve the art tha
was burlesque; a street wher
the monstrosity called be-bop o
fends at every step. The Hickor
House, however, is still doin
business at the same old stand
and a good thing that it is. Fo
although it offers no Marsala, n
Hackett, no Tough, no Wettling
it is still physically the sam
room it was in the golden years
And the food is as wonderful a
ever—which is to say superlative

with Esquire

ONE OF THE most satisfactory Italian restaurants in the city is a modest establishment at 313 West Forty-sixth Street called da Cinta. Our most recent dinner there consisted of Italian antipasto (55¢) ravioli (70¢) manicotti (70¢) veal and peppers Italian style (95¢) mixed green salad (40¢) spumoni (20¢) and coffee (10¢). Everything was superb, but if you make the mistake of ordering too many dishes you may find yourself uncomfortably stuffed. Recommended therefore, that you order only one thing prior to the main course.

YOU CANNOT imagine anything more different from Coq Rouge than Billy's (First Avenue at Fifty-sixth Street) which is as intentionally antiquated as Bonacchini's place is glossily sophisticated. For one thing, Billy's is gaslit. For another, the paneling is dark and mellowed. Neither of these attributes, however, is the chief attraction of this bar-and-grill. That distinction falls to the food, which, although limited in selection, is high in quality. It would, of course, be silly to contend that the dishes at a place like Billy's exhibit the imaginativeness inherent in those at, say, the Colony or the Stork or Pavillon —but neither, for that matter, do they cost as much. On the whole, Billy's is ideal for anyone seeking a good, inexpensive meal amid the not especially effete surroundings of a barroom. It is, by the way, frequented almost entirely by people from the district, which happens to include plushy Sutton Place.

THE VILLAGE—Greenwich Village—is rather remote, in attitude as well as in distance, from the places like Coq Rouge. It is not, we assure you, what it's cracked up to be, but it does have a measure of interest and you might do well to examine it. When you do, please don't expect to find many good restaurants. One of the few is called Ricky's, and it is located on Waverly Place, in the shadow of Washington Square. It isn't fancy and its clientele certainly cannot be classified as "celebrity," but it does serve magnificent food. The filet mignon, for example, (at $3.50) is unsurpassed anywhere in Manhattan. And then too, on the small but inclusive menu, there is excellent onion soup, tender and succulent prime ribs of beef, and one of the most exciting green salads we've ever tasted. We are fully aware that certain other Greenwich Village restaurants enjoy more prestige than Ricky's, but we know of none which we are able to recommend any more enthusiastically. The clientele, by the way, usually includes a number of young ladies who earn a pretty fair living as models and whose faces and figures you have doubtless seen in magazines. What with their ballet slippers, droopy posture, and awareness of their attributes, they don't happen to be our particular dish, but most males seem to consider them a real attraction. Ricky's has a garden for outdoor dining, incidentally, which is a fine place to be on warm nights.

SINCE THE Democrats and the Republicans will be convening in Philadelphia this year, you should know about a man named Frank Palumbo. He is probably one of the biggest night club operators in the world. He is also one of the most prodigal giftgivers in history. He thinks nothing, for example, of presenting a young lady with a gold watch or cigarette holder and her escort with a wire recorder. Palumbo's resourcefulness as a cabaret owner manifests itself in such ways as the erection of a huge sign at Broadway and Forty-ninth Street in New York saying: "Wanna have fun? Come to Philly." Anyone visiting Philadelphia will be making a mistake not to drop in on Palumbo's the Click. Its size alone is overwhelming. It seats 200 people at tables and 2,300 at the vast bar. There's no admission, no minimum, no cover, and the entertainment is provided by name bands. If you can arrange it, you might also look in on the CR Club, another Palumbo operation. This is a private dining-and-dancing club, with a complete gymnasium, steam room, and showers.

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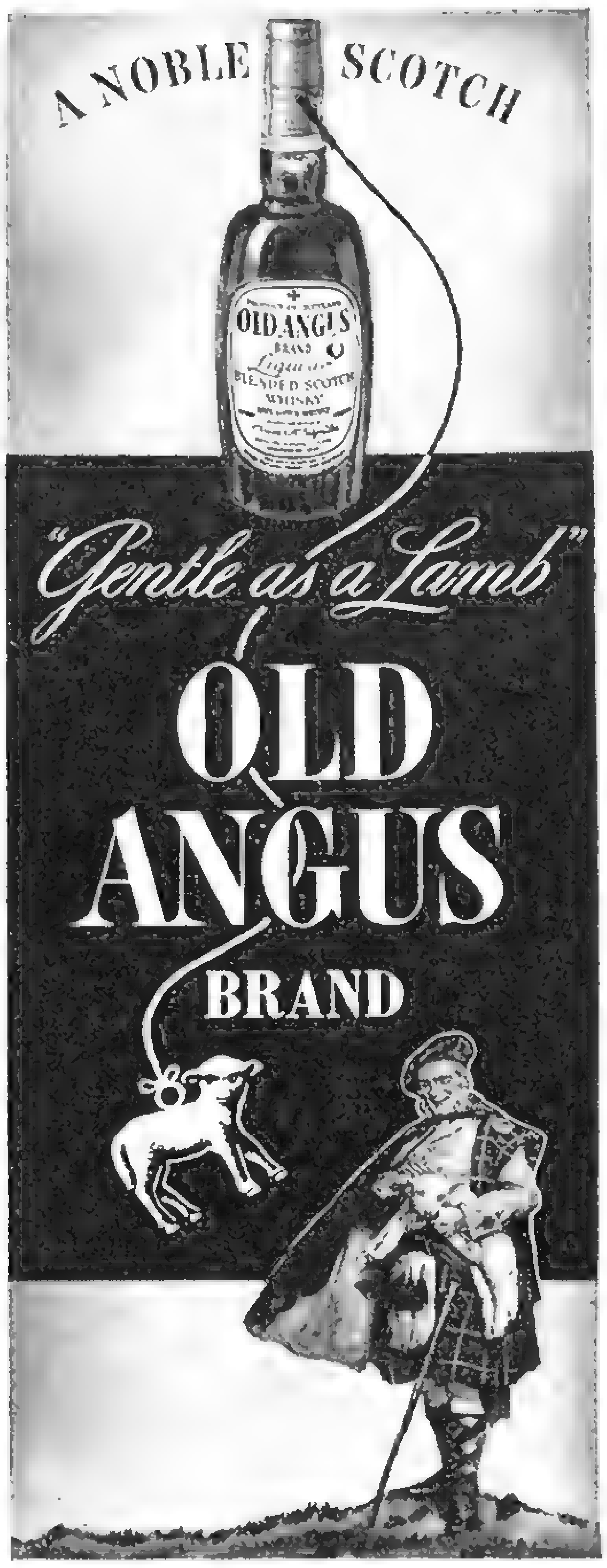

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Backstage with Esquire

Ilka Chase

ILKA CHASE, whose acting in *The Women* caused a critic to call her the "Mother of all Vultures," is, at this writing, readying a new play and hopes the new role will permanently dissipate her reputation for cattiness. Her Esquire article on *It Was Good Enough for Father* (page 33) certainly proves that she has a kindlier side. As you know, Miss Chase is the author of the best sellers, *Past Imperfect* and *In Bed We Cry*. Her tumultuous education started when her father walked the floor with her, singing ribald sailor chanteys as lullabies. After attending a convent and nine private schools, she was packed off to Paris to be finished. She came out at eighteen, then threw over society life to indulge in the livelier arts.

R. MICHAEL is one of several pseudonyms employed by the newspaper foreign correspondent who wrote *Execution at Press Time* (page 53). Formerly a crime reporter in New York City he earned the disfavor of numerous gangsters and survived a severe beating by Legs Diamond after publicly revealing that mob leader's hide-out. Currently covering the news in Italy, he is also gathering material for his fifth book.

DARRELL HUFF says: "Abandoned New York State in 1946 to turn amateur carpenter, ditchdigger and stonemason on ten rocky acres in northern—positively not southern—California. Here I live surrounded by three young daughters and their rabbits and lovebirds, working on additions to my house and shop. I write as little as I dare, mostly about my main mania, modern design and how houses could be better than they are." (See *Head of Whose House?*, page 40.)

Floyd E. Wermuth

Our Discovery of the Month, FLOYD E. WERMUTH, was reared in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania. At seventeen he became a newspaper reporter, covering strikes, mine accidents and local sand-lot baseball—the latter featuring a young one-armed boy later to become famous as Pete Gray. Before entering LaFayette College he worked for a year in and about the mines and *Fury in the Fifth Level* is based on the tales he heard from old-time miners. After getting his A. B. degree he "spent the war years snooping behind Washington scenes with the Army's Counter-Intelligence Corps." He's still in Washington doing government work.

F. HUGH HERBERT finds his two young daughters, Diana and Pamela, inexhaustible sources of copy for such sparkling comedies and fiction as *Kiss and Tell* and (on page 42) *The Girls Have Dates.* His latest play, *For Love or Money*, starring June Lockhart, and featuring John Loder, Vicki Cummings and Mark O'Daniels, has been a smash hit on Broadway since it opened last fall; and *Sitting Pretty*, about a truculent babysitter played by Clifton Webb, will probably reach the neighborhood movie houses by the time you read these lines.

Allan A. Michie

ALLAN A. MICHIE (pronounced Mickey) covered the Battle of Britain and the Middle East for *Time* and after 1942 served as a contributing editor for the *Reader's Digest.* He came into journalism on desperation and a bluff. Having given up an abortive law career, he decided to be a foreign correspondent. Editors didn't agree, for months he subsisted on ten dollars a week. "Crossing my fingers, I walked into the editor's office at *Time* and told him I was an expert on foreign affairs. Much to my surprise he told me to take off my coat and get to work." In London during the war he endured 600 air raids, one of which knocked him out of his house. He is now back in London free-lancing. *The Queen of the Seas*, (page 85) is his first article for Esquire.

Bruce Henry

BRUCE HENRY calls himself "a professional writer with the usual occupational virtues of egoism and avarice," but we think his reappearance in these pages marks an interesting metamorphosis. Back in the thirties he used to contribute light essays on tattooing, wife-beating, and soothsaying; then he dropped from our ken and recently returned as a seasoned motion-picture writer. The intervening years of play doctoring and scenario writing were, he tells us, full, rich and exhausting. He's now cheerily preoccupied with phobias and fixations (See *A Study in Murder*, page 60). Still getting royalties from his first novel, *Hurricane House*, he spent some time in Orlando this spring, writing another novel with a Florida setting which is scheduled for early publication.

Lee Rogow

This picture of LEE ROGOW (*Beauty and the Book*, page 69) was taken when he was commanding the first of a class of rocket-firing assault ships during the war. After getting mustered out of the Navy, Rogow spent a period as ghost-writer for a prominent newspaper columnist. Now he writes for himself—short shorts, radio scripts, and television programs, and acts as consulting idea man for an advertising agency. In this last capacity he dreamed up a set of legends to be embroidered on a new line of women's panties to be sold in sets of seven—one for each day of the week. He inhabits an ancient firehouse in New York's Greenwich Village and in his spare time gets in a few licks on a musical-comedy-in-progress.

JOHN D. MURPHY's formula for potential writers is to have a slim bank account and an expectant wife. That was his impetus for selling articles and by the time the baby arrived he was well in the groove, with resultant publication of pieces on farming, sports, business and science in some sixty magazines. His sanguine perspective is reflected each month in *Opportunity Magazine*, *Your Life*, *Success Today* and *Journal of Living*; he's the author of a book called *It's All in Your Mind* and is brewing another, *Awaken the Genius Within You*, guaranteed to rouse the subconscious mind. *The Clown Prince of Golf* (page 44) is his first contribution to Esquire.

Albert E. Kahn

ALBERT E. KAHN wrote *Fights out of the Ring* (page 71) as diversion from his usual political exposés. A native Londoner, he graduated from Dartmouth College and during his undergraduate years, he says, "I managed to get my nose periodically broken as a member of the boxing team." From 1939 to '44 he was editor of *The Hour*, a confidential newsletter revealing Axis intrigue in America. He is co-author of the books *Sabotage! the Plot Against the Peace* and *The Great Conspiracy.* His articles have appeared in *Reader's Digest*, *PM*, *Reader's Scope*, *New Currents* and elsewhere.

John LaCerda

JOHN LA CERDA, the author of *Divot Deviltries*, says: "The 5½-foot sword in the accompanying photo is my prize souvenir. It's an executioner's weapon. I got it from a Jap in return for half a pack of cigarettes. He, by the way, is a room boy at the Tokyo Correspondents' Club, where I'm living while in Tokyo as a foreign correspondent for the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin.* I'm thirty-three and have been in the newspaper business eighteen years. I'm writing a book to be published in Japan, also one for the American trade. My biggest thrill was sitting beside a copyreader who once wrote this headline: 'Queen Mary Comes Up Bay Wearing Belt.' The 'belt' was a DeGaussing antimine belt, but it didn't save the headwriter from getting the bounce. I live in the Germantown area of Philadelphia, own a two-acre lot with stream in the Penn Valley section, and will start building a modernistic home when I return to Philadelphia via Australia, the Middle East and Europe next fall. My best golf score: 71. My worst score: 176 (at Pine Valley in New Jersey). I figure I have spent $2000 on golf. Would you call that foolishness?"

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The call for drinks from far and near.
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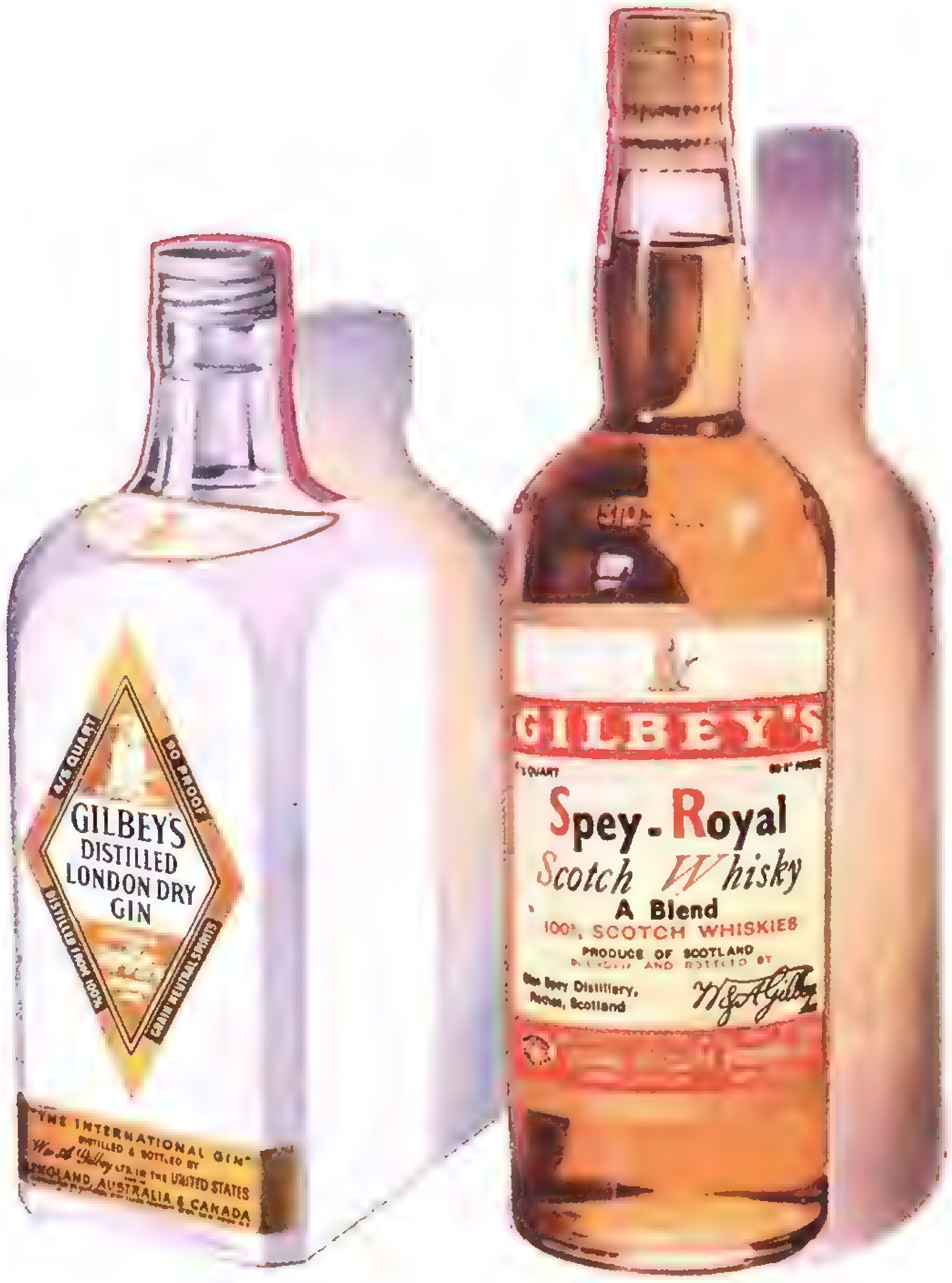
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

It Was Good Enough for Father

When it came to beds, it was double or nothing for our forefathers, which goes to prove that for all his errors Father had an appreciation of the finer things in life

An Article by
ILKA CHASE

We of the twentieth century like to look back patronizingly at past generations; they, poor souls, did the best they could with the means at hand, but we—let's admit it—are far more advanced. Just consider all the mechanical goodies we have! Everything these days is a great deal bigger and faster than our ancestors ever dreamed of!

Well, we do have bigger things, and certainly faster ones. Better too, in many ways. It would be ridiculous to deny or to decry industrial and scientific advancement, though it's true that, thanks to one or two of our progressive items, we're subjected to forms of torture that former generations (those old stick-in-the-muds) never had to endure. We have, among other so-called advantages, the telephone—an instrument that rings constantly when we crave silence and maintains an infuriating silence when we want it to ring.

In the old days there were no telephones, no cellophane, no indoor plumbing. There weren't any psychoanalysts either; the madhouses were less crowded and the divorce courts weren't jammed to the rafters. Yes, our ancestors may have lacked many modern improvements, but yet, sorry bunglers though they were, they had an insight, a psychological understanding, and an appreciation of human well-being so profound as to make fools of us moderns. They knew, for example, that women need men and men need women and that the interdependence of the sexes must be recognized if a marriage is to succeed.

And so they invented a device known as the double bed.

Today we are more progressive than our forefathers, more sanitary, more civilized. Today we have twin beds—and a self-imposed exile they are, a folly for which there can be no praise. We have but to consider where they are most in use to ask ourselves in horror why we give them house room. Where are they used? They're used in hospitals, in prisons, in insane asylums, that's where! And fifty per cent of the people occupying them there probably wouldn't be in them if they hadn't used them at home.

What has happened to us that we no longer realize the double bed is more thrill-inducing than the airplane, more comforting than steam heat, more engrossing than television? The freedom, the companionship, the moments of lyric tenderness implicit in the double bed rank among life's great experiences. Occupied by two sympathetic members of the opposite sex, the double bed yields the nearest facsimile of complete joy we may reasonably expect on earth.

NO SMOKING IN THIS CAR

"Who's smoking in the car?"

A close rapport is likely to occur in a double bed—indeed it is to be hoped for—but to think only of sex in this connection is to think of a skeleton, to ignore the glowing flesh and garments of happiness.

Man is an animal. So, fortunately, is woman. Why then, when it is easily obtainable, deprive ourselves of our greatest animal comfort—the proximity, the touch of the creature we love? Curiously enough, this animal instinct in humans is the soil from which evolves the most exquisite bloom we are capable of: love for another. For those who love each other, the spirit and the flesh are inseparably allied, and it seems highly unlikely that, as some moderns claim, connubial desire is kept alive through physical separation. Will a husband and wife seem less familiar, more alluring to one another, if they occupy separate beds? If so, wouldn't separate rooms be even better? And if that's an improvement, how about separate houses? And then maybe separate cities? Different countries? "Darling, how appealing you are when I'm in Saskatchewan and you're in Tanganyika!" Unless the flint strike the steel, whence the spark? What about that?

If the love two people bear each other is a living thing by day, it is fostered and intensified by their sharing a double bed at night.

Many couples, vaguely aware of this, experiment with that unsatisfactory compromise, twin beds side by side, joined by the same headboard. What is the comfort in being joined by a headboard and separated by the covers? This system is perhaps a little better than twin beds separated by the night table, but so little as to make scant difference.

A great attraction of a double bed for the married is its face-saving property. It is kind to one's pride. It is a breach-healer par excellence. Most married differences start out not too seriously—a chip off here, a small dig there, and the first thing you know one partner's feelings are hurt and the other is angry. Suppose this hapless couple is sleeping in twin beds. What happens? The undressing, washing, tooth-brushing routine is gone through, the aggrieved wife flounces to her single pallet and the husband either slams up the window in furious silence or asks savagely if she minds if they get a little fresh air in here to blow away some of this nonsense. He then plunks himself down on the edge of his bed, kicks off his slippers, swings his legs in, draws up the covers, punches his pillow into a knot as unyielding as his mood, and ostentatiously turns his back on the blossom he not so long ago promised to love and cherish until death. The silence is broken only by the click of the light switch as the wife snaps it off and her exasperated exclamation, throbbing with more drama than a three-act play: "Of course! Leave *everything* to me."

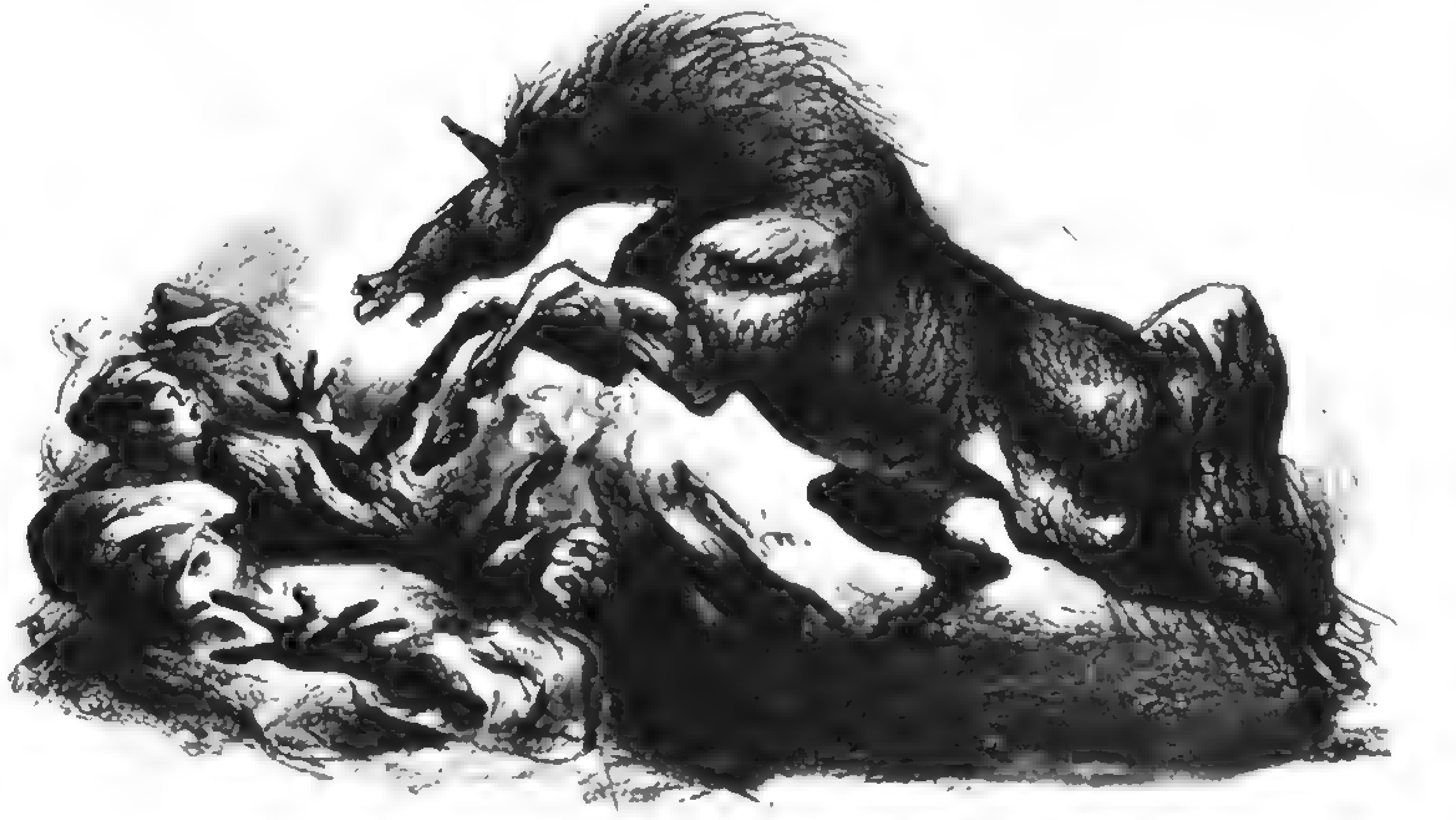
Under these circumstances, it is a long time before either of them gets to sleep, though it may be safely said that the husband, a grosser spirit, will eventually get there first. In the meantime the darkness is taut as a fiddle string. Then gradually, as the hours slip by, each one will be thinking, "The hell with this silly business, why don't we kiss and forget?" But each one is damned if he (and the term is used generically) will be first to get up, cross the infinity which is the three-and-a-half feet separating the beds, and snuggle in beside his indubitably erring but still

(*Continued on page 155*)

Hell on Hoofs

One of the most ferocious and awe-inspiring sights in the world is the sport of stallion pitting, a spectacle of blood and power and sheer destruction that takes place in a truly Wagnerian setting

An Article by J. ALVIN KUGELMASS



The two great horses came snorting into the clearing, their massive flanks and broad chests shining in the stilly, white moonlight, and a roar went up from two thousand spectators.

Each was held in check by burly attendants with ropes, who also tailored the short, sidewise chop-chopping of the animals with cruel-looking hooks, like those used by elephant trainers.

A gentle little mare was led out, and when her scent went abroad the horses reared on high, their hoofs flailing the air, and the night cracked with the anger-screams of the stallions. Again the mare was paraded before the great horses, and as the stallions once more caught the scent they were beside themselves.

The attendants forced about a quart of wine adulterated with hashish down their throats, and in a few minutes, as the betting became feverish and the stakes mounted ever higher, the heady wine, the dope, and the presence of the mare set the horses to bucking and heaving like two monsters on a primitive canvas, a moment-in-time caught on a cave wall.

The horses settled for a moment and eyed each other, their eyeballs showing white, the white streaked with a veinous red. The men shouted, the tumult grew, the bookies went about taking wagers, and the amounts were formidable for most of those assembled were high-ranking chiefs of rich landowners on the Island of Mindanao.

It is only the affluent, as a rule, in the Philippines who can afford to engage in the most secret and most savage pitting of animals since the colossal prehistoric monsters had at each other in the dim, affluvial times.

Faded journals kept by invading Spaniards back in the Sixteenth Century tell of the barbarous sport enjoyed by the Moros. Stallion-pitting has been forbidden by the constabulary for centuries, but today, in back countries of the islands, champion stallions are groomed, conditioned for the night of terror and holocaust until they're three years old.

During the long training period (and the refinements of training are handed down from father to son) never are the horses saddled, never are they broken to the bit. They're studiedly developed as four-footed gladiators and nothing else. The incubator period is a time of infuriation. Not only are older, surviving horses used as sparring partners, but trainers clad in thick leathern jerkins and enmeshed in a kind of chain armor act as the banderillero does with the bull. The horse is goaded and goaded again. He learns to spar, to charge; else his flanks are pricked with a six-footed goad; his teeth are rapped with a bamboo stave; his ears are clouted with something which has a resemblance to a baseball bat.

Slowly, painstakingly, the horse learns to skirmish, to defend his flank, to dart in with his teeth, rip and withdraw, to lower his head for a charge and come up with it in a kind of uppercut. His footwork becomes a thing of poetry, and his side step and carom are a dance of the bends. Training and hardening is ceaseless. He is given test matches during which his muzzle is caught in a head strap, and his hoofs are muffled with straw pads.

From early age onward, the hoofs are carefully tended so that the tissue is encouraged to grow out and harden in a kind of ridge away from the periphery. He then can pack a wallop that leaves both a slash, a stomp, and a gouge.

The fighting is usually done in a great enclosure and at night. Spectators are left unprotected and, as the horses swirl and gallop against one another, the crowd falls away in an ecstasy of motion and frenzy, like a live loop. Sugar plantations are lost and won; great land sections are gambled away; men have become ruined in a night, or have emerged grossly rich.

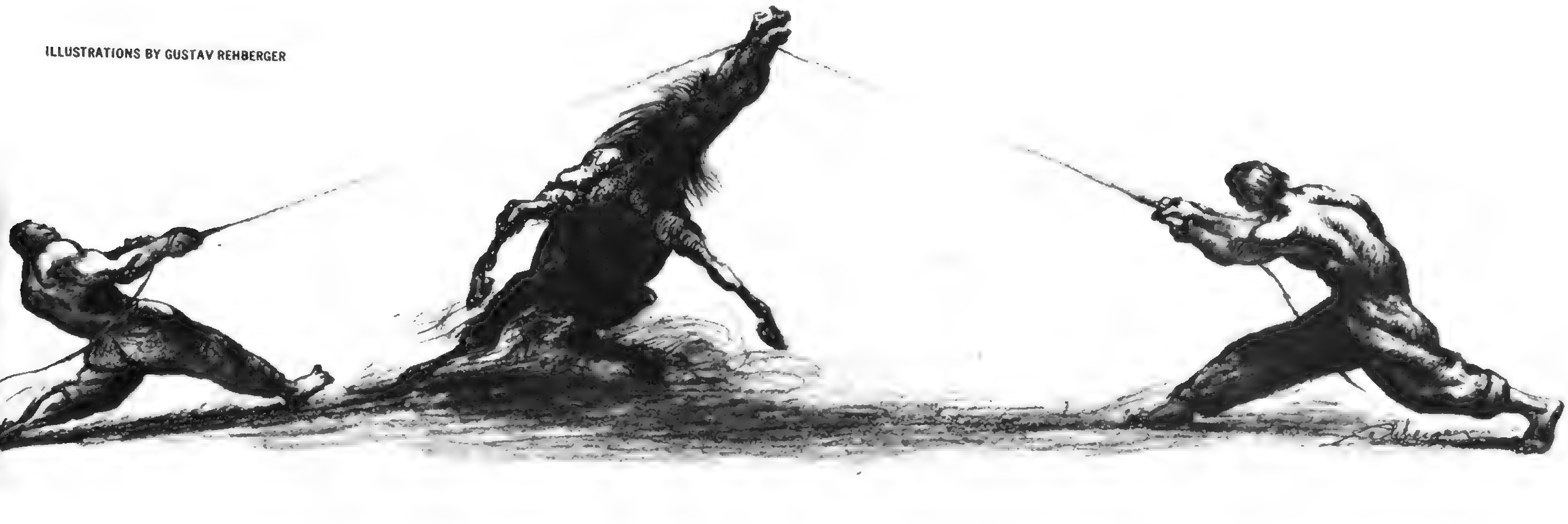
But one horse invariably dies.

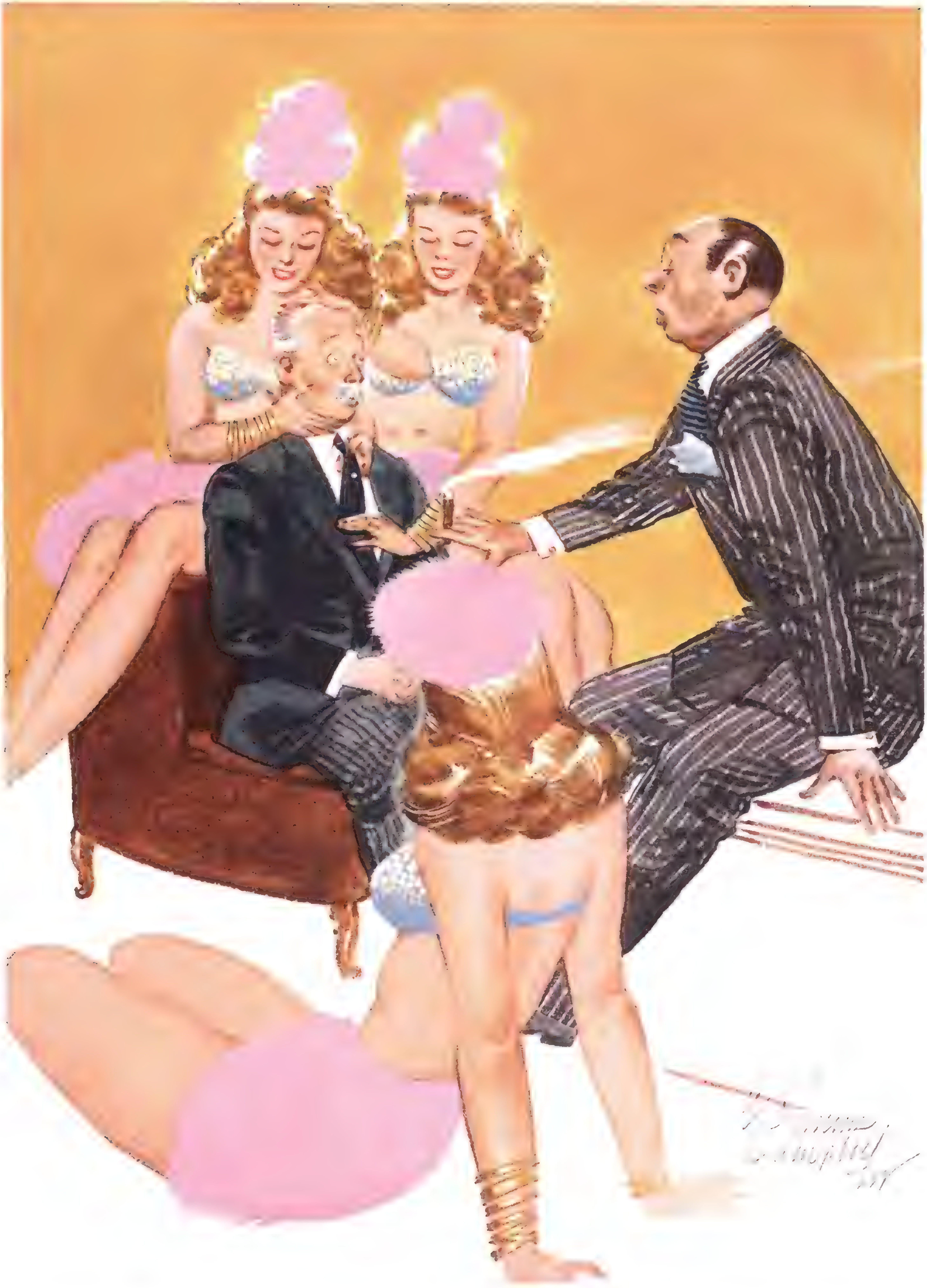
It is estimated that no more than two or three of the stallion fights are held a year in each area. But the word is passed along and they draw from 500 to 2500 spectators. Many high-ranking Navy and Army men were guests of one memorable fight on Mindanao when a gigantic black stallion not only succeeded in smashing his opponent to the earth in a space of five minutes, but advanced on the crowd and cracked the skulls of two fleeing Moros before his handlers could catch him.

Both horses wore cunningly fashioned spurs on their hoofs, not dissimilar to those worn by fighting cocks, but of a heavier variety. On their foreheads were strapped unicornlike shafts very much like those worn by horses during the Crusades.

The attendants released the ropes, and the great black rose vertically in the air and came sloshing down with his forehoofs from a height of perhaps (*Continued on page 141*)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUSTAV REHBERGER





"Now, Mr. Finley, I don't want to force you into backing the show—think it out clearly for yourself"

Joe, the Center Fielder

No one questions the greatness of Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker when they were chasing the ball out near the bleachers, but in our time, says a man who should know something about these things, there is not a ballplayer who is Joe Di Maggio's equal; who can do the things Joe can do with a ball with equal ease, style, and a sure thing to bring home the bacon

A Sports Article by JIMMY CANNON

THE sports writer gets little respect around a newspaper shop. General reporters consider us to be a species lower than the advertising solicitor. They believe we are on the pay roll of every fight club in town and they envy us because we sleep late. The police reporters don't think we qualify as newspapermen because many of us manage to achieve maturity without getting bleeding piles from sitting on the stone stoops of hospitals and precinct houses. The angry clerks of the cable desks resent us. They base their judgment of news on the principle that nothing is important if it happens in this country and the Olympic Games are the only sporting event they admit is worth the space. It hustles them to drink when they can't rip the standing of the clubs out of the forms and substitute a half column of type which describes the veil some rajah's young sister wore to conceal her mustache at a tea party in London. Our style is denounced as a corruption of underworld slang and majestic clichés borrowed from the works of Clausewitz in the press-room forums of political correspondents whose copy reads as though it were written in algebra. We get it constantly from the columnists who plot the course this generation should take in its pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave. On days when the ordinary run of the news does not supply them with a topic which appeals to their savagery they go to work on us. They indict us as lobbygows of the underworld and criminal peddlers of illusion who permit injustice to flourish on our beat because we are too shiftless to make a telephone call which would supply the missing facts for our insincere essays.

The writers of fiction abuse us most because their scorn is poisoned by pity. In their novels and short stories we have neither the ambition nor the courage to flee the racket that is devouring our integrity, but we console ourselves with the false promise that this degradation is only temporary research. The unfinished play in the desk has become a standard symbol of our hopelessness. We are fugitives from reality, but the errors of the world would be rectified immediately if we possessed the valor to get the third act ready for production. They go on the astonishing theory that the first play a man writes is certain to be a success. In these cruel biographies our women are sorrowful, honorable and plain of face, but they all have fine legs. They annoy us with their preaching and we pamper our guilt by abandoning them for three-dollar girls with mothers dying of tuberculosis. We never do the play and our fiancées jilt us and sadly marry social workers whom they do not love. The prostitutes pour us a double slap of gin and the phonographs play the blues records. We mumble poetry to ourselves in a stupor of despair. It is always a line concerning honor and the streetwalkers want to know what it means.

"You wouldn't understand," we explain, and the music cries in the room for the boy who is now the man.

There are some facts in these accusations. There are burglars and rummies among us, but there are many decent men who serve the truth the best way they know how. But our main fault is that we are constantly betrayed by our enthusiasm. I have done a lot of jobs on many papers. I have worked all the shifts on the clock. But of all the reporting I have done I enjoy baseball writing best. It is not that I am better at this than my competition or I am getting rich at it. There are other fields which offer me a better living. But I go out to the ball game on my day off and I find it to be a valid place of mass happiness. It is a man being delighted by a child's toy, but I feel no shame when I state that baseball has moved me more than music ever did. I get paid to attend ball games and I go in free. But I would be there anyway, if I worked at other chores. It is the best of all games for me. It frequently escapes from the pattern of sport and assumes the form of a virile ballet. It is purer than any dance because the actions of the players are not governed by music or crowded into a formula by a director. The movement is natural and unrehearsed and controlled only by the unexpected flight of the ball. I believe the finest sight in the game is to watch Joe Di Maggio go back for a fly that has been hit behind him. Only Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker are remembered as his superiors. They are through and gone, but their excellence can't be disputed. It is not my plan to disfigure the greatness of another generation with senseless comparison. I concede they were as good as it is possible to be. But in this time there is not a ballplayer who is Di Maggio's equal. He is a ballplayer without a flaw. There is nothing that he does not do well and no one has more style.

Club owners are men engaged in a commercial enterprise and they protect their employees' reputations with a mercenary fervor. Executives may hate a player, but they praise him publicly as long as his contract is in the office safe. But I have never heard one of them practice this evasion when Di Maggio is being discussed. They are proud they are connected with the game at which he excels. It was Horace Stoneham, the president of the New York Giants, who delivered the most eloquent tribute. Last Christmas Stoneham distributed gold tie clasps to his friends of the trade. On the back of each was inscribed the man's full name and address. But the one Stoneham gave to Di Maggio was inscribed with a flattering simplicity. It read: "Joe, The Center Fielder." It was a salute from a competitor because Stoneham is a stubborn National Leaguer and in New York his Giants

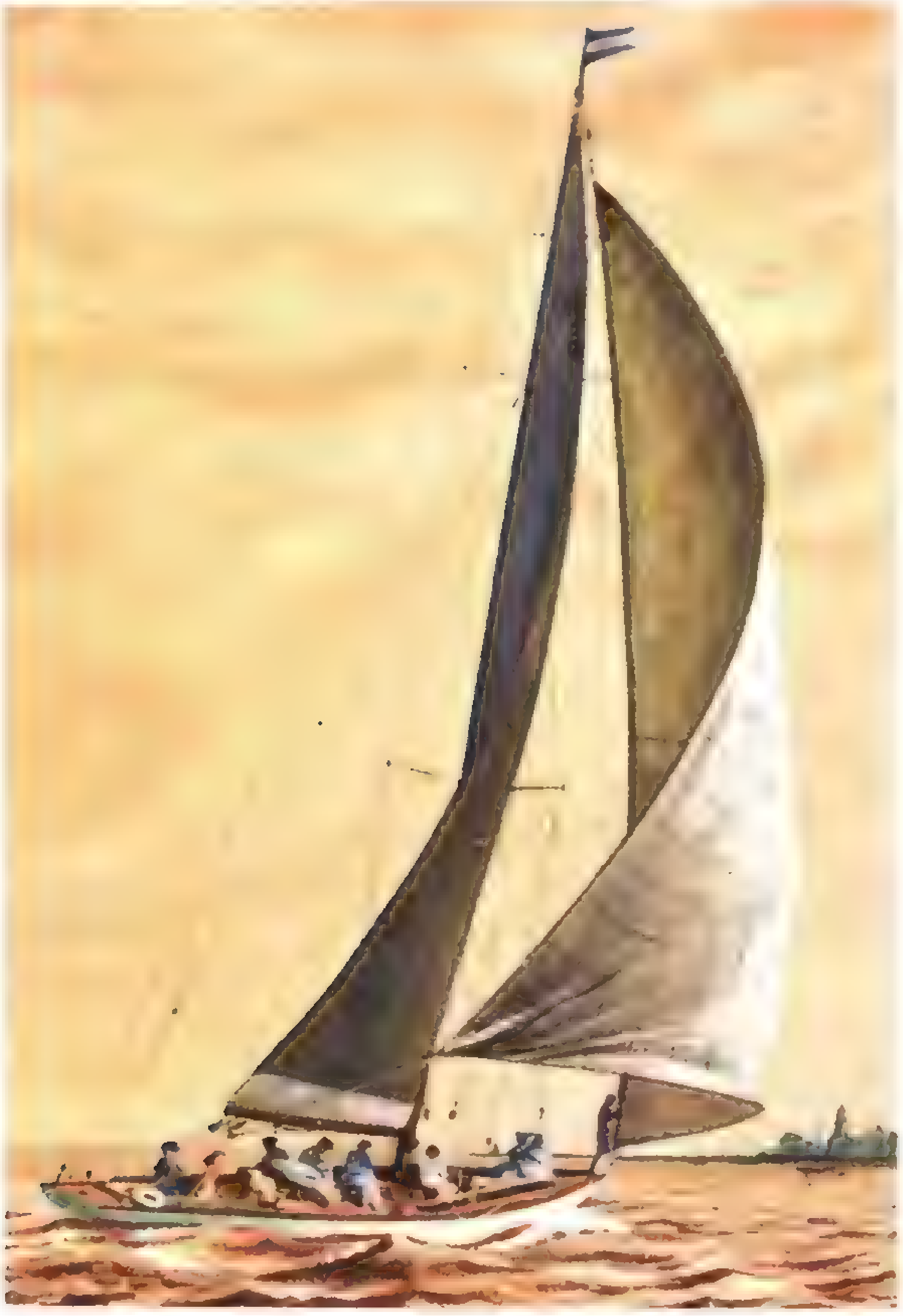
(Continued on page 136)

"Well, what do you expect from an only child!"

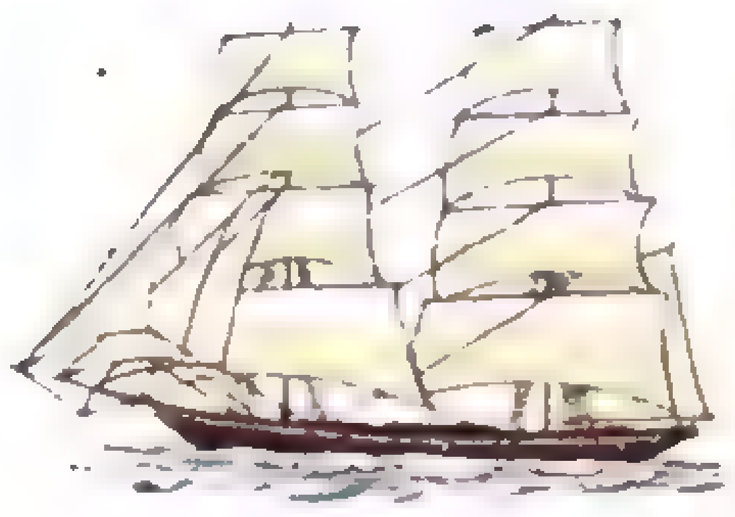
Modern Cruising

Meet the Fleet

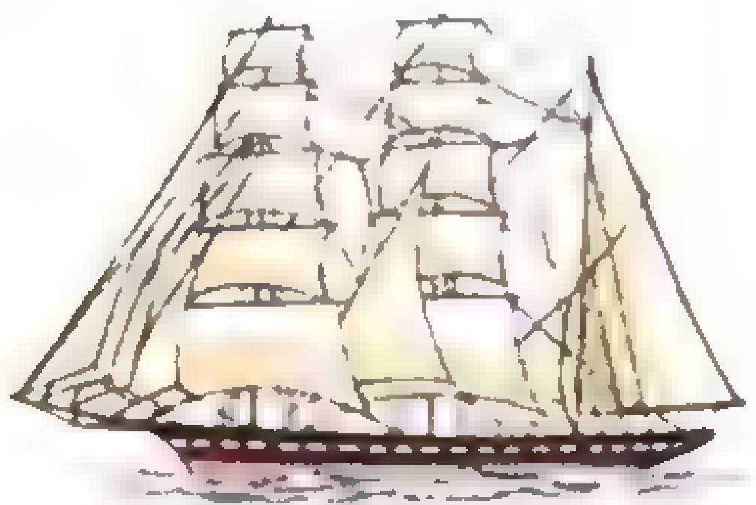
If you have salt in your blood (as sailors like to put it), it's probably because your grandfather, or his, went to sea in vintage vessels like those in the thumbnail sketches below. Grandpa probably went to sea to make his fortune, and may have subscribed to the belief that "A man who'd go to sea for pleasure would go to hell for pastime." But his grandson goes to sea for pleasure, and finds it in ships very different from those the old man sailed in the China or Baltic trades. Our artist presents five modern boats to fit various tastes and purses, whether your idea of fun afloat is getting close to nature in a sailing dinghy, racing for the King's Cup off Newport, slashing across blue water to Bermuda or Honolulu, or cruising leisurely along the coast with select companions and there's no better way to get thoroughly acquainted with congenial companions than on such a cruise.



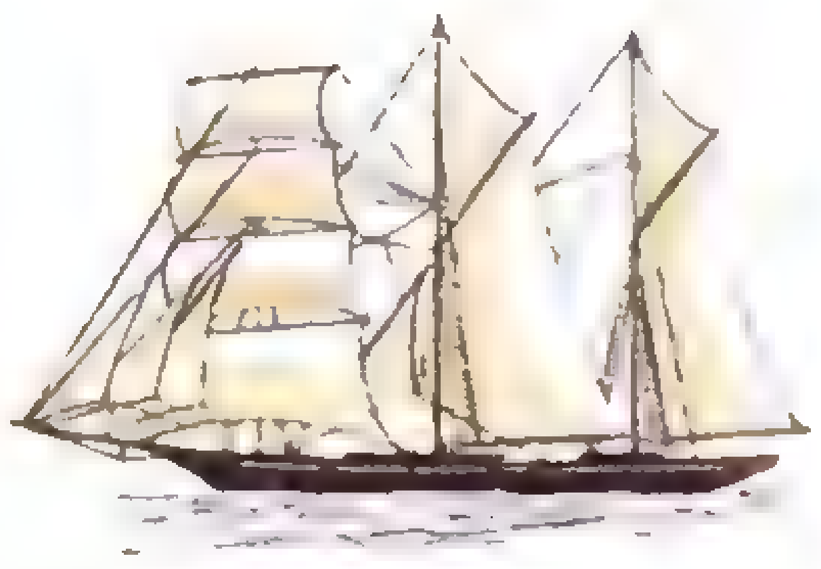
This big racing sloop is right for a fling at the silver on a New York Yacht Club cruise. The huge headsail is called a Genoa jib because it was first used racing off Genoa



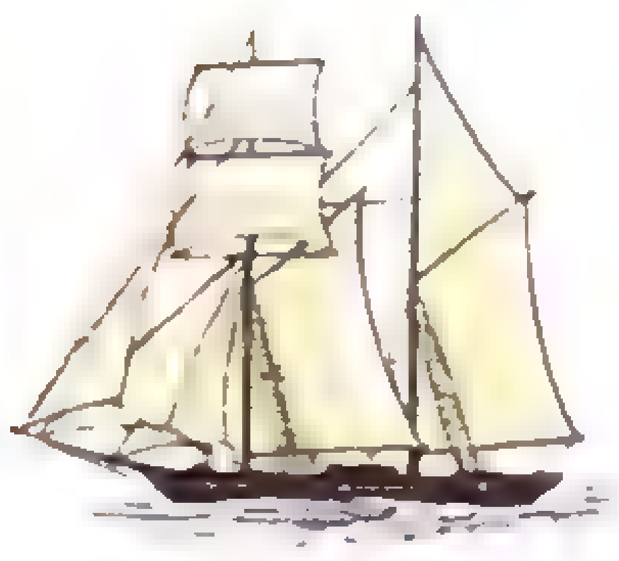
Brig



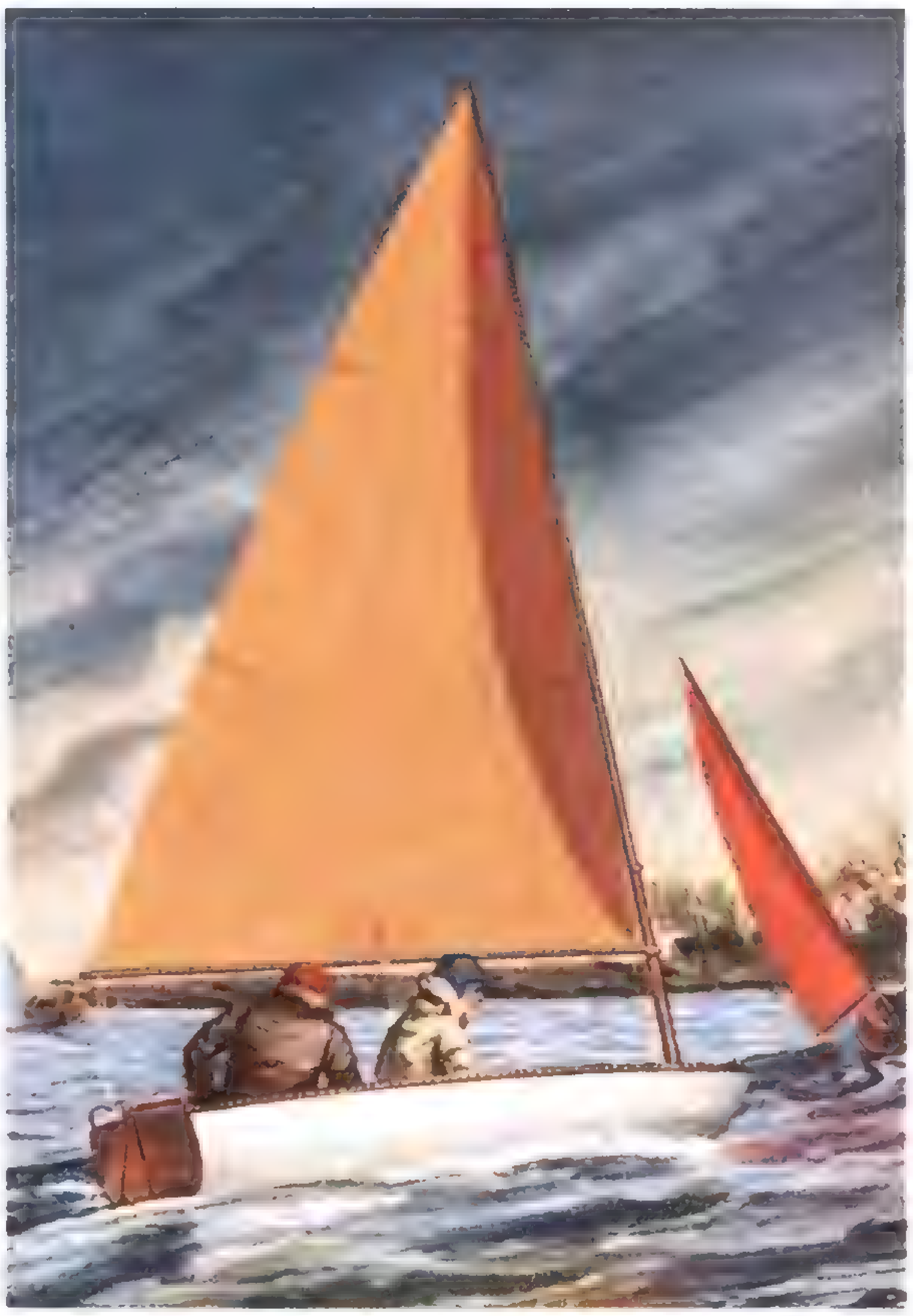
Bark



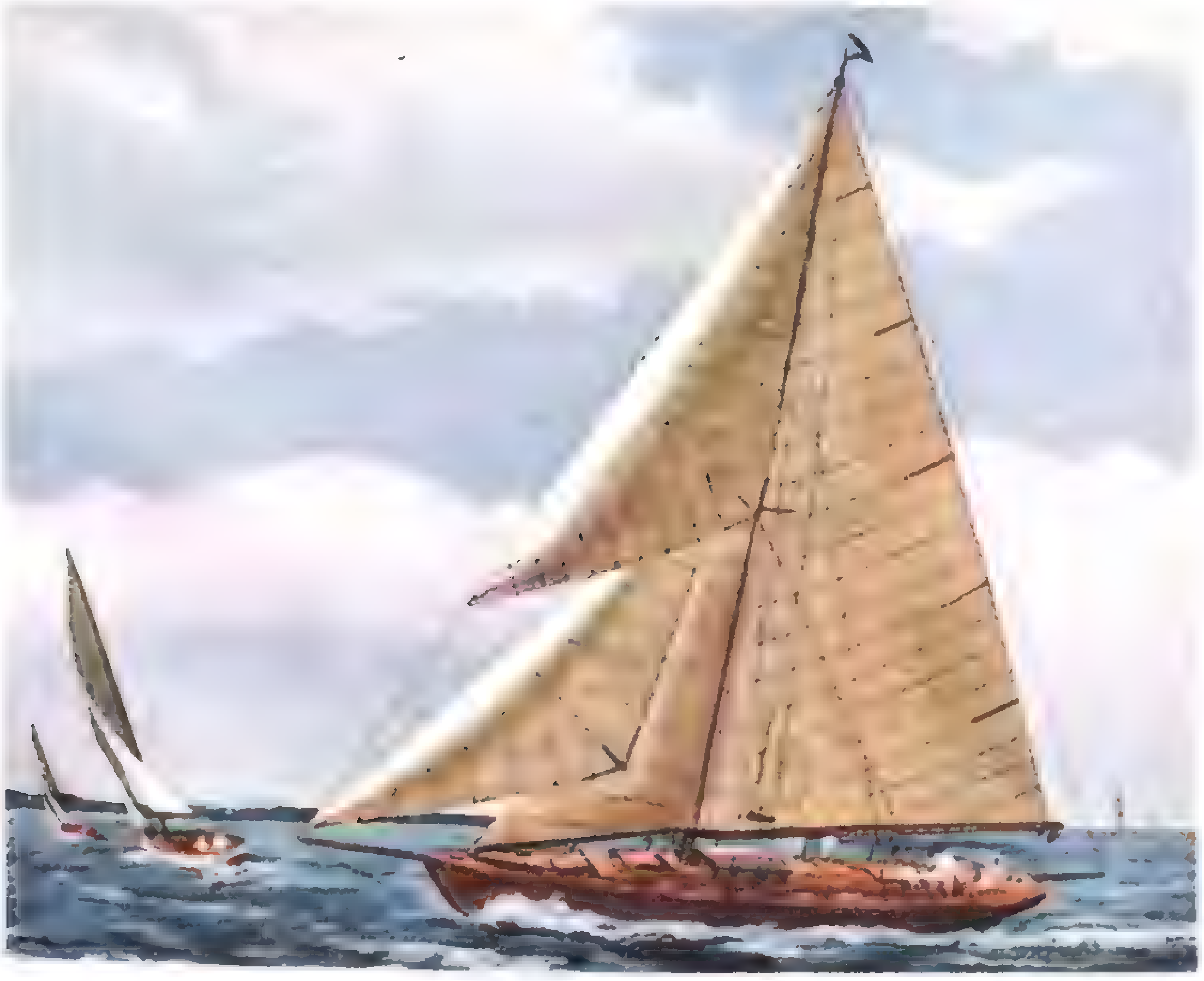
Barkentine



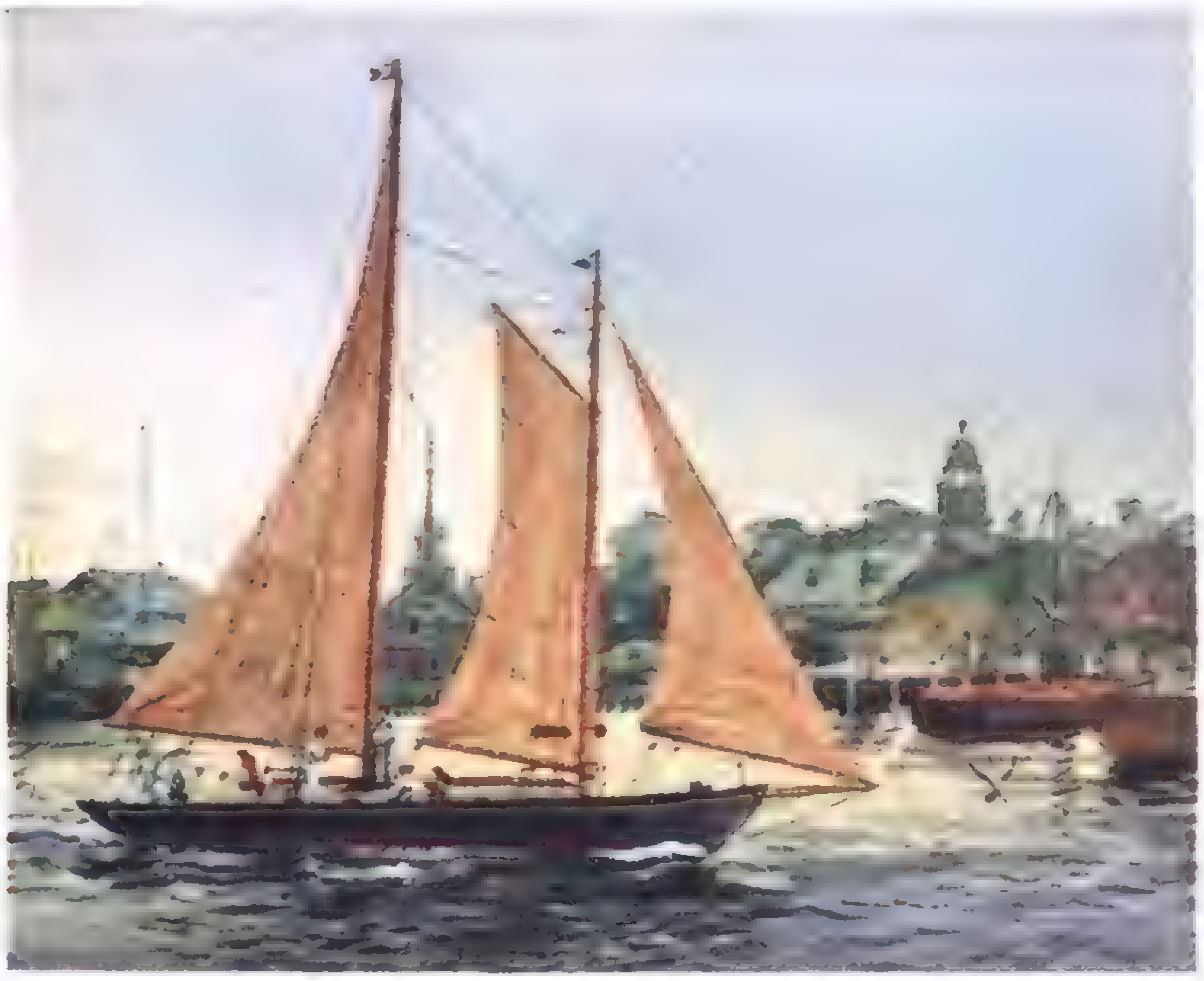
Topsail Schooner



Hundreds of sailors, called "Frostbiters," race all winter in open sporty ten-to-twelve-foot sailing dinghies like this which often capsize when racing—but then always come up for more



Here's a cutter, of a conservative type equally suitable for cruising or long-distance racing. She's carrying a mainsail, forestaysail, jib and jib topsail, and from the two flags flying at her port spreader we deduce she's taking part in an ocean race — maybe even starting for Bermuda



This schooner, now, would make a grand ship for a cruise to Maine, the Bahamas, the North Channel or Catalina, taking the kids (or the babes) along. One look will tell a sailor that she's probably Down-East built, that two men can handle her, and that six can cruise in her comfortably

GS BY DAVE MINK

Head of Whose House?

An Article by
DARRELL HUFF

The House that Jack Built was a lulu compared to the cream-puff jobs now springing up all over the country and Author Huff claims it's time man reasserted himself, sent the Little Women back to the kitchen and had a few well-chosen words with the architect. Boudoir architecture, he says, belongs on the second floor, if anywhere

You must have seen this happen yourself, because boudoir architecture has been with us a long time.

There we were, sitting in Mike and Betty Duncan's living room (*they* call it), feeling as much at home as so many wrestlers in a Music Hall powder station. Which, incidentally, is what the Duncan parlor most resembles, if my lady scout has been giving it to me straight.

This affair was a sort of housewarming: Mike and Betty, after eleven months of parking with the bride's parents, were living in a place of their own. It was, moreover, a brand-new house, designed and painfully erected to the Duncans' own specifications, with the sweetest near-Colonial dormers you ever did see and a mortgage considerably heavier than the insulation.

Before 11 o'clock every man in the crowd had ducked out of the living room. We sat around in the basement on a workbench and some broken-down chairs, drinking beer and having a pretty good time. It got so good that a couple of the women wandered down, and the next thing we knew the whole party was down there. The party went a lot better from then on, but I caught Betty looking puzzled and a little sad, as hostesses often do at such times. After a while she came over and quietly asked me what was so attractive about "this": gesturing to include damp, unpainted walls, dust, bad light, and the winter's supply of fireplace logs.

I lied like a gent, muttering something about having wanted to see the oil burner. They hadn't asked me before they went into hock for this white Colonial number, and it was too late now for me to mention the simple, dreary fact that no man and few women could feel comfortable in what passes for living quarters in the houses most people are building today.

So I couldn't so much as hint at this to Betty. The house was her baby. It was she who had told the builder it just had to be Colonial and it just had to be white and it had to have all those little chopped-up rooms and those inefficient dormer windows. Since housing has somehow become a woman's concern (it hasn't always been that way, you know), Mike was merely permitted to insist on some insulation in the ceiling and enough lead in that white paint so that he wouldn't be stuck with a repainting job until maybe the third year.

That insulation, by the way, turned out to be only half-thickness instead of full. How else could the contractor save enough money to allow Betty the practically genuine Colonial millwork she insisted on around the fireplace?

It was that kind of thinking that got the Duncans a bad house for their money. It drove me away that night muttering "boudoir architecture" into my beard.

No one can get a lot of house for his money these days, any more than he can get a lot of refrigerator or shirt or car. But it is simply not necessary that the majority of houses built today should be terrible.

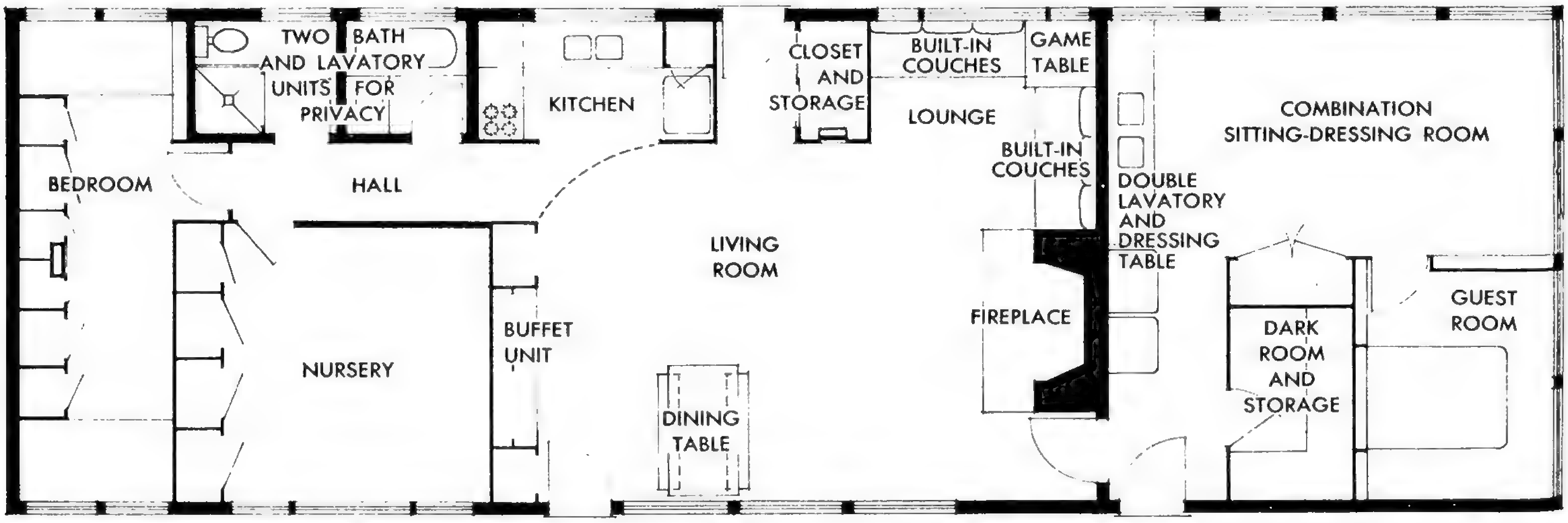
Americans are building a lot of houses right now. There is a substantial construction boom, which we underrate in our thinking only because it has fallen so far short of the million to two million dwelling units a year that we had hoped for. The kind of house we build today and in the years just ahead will determine the face of America for a quarter of a century to come. (That statement assumes that the houses will last as long as their mortgages, which sometimes seems questionable.)

I think women are responsible for the dishonest, flimsy, cramped, obsolete, cheaply pretentious and thoroughly uncomfortable dollhouses that so many misguided families are inflicting upon themselves. It is up to men to take the whole thing away and insist on simple design that does its work without ostentation, fewer and bigger rooms, honest use of materials.

It is up to the men to take it away, because when you come right down to it, the typical house of today is an embarrassing place for a man to set his heavy foot. Ornate details (made by machine and apparently designed by one, too), pint-sized rooms, delicate surfaces that everyone mustn't touch, gloomy little windows made even gloomier by the lace curtains they seem to call for, delicate furniture that tips over at a nudge and shows a ring on its dark shine at the touch of a glass, fireplaces that cannot be used lest escaping smoke mar the white wood details, upholstered chairs that dare you to light a cigar—that's boudoir architecture, and any man is justified in saying to hell with it.

Aside from making the house unfit to live in, all this stuff shows up in the size of the mortgage. And there never has been a time when it was more urgent that less money should buy more house and stronger construction.

A better sociologist than I will have to figure out why so many women want these things. A lot of it undoubtedly is a desire to reproduce the homes they knew as children in perhaps happier days, or the homes of more prosperous families than their own which they occasionally entered and aspired to equal (*Continued on page 134*)



Here's a simple floor plan of the house a man can get around without knocking over the china

Counterpoint

KODACHROME BY REVES-BIRO

The Girls Have Dates

We promise a nostalgic tear and a poignant memory for every father who reads this and remembers the time he discovered his daughters were growing up

A Story by

F. HUGH HERBERT

MR. JENSEN was rarely happier than when dining with his attractive wife and their two pretty daughters. He listened indulgently to the vivacious chatter of Nancy, who had just turned eighteen, and the mordant comments of Penny, who would be seventeen next month, and his heart was filled with a deep gratitude to his wife for having borne and raised two such amusing, decorative children.

The dining room, Mr. Jensen reflected, was an appropriate background for his handsome family. Also, he noted with satisfaction, the girls were all dressed up. Angela permitted slacks when they dined *en famille* in the breakfast room, but the dining room called for pretty dresses and no bandannas around their hair. Mr. Jensen, watching them with quiet, complacent pride, thought they all looked charmingly festive.

In the pocket of Mr. Jensen's well-cut blue suit there was a slim white envelope with four tickets to the Ice Follies for tonight. Every year the Jensens went to the Ice Follies. The first year they went Penny had only been five, and Mr. Jensen recalled saying that they must make a habit of this celebration, and he remembered Nancy's fervent "Oh, *yes*, Daddy—that'll be wonderful! Let's do go every year—just the four of us!"

That was twelve years ago, and every year since they had visited the skating spectacle, just the family. Mr. Jensen enjoyed the whole procedure: the crowds in front of the rink; the vendors of favors and popcorn and programs whom he always patronized lavishly; the children's squeals of delight that Daddy *always* managed to get the *best* seats; the ingratiating manner in which the girls, seated on either side of him, would squeeze his arms gratefully and tell him, raptly, that each year's Ice Follies was the best *ever*.

This year there had been no mention of the Ice Follies to date, and Mr. Jensen was sure not even Angela knew he had the tickets. Mr. Jensen looked forward to their excited pleasure when he blandly announced they'd better hurry up and get ready. He planned to announce it very casually after Rankin served the coffee.

Meanwhile he smiled at Angela, a proud smile of tranquil, serene happiness.

"Daddy," Nancy inquired, "why are you grinning at Mother like a Cheshire cat? What's up?"

"Nothing's up," said Mr. Jensen. "I was just thinking that I'm a very lucky man and a very happy one."

Penny looked at him with her melting brown eyes. "Oh, pooh!" she said gently. "I'll bet that's what you say to all your wives." Nancy and her mother exchanged a smile of deeply feminine communion.

Mr. Jensen glanced at his watch and casually sprung his cherished surprise. "I think," he said, "that if we hurry a little we can get to the Ice Follies in plenty of time. I have tickets here at rinkside." He produced his little envelope, and spread the tickets fanwise like a magician doing card tricks.

The girls looked at their mother and for a long time nobody spoke. Finally Angela looked down the long table at her husband.

"Darling," she said, "you don't mean for *tonight*, do you?"

"Certainly I mean for tonight. It's always best on Saturday nights." His voice sounded harsh and unnatural. "I got the best seats in the house. And I thought afterwards we'd take the girls somewhere for some hot chocolate or something."

"You should have let us know, dear," Angela said, very gently. "You see—you see the girls have dates."

"Oh," said Mr. Jensen. He felt like a fool that this contingency had never occurred to him. Suddenly, shockingly, he felt like an old, sad fool. "Oh," he said again. "Well—it doesn't matter. I guess I should've told you."

It was a sickening feeling, this sudden realization that he was a fool, and a sentimental old fool to boot. Of course the girls had dates. They had several beaux apiece and it would have been truly remarkable if on a Saturday night either one of them had been without a date. Why this obvious circumstance had not occurred to him when he bought the tickets Mr. Jensen was unable to explain to himself. He drew aimless patterns on the tablecloth with the end of his demitasse spoon. He tried to think of something casual and cheerful to say to them, but no words came.

After a moment Penny shoved back her chair. "I'd *love* to go to the Ice Follies," she said, her eyes seeking her sister's. "I can call Kenny up and cancel our date." Nancy leaned over and put her hand over her father's. "Bert's going to phone me any minute," she said. "I can tell him, too. We can always go out some other night. He'll understand."

Mr. Jensen stirred his coffee and did not answer. Angela started snuffing the candles in the massive silver chandelier. The girls looked at her steadily.

"That wouldn't be fair to the boys," said Angela. "You go on up and get ready for your dates. Daddy understands."

"Sure, sure," said Mr. Jensen, quickly. "It was stupid of me not to let you know." He smiled at his daughters reassuringly. "You run along. It's perfectly all right."

They left the room hurriedly, without looking back.

Angela snuffed out the last candle, and holding out a hand to her husband pulled him up out of his chair.

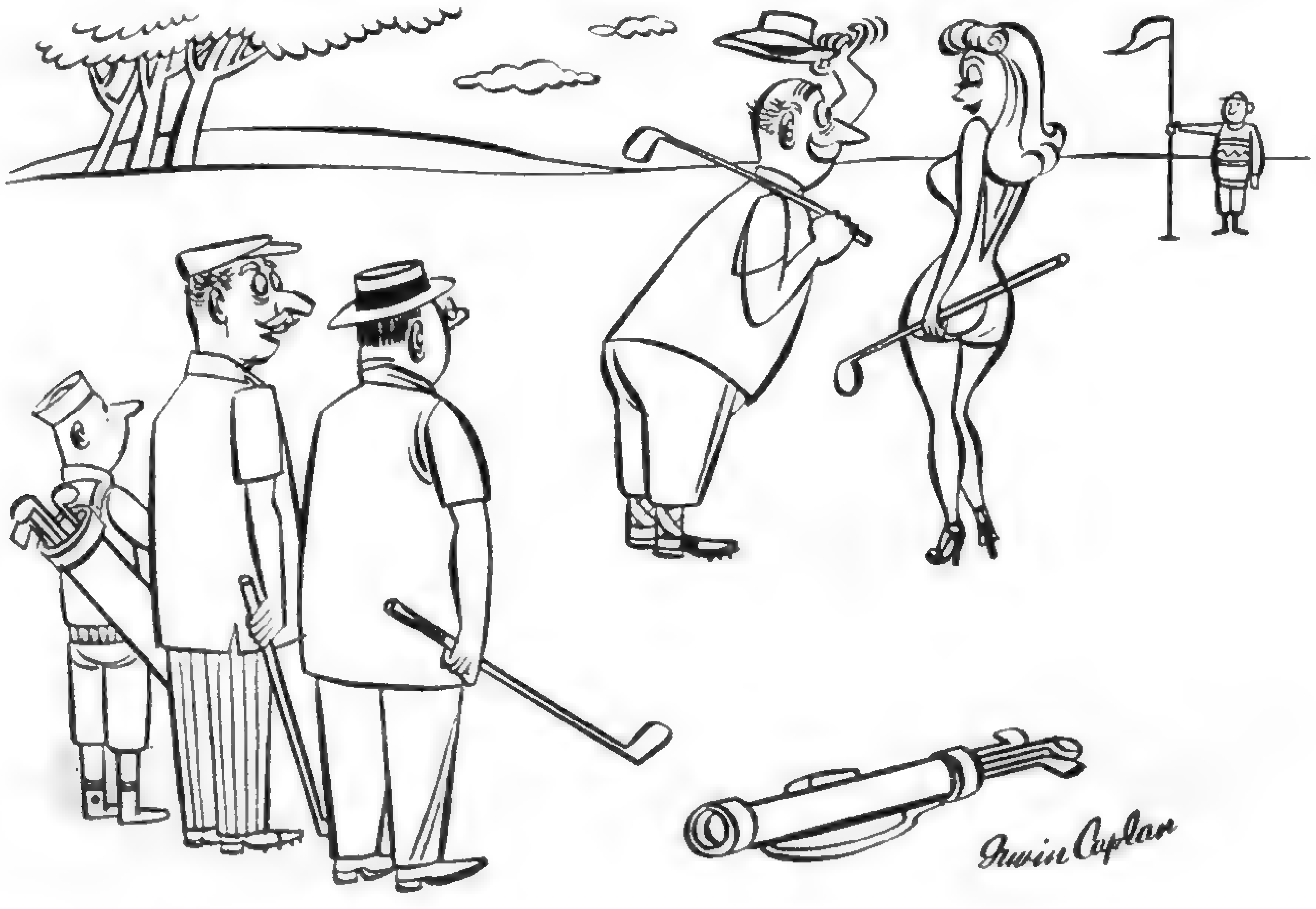
"Shall I call the Winslows and ask them to go with us to the Ice Follies?" she asked brightly, as they strolled into the library. "I'm sure they'd love it."

"Bit late in the day to invite anyone, don't you think?" He lowered himself wearily into an armchair. Angela picked up the telephone and started to dial briskly. She sat on the arm of his chair.

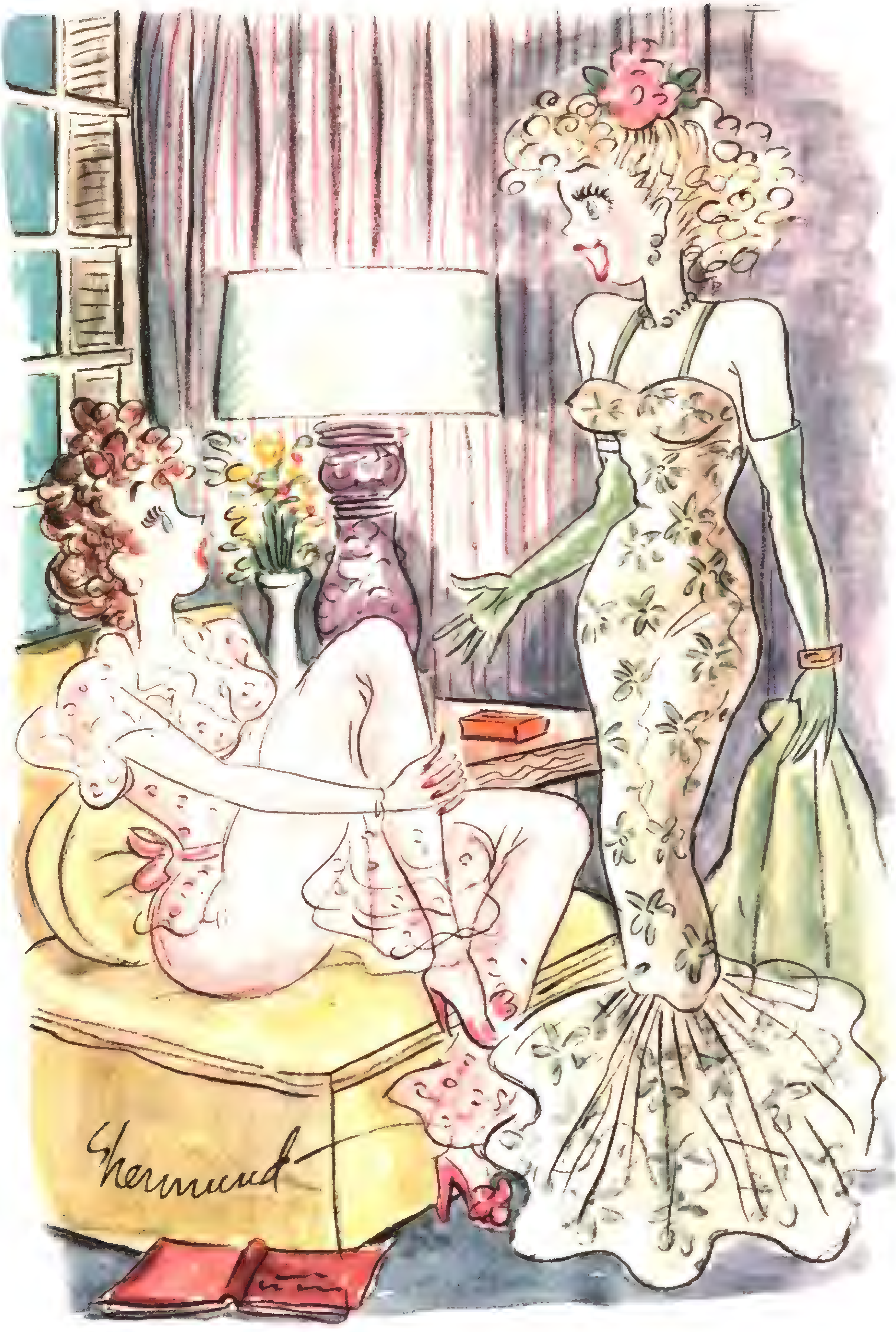
"What are you going to tell 'em?" Mr. Jensen inquired gloomily. Angela leaned over and kissed his cheek gently.

"We know them well enough to tell the truth," she said. "I'll say we were stood up because the girls have dates."

The fire hissed and crackled. Mr. Jensen, staring into it, heard the Winslows accept, and knew he'd never see the Ice Follies again without a stab of grief. #



"I understand a good many big deals are consummated on this golf course"



"He's sort of continental—kisses your hand, orders in French, and gives you the check . . ."

The Clown Prince of Golf

Joe Kirkwood, who has no respect at all for the laws of physics, does things with a golf club which make duffers and watchmakers wonder if life is worth-while

A Sports Article by

JOHN D. MURPHY

When the final score is in, the biggest money winner of all time in golf probably won't be a Hogan or a Demaret, but Joe Kirkwood, Sr., an affable, sixty-year-old "youth" who plays golf "for the fun of it."

Joe has won every major tournament except the British and American Opens, in which he has finished well up in the money a number of times. He and Walter Hagen once made a world tour and together won seventeen straight tournaments, splitting the profits. But Joe's biggest winnings haven't been in tournament play: some thirty years he has been playing golf in every land except Russia and Alaska, during which time he has averaged $100 a day for his antics in making a golf ball do everything but drive him down the fairway.

When Joe steps up to a golf ball, anything can happen and usually does. Such tricks as driving 200 yards with a putter, driving with either side of a mashie clubhead, burying a ball in the sand and blasting it out with a spoon—all these are routine. His more spectacular shots include beautiful drives with a limber club which wraps around his neck at the end of the drive; driving two balls simultaneously, slicing one and hooking the other so that they cross in flight; driving balls off the face of an expensive watch or an assistant's chin; and going around a course with an assortment of clubs that looks like a golfer's nightmare.

Some of his clubs have faces as big as pie plates, others have shafts so long he has to stand on a stepladder to make the shots. But Joe uses all of them and manages to score in the low 70's.

In one routine he gives a pantomime of the "duffer" learning to play. On the first drive the ball only goes two feet, although Joe comes through with a good swing. As the "duffer" progresses, the drives become ten feet, twenty-five, fifty, and finally 250 yards, although Joe's swing remains apparently the same.

Another example of his "remote control" over a golf ball is his ability to overshoot the green, have the ball land with backspin, then "back up" to within a few feet of the pin.

Some people think Joe's greatest accomplishment was in getting a belly laugh out of Calvin Coolidge, who liked the way Joe teed up two balls, one atop the other (with chewing gum), then drove out the bottom ball, leaving the top one untouched.

A Zulu chieftain issued a royal decree for his warriors to take up golf after watching Kirkwood perform. And G.I.s stationed in Japan can thank Joe for being able to enjoy their favorite sport on some of the world's finest courses.

Long before the war Joe gave an exhibition in Tokyo. Hirohito was so impressed that he ordered the royal family to take up golf and had a course built on the palace grounds. This was the cue for the populace to "go and do likewise," and within two years Japan's thirty courses had grown to three hundred.

Joe is probably the only golfer who ever had a monument erected to a shot he made in tournament play. It happened in San Antonio, Texas. On the seventh hole Joe's tee shot landed in the rough six inches from a tree. There was a clump of trees directly between him and the green. Plainly, only one approach was possible: To "waste" a shot getting back on the fairway, then shoot for the green. But Joe calmly took a No. 3 iron and played his ball—not to the fairway—but directly across it. While spectators stood openmouthed, the ball completely encircled the barrier of trees, inscribed a perfect half-circle in flight, and then came to rest just four feet from the pin. Those who witnessed this miracle decided it was worth commemorating and forthwith built a monument at the spot where Joe made the shot.

Joe's career began thirty-seven years ago, when he had just won his first tournament in his native land—the Australian Open. As the "champion" he was asked to give exhibitions at military hospitals for Aussies wounded in World War I.

"But while the veterans were interested in golf, entertaining them was a problem," Joe says. "The crippled ones couldn't follow you around the course, so I worked up 'fancy shots' that could be played from one place. It became the most popular show with the soldiers."

Soon afterward Joe made a tour of the U.S.A., where he won every tournament he entered from California to Florida. At Pinehurst, North Carolina, he displayed his trick shots and spectators voluntarily put up $770 to show their appreciation.

Joe did some thinking. He liked to play tournament golf, but the strain took all the fun out of it. So if people were willing to pay to see a golf clown, he might as well become a full-fledged funnyman. That decision started Joe on exhibition matches which have carried him several times around the earth. He has played on 4500 different golf courses, performing before the crowned heads of Europe and Asia, savages, and five Presidents of the U. S. Today Joe is still a threat in any tournament, and says that his golf at sixty is better than it was when he was thirty. He says the secret of championship golf is relaxation. "Most golfers today take the game too seriously. They get tensed up and worry too much. They've forgotten that the primary purpose of golf is fun." His advice to young golfers is to learn all the rules about stance, grip, technique and then "forget about them." Just relax and swing easily and naturally, he says, and the ball will go where you want it to.

The question most spectators ask upon seeing Joe is this: "Why doesn't he win *all* the tournaments?" Joe replies: "Knowing how to make crazy shots is a hindrance rather than a help in tournament golf. Knowing a dozen different ways to hit a ball destroys the keen concentration needed to win tournaments. When I play straight I must forget about a dozen trick stances and swings, whereas the ordinary golfer has practiced all his life making the shot one way."

Several times Joe has been up with the top contenders in the American Open, only to miss a simple shot. At St. Andrews, he burned up the course for the first nine holes, then took three strokes on a twelve-foot putt.

The man who, Grantland Rice said, could do "more amazing things with a golf club and ball than sleight-of-hand masters with a deck of cards," seems destined for many more lucrative years of "having fun" on a golf course. He's won so many medals, loving cups and awards that he couldn't walk if all of them were hung on him at once. But the tribute he treasures most was paid by a one-armed veteran of World War II.

After seeing Joe make perfect shots with one arm, the vet said: "If that old man can knock a golf ball around like that, I'm not going to worry any more about getting along with one arm myself." #

"May I write a poem about you?"

FROM THE MR. & MRS. M. A. RYERSON COLLECTION, COURTESY THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

AT THE PIANO

by

PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR

1841-1919

Renoir's adoration of the female form was always candid and his taste impeccable. Most often he was franker and less evocative than in 'At the Piano' which, obviously, rests on suggestion to a far greater degree than do his nudes, bathers, peasants. For here everything is evanescent from the frothing billows of the gown to the luminous halo of color around the face which is chosen deftly to accentuate the burnished gold of the hair. The opalescent flesh tints are Renoir at his best. The candles are an inspired touch, bringing sharp, palpable accentuation marks into a composition that is otherwise almost too liquescent. The lady and the piano are of a piece, like instruments of beauty and promise. The oblique line of the keyboard forms, with the ascending line of the lady's back, a triangle calculated to focus the attention on the head despite the large area given over to developing the dress, a device which is, in itself, almost a piece of musical counterpoint. No one glories in subject more than Renoir, especially in the female as subject, who, incidentally, attains in his paintings an apotheosis unrivaled except, possibly, in the sculptures of Maillol who is so much Renoir's spiritual kin.

She-Scape

THREE men on the Beach Club terrace were talking with the odd frankness of strangers.

"Walk right up to them and ask," said Mason. "That's my system. Every woman is open for that approach, if it's done right."

"Malarkey," sneered Waters.

"Okay, I'll prove it. Pick a girl alone on the beach. Bet the drinks I bring her back here in ten minutes."

"That one," said Hollinghead. "The blonde baby in the French bathing suit."

Mason left the terrace and approached the girl. After five minutes of talk he turned and walked away.

"Easiest bet I ever won," grinned Hollinghead. "That girl happens to be my fiancée. Waiter, give the tab to the other gentleman when he comes back."

Mason didn't return to the terrace. He swung toward the boardwalk and entered his hotel. It wasn't until fifteen minutes later, however, when Hollinghead noticed his fiancée had also disappeared from the beach, that the men on the terrace understood that Hollinghead hadn't won the bet after all.

The U.S.A.'s First Olympic Squad

Like the then popular Alger heroes, they overcame almost impossible obstacles to pile up the greatest record in the history of the modern Olympic Games

An Article by

FRANK G. MENKE

NOT much publicity was given to the 1896 revival of the Olympics by the newspapers of the United States, the project being regarded as strictly European. But the idea captivated a small group of American athletes, who decided to participate in the Games. Since there was no American Olympic Committee at the time, there was no money for the trip.

However, Robert Garrett, a Princeton student, influenced three other Princeton boys to agree to go along with him on the trip, Garrett supplying the money for the expenses of the quartet. The Princeton group was made up of Garrett, who had done some shot-putting, but no discus throwing, and had performed in the jumps; Francis A. Lane, a sprinter; Herbert B. Jamison, a middle-distance man; Albert C. Tyler, a pole vaulter.

James B. Connolly, a Harvard freshman, having heard of the plans, asked permission to go along, and paid his own expenses. Meanwhile, the Boston Athletic Club officials, learning that some other boys wanted to compete, raised a fund to defray their expenses, and that is how Thomas Curtis, Thomas Burke, Ellery H. Clark, William Hoyt and Arthur Blake completed the American team which set off for Europe, and encountered a succession of difficulties, before it arrived at the scene of the revival, which was at Athens, Greece.

Clark, in later years, wrote a book, *Reminiscences of an Athlete*, in which he detailed the excursion of the American boys. He explained that Blake, who was eager to get into the Games, had talked to Arthur Burnham, an influential member of the Boston A. A., and that Burnham had been instrumental in raising the money to send the Boston A. A. combination along with the Princeton group and Connolly. John B. Graham, athletic trainer at the Boston Athletic Club, was named to accompany the squad, acting as coach and manager.

The boys sailed from New York March 20, 1896, on a small tramp steamer, which did not usually carry passengers. The steamer's only passengers on the journey were the American youngsters, who were unable to exercise in the cramped space of the cargo boat. The ship arrived at Naples, Italy, about April 1st, and then, and only then, did the young Americans come to realize that the Olympic Games were to start on April 6th, and not on the 18th, as they had understood.

The dates given out officially were according to the Greek Church calendar, which differed from the American calendar. The boys had less than five full days to get from Naples into action at Athens, and the only way open was to take a miserable little boat, which was ready to sail from Naples to Patras, Greece. They engaged passage, and made it to Patras late at night on April 5th.

The American squad had exactly ten hours to get from Patras to Athens, and they made it just in time for the call of athletes for the first events, which were the trial heats for the 100-meter race.

The first final event of a twelve-contest program was called the hop-step-jump. All the entrants moved to the starting spot, and Connolly tagged along. He was asked who he was, and he answered: "Connolly of the United States."

Connolly went into competition with the best men that the European nations had nominated, and made a hop-step-jump mark of 45 feet. It was better than anybody else could do and, therefore, Connolly of the United States became the first Olympic Games champion to be crowned in more than fifteen centuries.

The Americans, to the last man, were not in condition. The travel to Naples had cramped their muscles; the trip to Patras had given them no chance to unkink them. The all-night train ride to Athens had made things worse. But they put a man in ten of the twelve events on the program, and won nine championships.

After Connolly scored his victory, Garrett won the shot-put, and followed with victory in the discus throw. Hoyt, tall and slim, entered the pole vault. He outleaped everybody else, to give the United States its fourth straight triumph. Clark won both the high jump and the broad jump. Burke was an easy winner in the 100-meters run, and also the 400, while Curtis distanced competition in the 110-meters hurdle.

Blake made a try for the 800-meters title. He was off to a fine lead, and held it until 100 meters from the finish. Then lack of training through the previous seventeen days exacted its toll. Blake had to slow his pace, and E. H. Black, of England, went on to victory. Blake ran in the marathon but collapsed after fifteen miles.

The Americans, realizing their physical handicap at anything calling for perfect fitness, passed up the 1500 meters and the marathon, but, with nine victories in ten tries, piled up the most remarkable record in the entire history of the modern Olympic Games.

The grandest of all the stories that deal with the spectacular triumphs of the little American squad concerns Garrett's victory in the discus throw.

The discus, up to then, was little known as a means of athletic competition in the United States. It was not well known in other European countries, beyond Greece. Since the best discus thrower, in ancient Greece, was regarded as the champion of all the champion athletes, Greece had the event put onto the program. Those who were in Athens at the time were of the belief that Greece would be victorious in the discus throw.

After Garrett won the shot-put, he was asked if he cared to enter the discus-throwing contest. He said he never had seen a discus. A youthful Greek, who understood a little English, pointed to a discus on the ground. Garrett picked it up, examined it, and asked how it should be thrown. The helpful Greek explained. Garrett made several practice tosses, then told the officials to enter him in the discus event.

"I wanted as much action as I could get, since it meant fun," explained Garrett later. "I got into the discus thing never figuring I'd do anything but finish an absolute last. The technique of throwing it was all new to me. The discus contest was on the opening day's program. I had to toss it a certain distance to qualify. I tossed it far enough to qualify. Then they called us into action. I threw the thing 95 feet 7½ inches, which was high-school distance later on. But it was better than anybody else, so I won, and nobody was more surprised than I was when they gave me the prize." ###

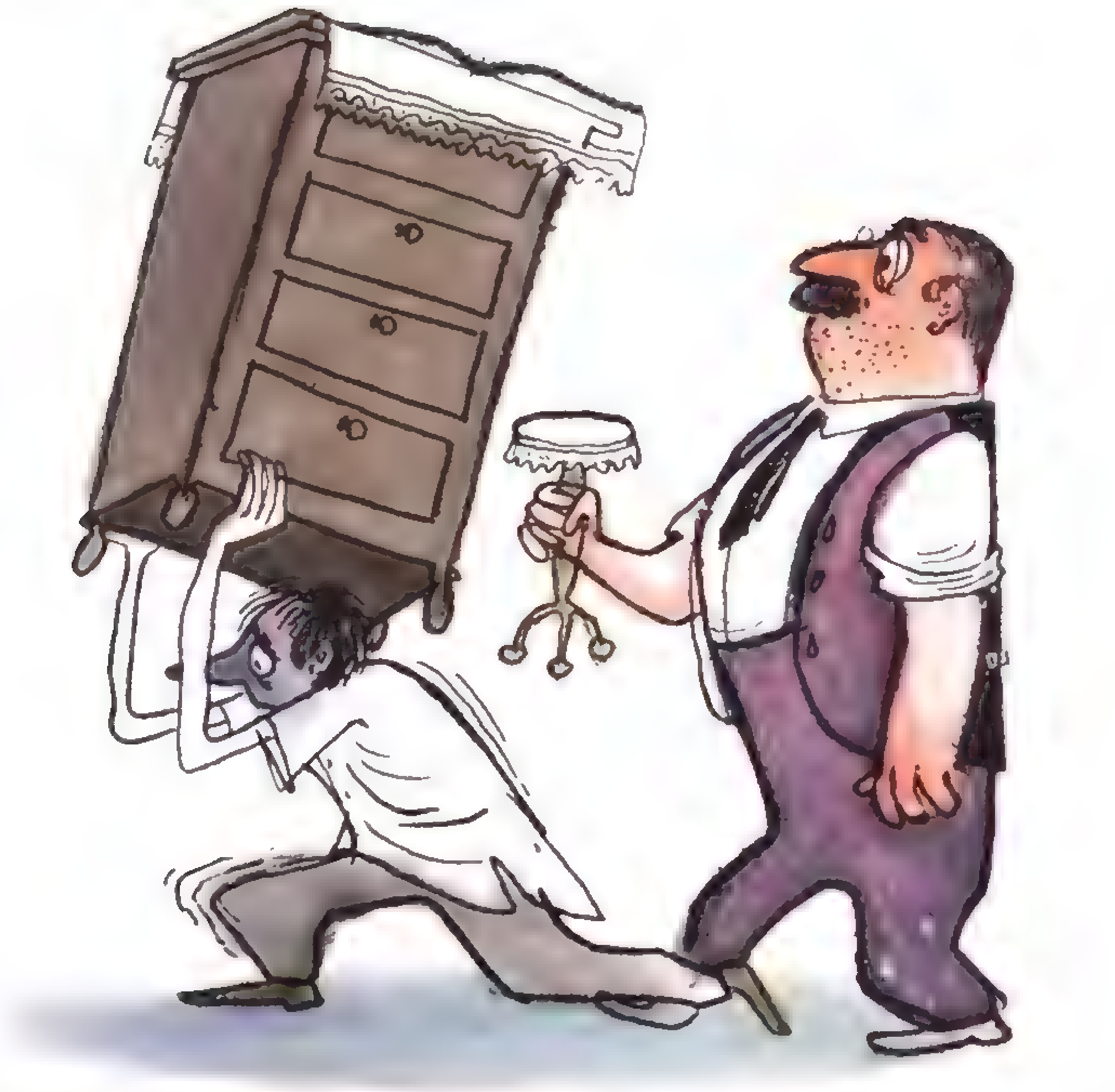
From The New Encyclopedia of Sports, *by Frank G. Menke, copyright, 1944, 1947, A. S. Barnes & Co., Inc.*

"I want you particularly to notice the brakes!"

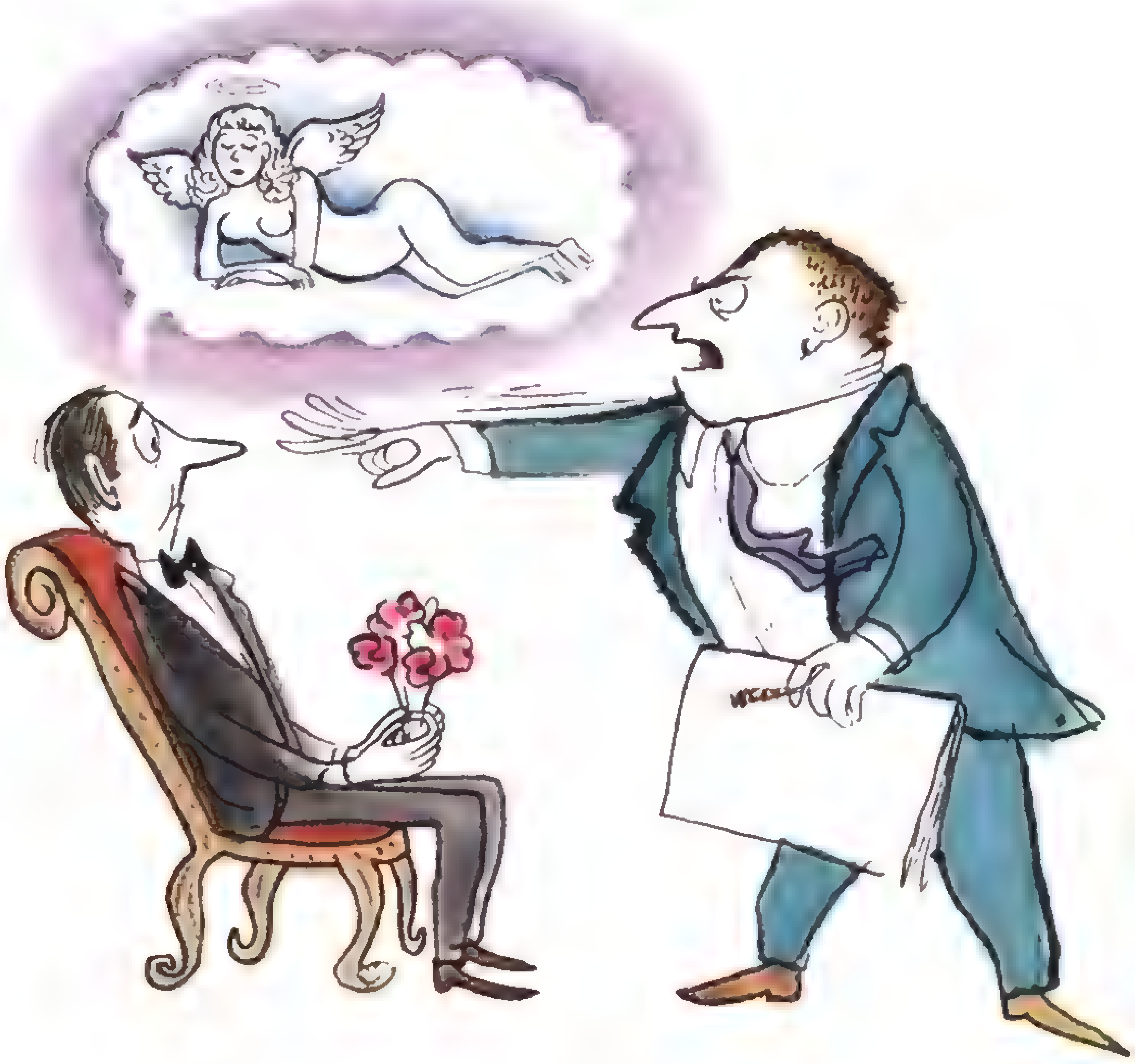
Love Life . . . with Fathe

Some useful hints on the handling of the man who stands at the entry to love, life and romance . . .

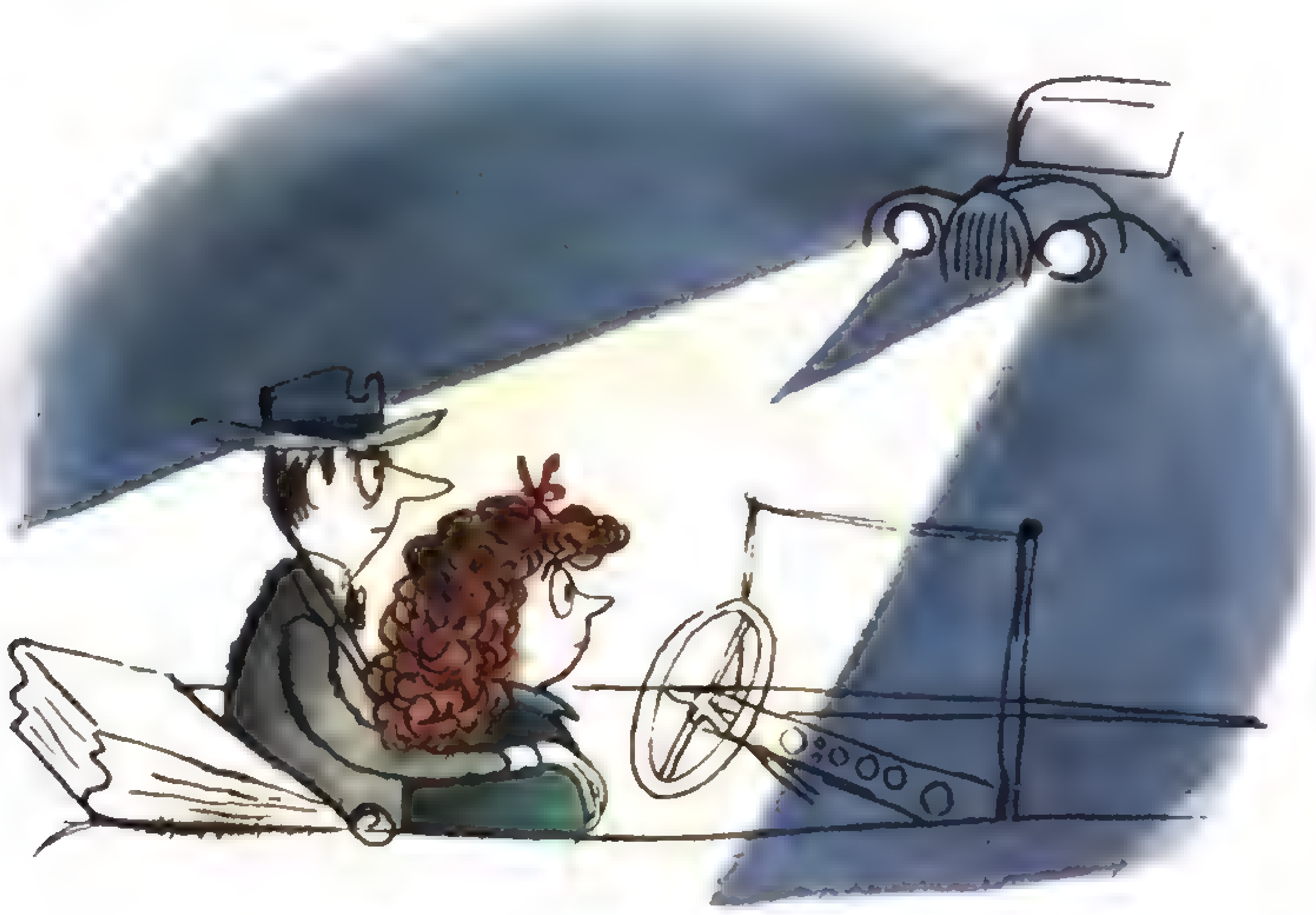
DRAWINGS BY SAM COBEAN



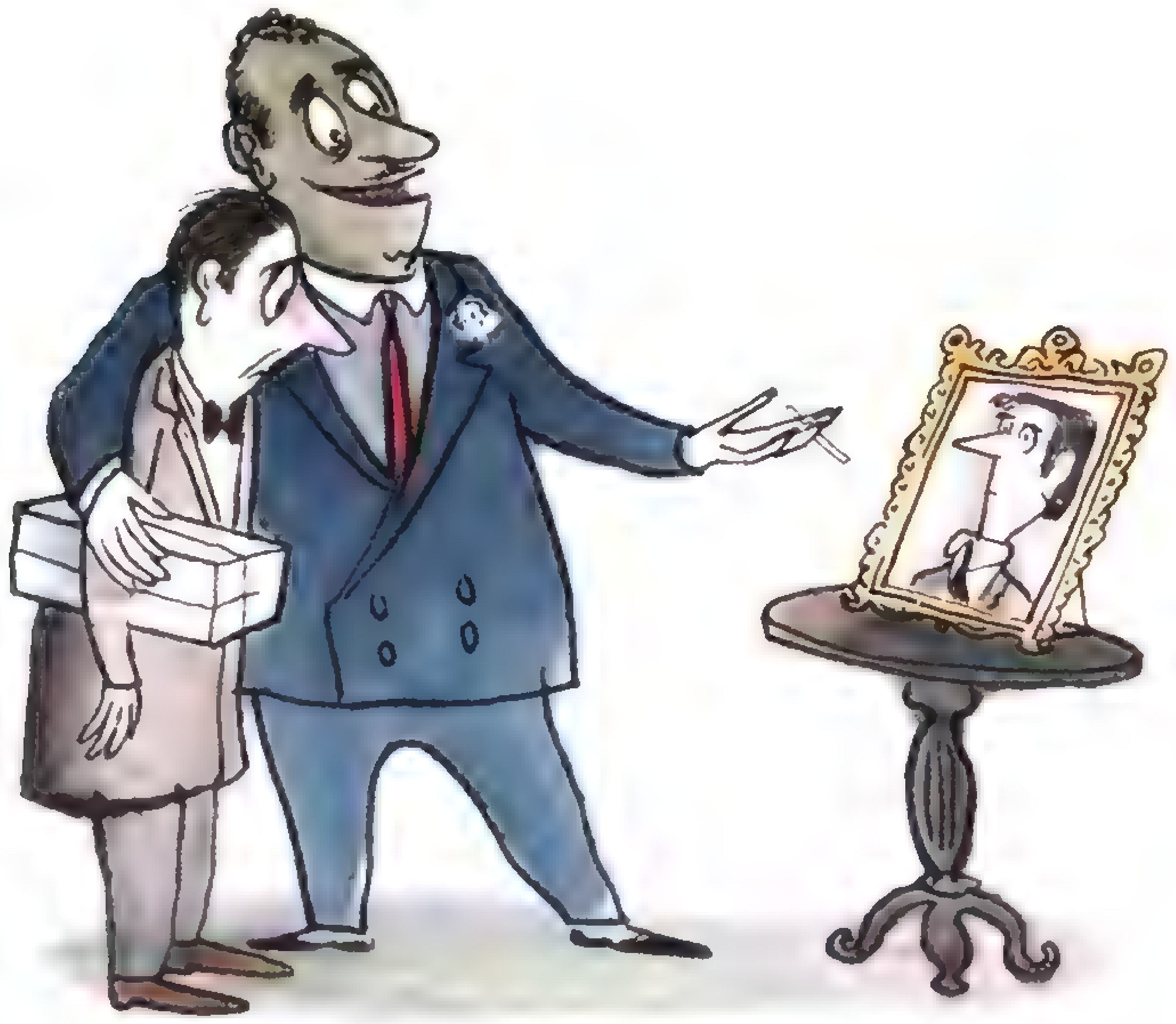
The "Give Me a Hand" Type: This fellow has been waiting for you all week. Everything that was too heavy for his 200-lb. frame he has saved for you. By the time you're through juggling the piano you haven't enough strength to hold hands with your girl



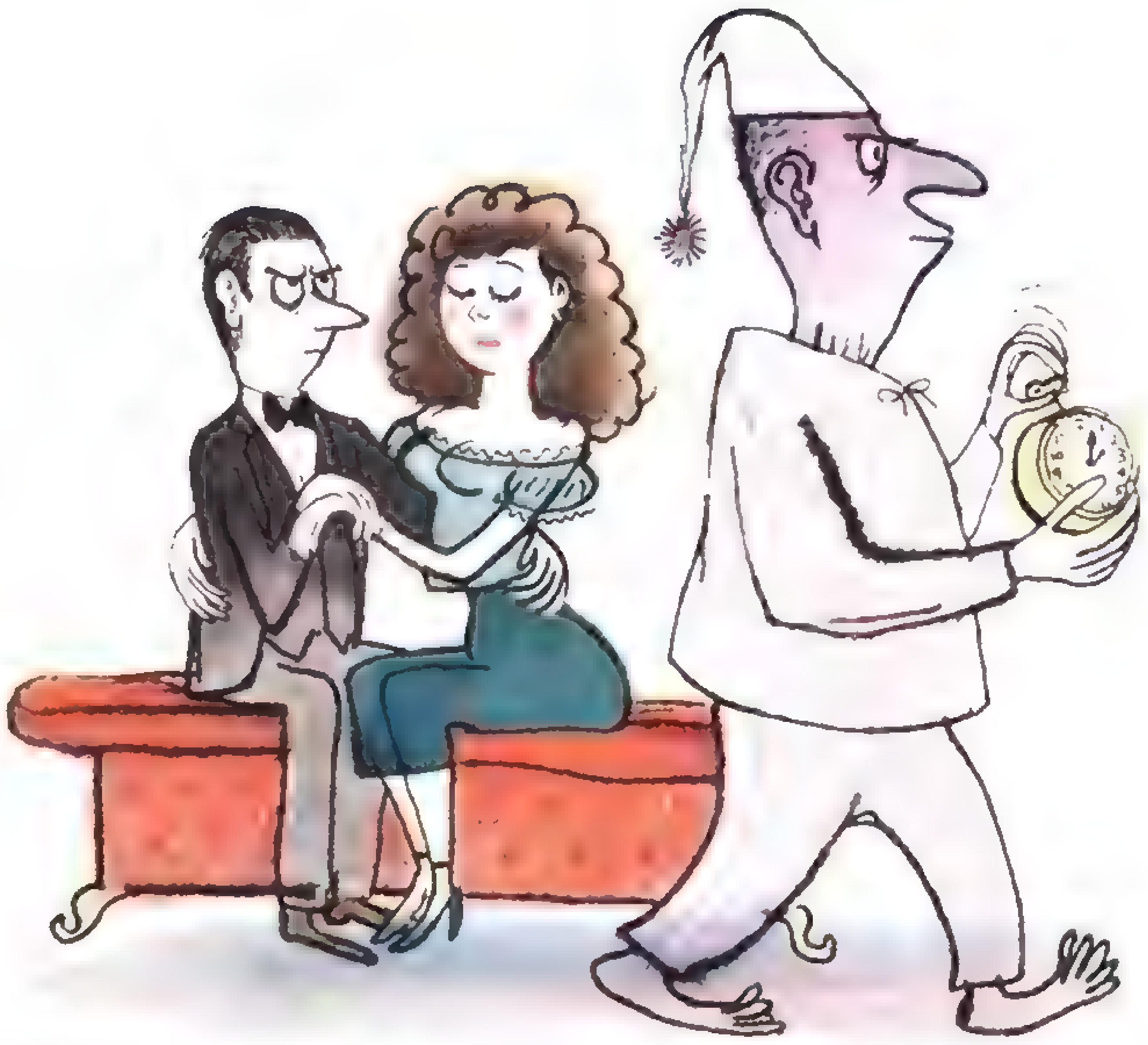
"My Daughter is a Good Girl!": Before each evening you get a pep talk from this master of the house. The tone of his voice sometimes makes you wonder if he's telling you or asking you



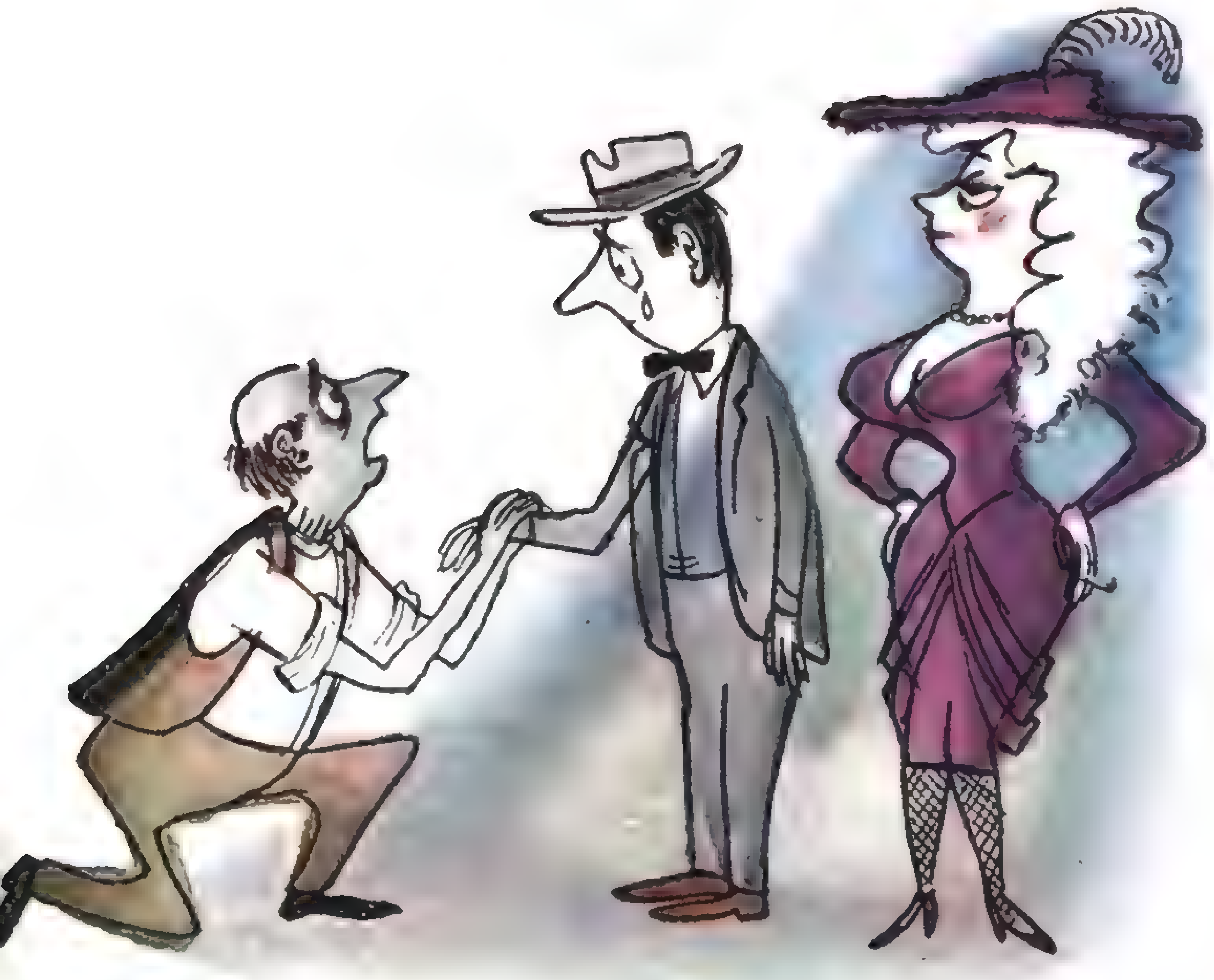
"The Searchlight": No matter what road you take, this father has a road map with every cowpath charted . . . incidentally it's the same road map he used when he was a young man



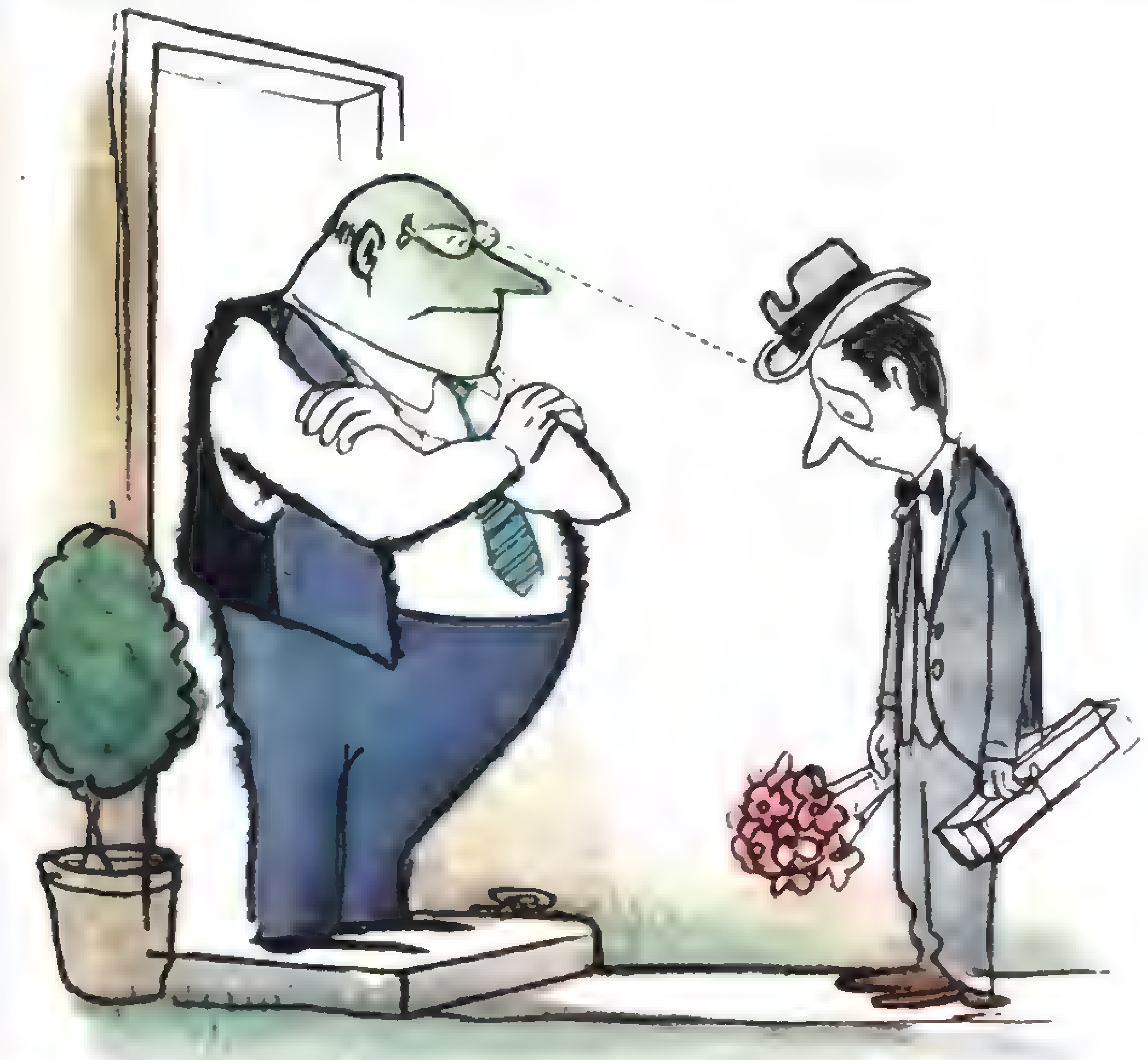
"It Has Been the Hope of this Family for Many Years to Have Our Gloria Marry Grover Withers . . . A Fine Boy . . . Sterling Character . . . A Credit to His Community"



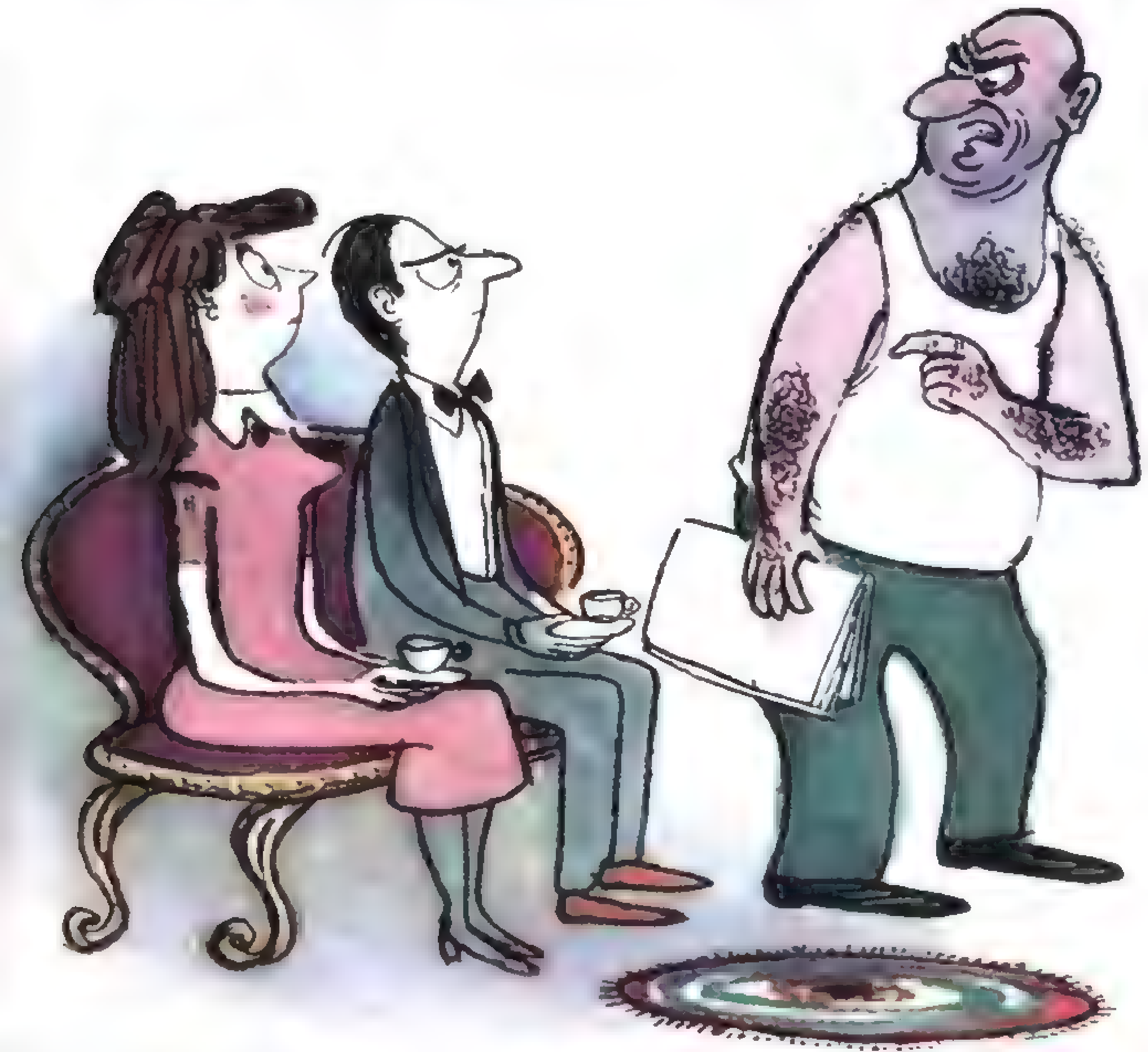
"The Clock Winder": Not as crystalline clear as golden chimes; not as dignified as the striking of a grandfather's clock; not as mellow as a radio time signal; but the KRI-ICK! KRI-ICK! KRI-ICK! of this father's winding leaves no doubt about the hour



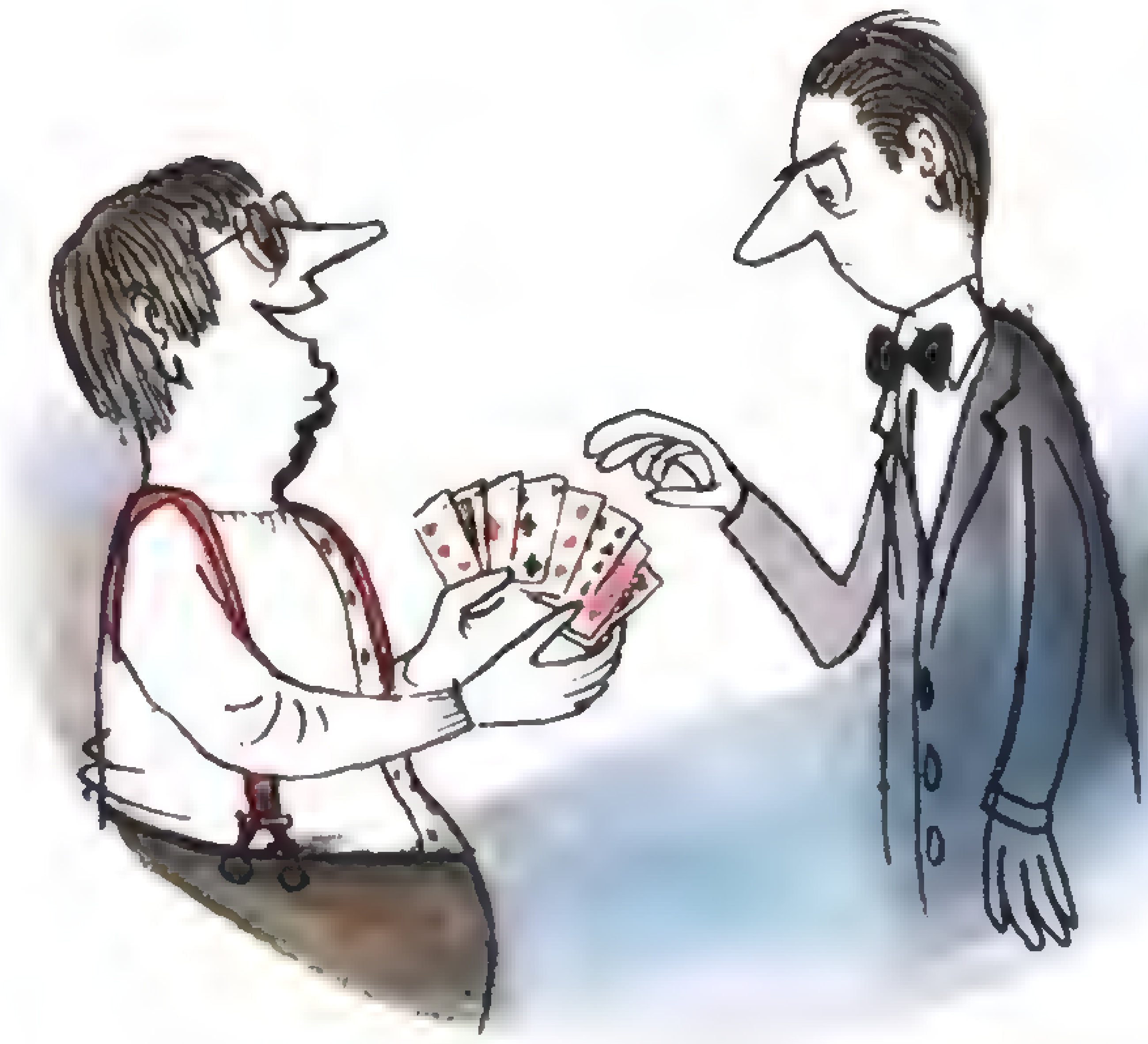
Only Child: He makes you feel like a criminal when you take his daughter out. You had planned on at least four clubs in rapid succession this vening, but he's got you feeling more like a soda at the corner drugstore



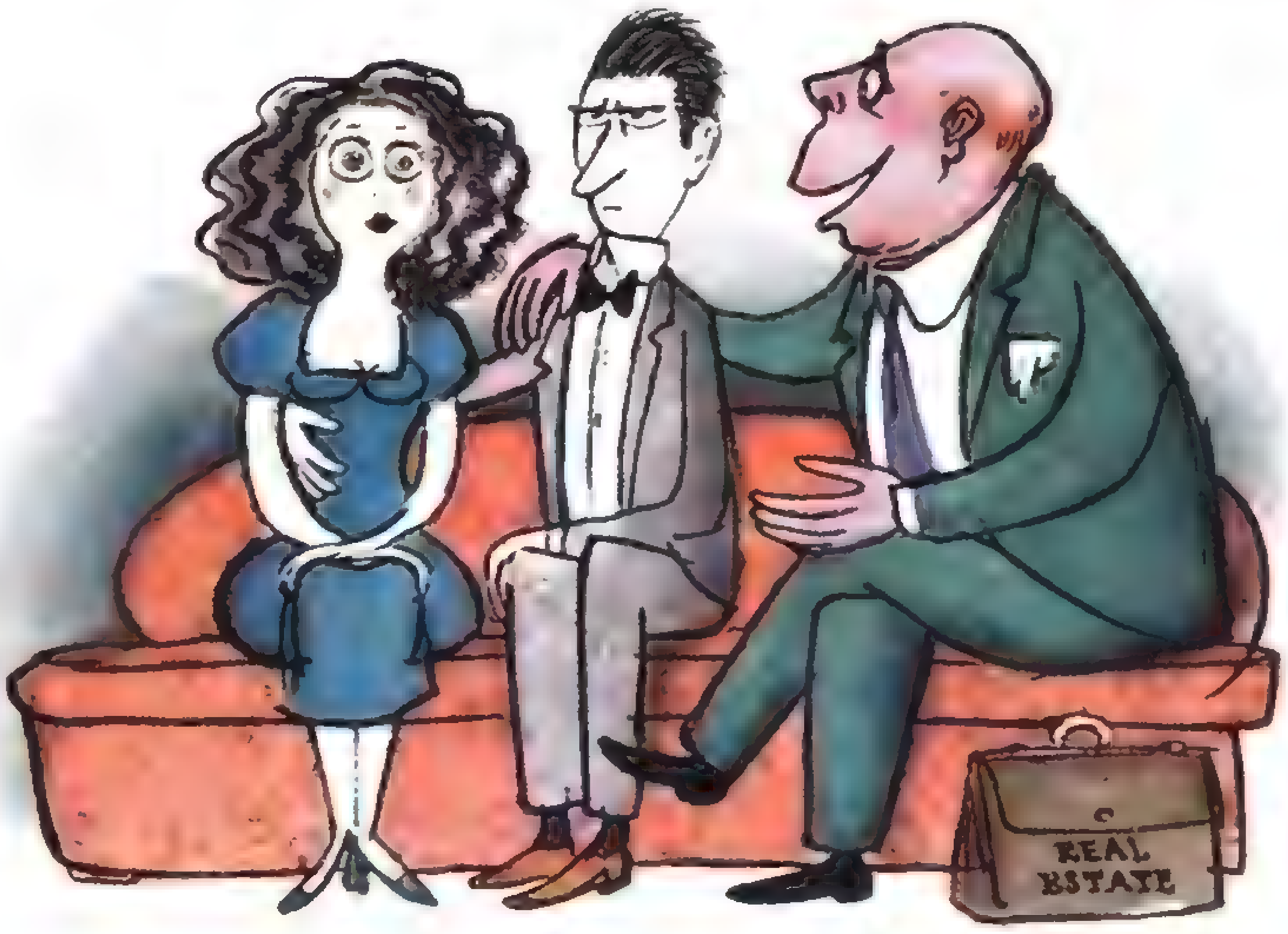
Welcoming Committee: While you're searching for the password into arlor, he's sizing you up quicker than a 20-year man in a loan company



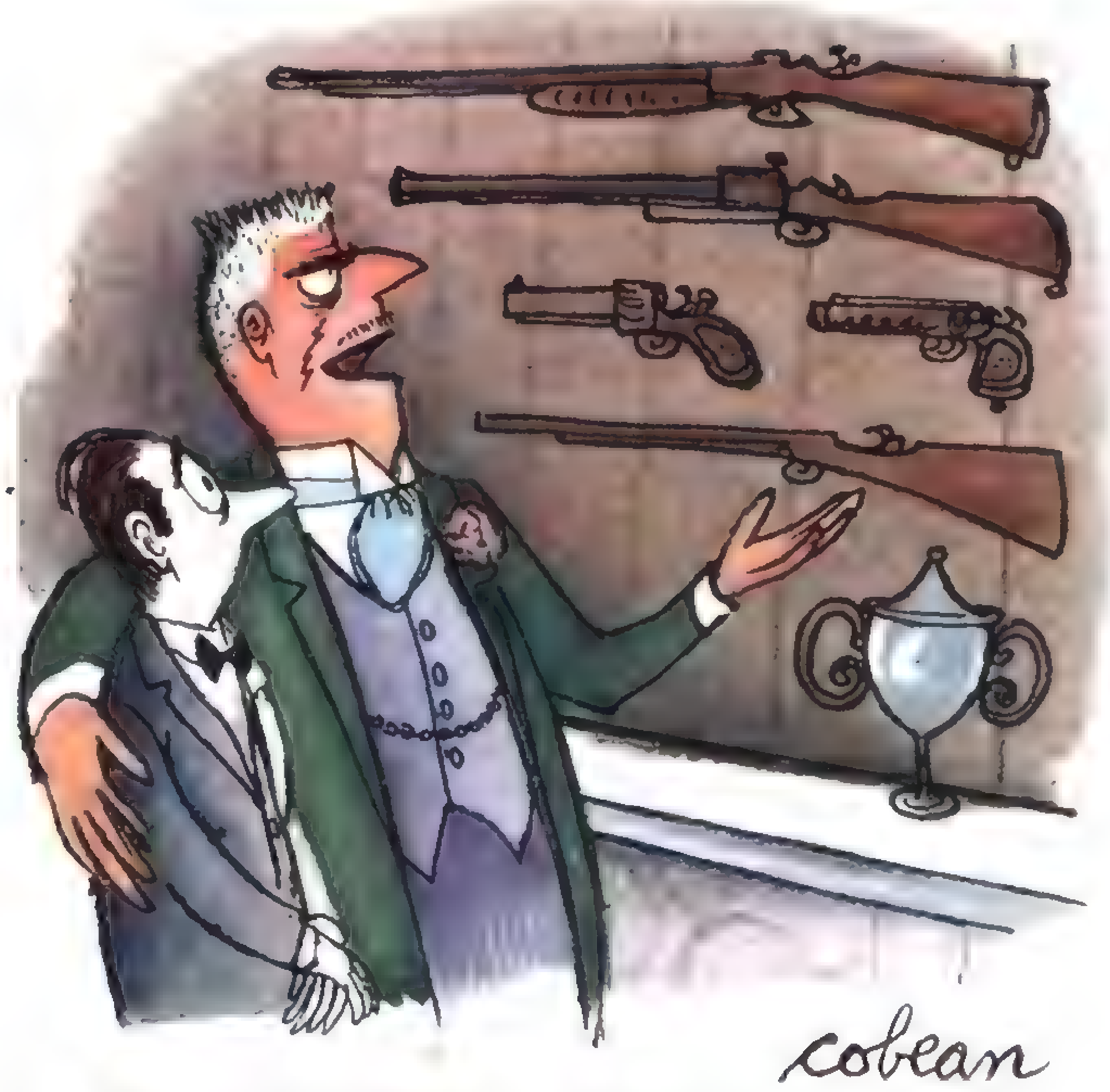
Who's This Tramp?": It does no good to try to impress this her. You're a tramp to him and will always be a tramp to him! er you get used to this relationship, you'll find he's really harmless



"Take a Card . . . any Card!": This poor devil is shoved around all week trying to get somebody to take a card. If you want clear sailing with his daughter, string along with him, and even if he doesn't guess your card just say he did—and you're in!



The Realtor: He has just the investment you can't afford to pass up. An inflated deal selling at $50,000. In order to do a little business with his daughter before midnight, you make a down payment to get rid of him



The Gun Collection: It doesn't take a ballistics expert to get what this father is shooting at. If his daughter is your game, remember he's prepared for it

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRE DE DIENES

With Tender Regards

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

Fair wind, fair tide! Four bells and a jingle!
Farewell, my love, the land's falling away,
And seas, leaping over, spun sweet with spray,
Cleanse me of shore and make my blood tingle.
Snare a truer lad! Let his joys mingle
Deeply with yours. I love the morning grey
Of sea fret, mare's tails, mackerel sky and gay
Sirens and sea breeze. I must be single!
Luck in your quest! Belay the cynical
Sigh or tear and avert the endless rue
A lass has hoping sailor will be true.
Farewell! Spume, stout wheel, glowing binnacle,
I love far more, and the beckoning blue,
Far horizon's enchanting pinnacle!

Execution at Press Time

Death, whether sanctioned by the law or the result of individual initiative outside the law, is never a very pretty thing. Ten newspapermen were invited to witness the execution of Nazi General Anton Dostler, first German General Staff officer to be executed for war crimes by the Americans. It was long past dawn when the general died

An Article by **R. MICHAEL**

THE tech sergeant who ran the officers' mess in the summer palace at Caserta led me down the dim corridor to the plushy general's dining room. "There it is," he said, pointing to a table elaborately set for twenty. "All I know is that they told me to lay it on for the press." I told him that so far as I knew there would be only eight correspondents and he said, "Christ, they'll do it every time," and went off muttering to himself.

There were, actually, ten of us who filed into the dining room at eight o'clock that night to hear Delbert Clark, public-relations colonel, announce officially what we all knew—that we had been brought down to witness the execution of General Anton Dostler, first German General Staff officer convicted and sentenced to death by an American court.

Dostler had been sentenced to death for having ordered the summary execution of fifteen American soldiers attached to OSS. These men were part of the Jinny Mission, a commando raid carried out deep behind the German lines near La Spezia, Italy. They were captured before the completion of their task, which was to be the dynamiting of a railroad tunnel on the main supply route. The condemned man based his defense on a Führerbefehl—direct order from Hitler—which ordered execution of all Allied soldiers caught on sabotage missions behind the German lines.

When the meal was over Clark assigned us to billets and said that we would have to rise at six-thirty. A conducting officer would then lead us to the execution grounds.

John Mecklin of the Chicago *Sun* said that it was a hell of an hour to be getting up and Ed Clark of the UP said he felt sure that it would be quite all right with General Dostler if the American authorities, out of deference to the press, scheduled the shooting at some later time.

The mimeographed poop on the story was handed to us by Clark's assistant. I read that Dostler was kept under twenty-four-hour guard; that two men stood in front of his cell at all times and that every quarter hour the sergeant-of-the-guard phoned his headquarters and that if the call did not come through on the precise second a pair of investigators were rushed to the cell. Seventeen soldiers and an officer did nothing but guard the prisoner. All these precautions were taken in spite of Dostler's promise not to try to commit suicide or attempt escape. It also stated that he was shot in a freshly pressed uniform which included no decorations. Another sheet listed his background. He had been born in Munich and there began his military career. He was a lieutenant at the close of the First World War and, after the advent of Hitler and Nazism, both of which he stanchly supported, he rose rapidly in the ranks. He served in France, Russia, Finland and, finally, Italy, where he was named a full general and placed in command of the 75th Corps.

Another sheet listed the names of the fifteen Americans who were shot to death by Dostler's firing squad and the final page detailed the manner in which the Army prepares for an affair of this sort. At the prison stockade a squad of twenty-four men are kept constantly trained for the execution ceremony. They do practice-firing on five-inch disks at twenty-five yards and they are so good at it that they never miss. The actual firing squad consists of twelve men whose names have been drawn out of a hat. One of the rifles that they hold will contain a blank cartridge. The paper went on to say that the ceremony is solemn and dignified. The prisoner is given the choice of wearing a black mask or not. If he elects to do so, just before the mask is adjusted he is told that he may speak a final word.

The conducting officer picked us up at the appointed hour, took us to breakfast and then briefed us once more. It was past eight a.m. when we finally started and one of the reporters griped because his general-died-at-dawn title was ruined. Our motorcade of two jeeps, a command car and a sedan sped toward the main Naples highway and, just south of Aversa, turned into the gate of the prison camp. An MP officer led us into the officers' mess and hot coffee and doughnuts were served. At the table we asked about the prisoner and were told that he spent a restful night, in fact slept so soundly that he had to be wakened in the morning. A correspondent asked whether this resulted from an easy conscience or the judicious employment of KO drops, but he was answered only with a hurt look.

Mecklin wanted to know whether German war criminals also were permitted to order anything they wanted for a last meal and Lt. R. B. Hoffer, Reading, Pennsylvania, said that he went duck hunting for the final supper.

"Got him a mallard," Hoffer said. "The cook fixed it up and I shoved a red Ping-pong ball in the duck's mouth to make it look good. The general ate the bird and the boys tell me he liked it fine. I got to admit, though, that I didn't shoot the duck. Didn't get a thing all day, so I went to the butcher shop and bought it."

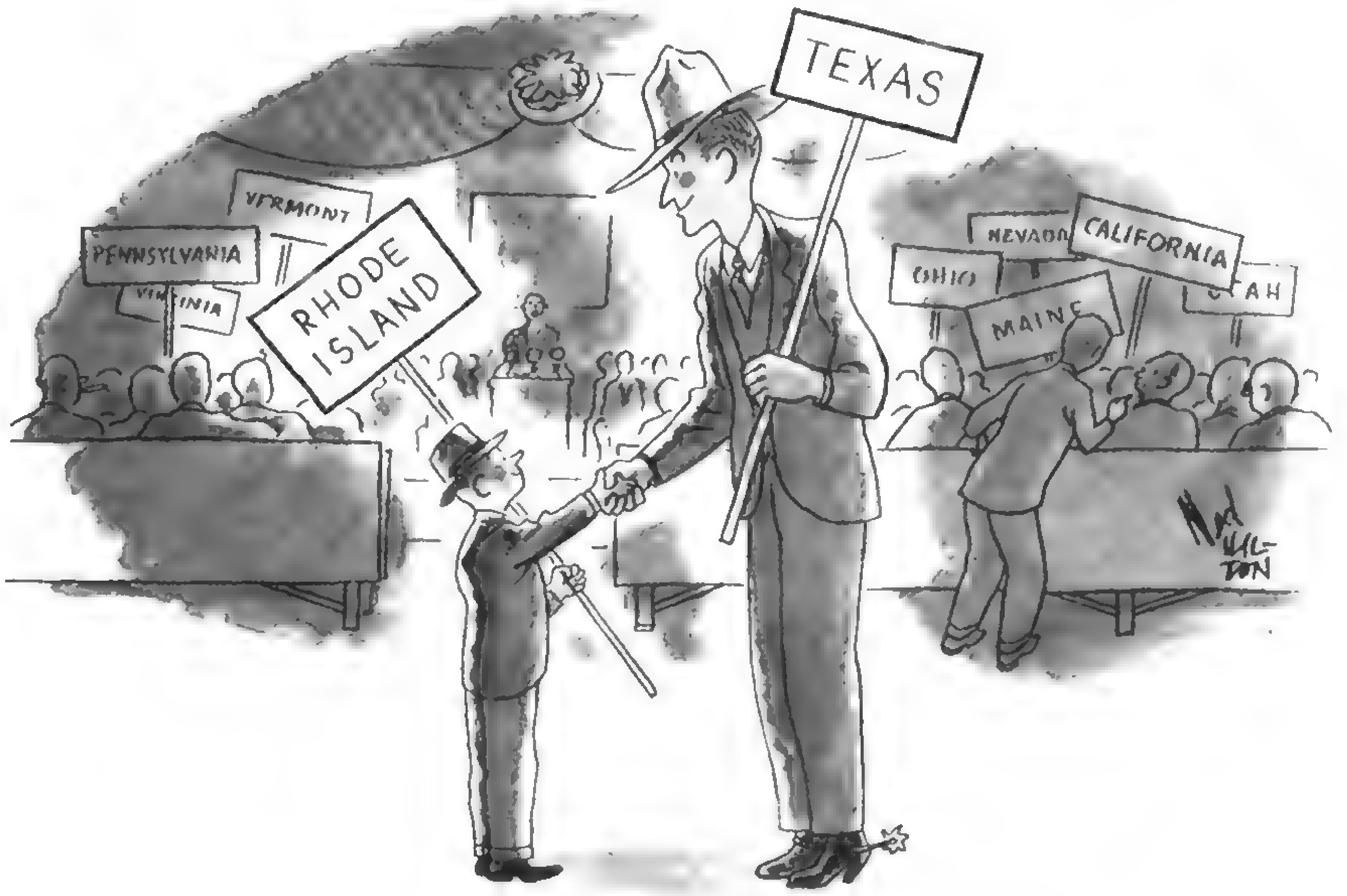
Sey Korman of the Chicago *Tribune* turned to a lieutenant and asked if he were going to play any part in the execution. The lieutenant said yes, that as post adjutant it was his job to read the death warrant to the condemned general. Korman asked the lieutenant where he was from and the lieutenant said Chicago.

Korman pulled out a notebook and asked happily, "What did you say your name was?"

"Luskin. Abraham Luskin, and the address is 1553 South Millard Avenue."

Milt Bracker, New

(*Continued on page 131*)



Hot Blonde, Cold Blonde

A Bedside Mystery by

WILLIAM FRANCIS

I'd never seen the Old Man so upset. "I can put up with anything but stupidity, Duke. Kelly must be a moron."

"What happened?" I asked.

"One of Kelly's operators disappeared, that's all. He mentions it casually in the report." The Old Man found the paragraph and read it. " 'One of our investigators has disappeared, a William Collins. He seems to have told his wife he was going out of town on agency business. She has been in touch with the office, but I told her her husband was *not* on any trip for us. I've checked all cases he's worked for us and I find no reason in them for his absence. As he was not employed on any case at the time he left, I assume there is no connection between his disappearance and the agency; and I so informed his wife. This seems to be strictly domestic and no concern of ours.' " The Old Man snorted. " 'Seems,' 'assumes,' the damned moron. You get out to Los Angeles and find that man, find him and fire him; fire Kelly, too."

"I'm in the middle of this Borland thing."

"I don't care if you're in the middle of hell; get out to Los Angeles and find William Collins."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why? Because the man's wife thinks he went away on agency business; it doesn't *matter* if Kelly told her he didn't, she thinks he did. And she's going to tell anyone who'll listen that her husband disappeared because of the job he was doing. Do you think she'll admit that he ran out on *her*? And do you think the papers will take our side? If she starts talking, the agency will be laughed out of town. You find that man. Find him and find him quick, and keep his wife from blabbing until you do. Mary will get you plane reservations out tonight."

"But . . ." I started.

"But nothing. Go and pack."

I shrugged. "And if I don't find him?" I asked.

"Don't come back." I got up and started for the door. "And, Duke . . ." I turned around. "Don't bother to look in Ciro's or the Mocambo, he won't be there."

"Don't worry, Chief," I said. "I'll find him, I don't care what it costs you." I got out before he could answer that.

The plane trip was lousy. I couldn't sleep because flying at night makes me nervous, and I felt like warmed-over gravy when we landed at L.A. A shower, two shots and breakfast at the hotel helped some, but my talk with Ed Kelly brought me down again.

Our Los Angeles branch manager was a big man, a big Irish pan, big body and a big Irish temper. He didn't like me and I didn't have enough feeling about him to care. I sat on the back of my neck, yawned and told him why I was there.

"The old boy is cracking up," he said. "I put everything in my report. William Collins ran out on his wife; that's all there is to it. Like hip boots, one way in and back out. What the hell do you want?"

"Sleep, mainly," I said. "But as long as I made the effort to get here, you might tell me about it."

"You can't read either, huh? Okay." He got a folder from the file case behind him and leafed through it. When he started talking, he employed a bored monotone and pronounced each word slowly. Like a very, very patient parent, explaining something simple to a backward child. I'm tough, I took it.

"William Collins: age, thirty-six; color, white; height, five-feet-eleven inches; weight, one-hundred-and-eighty-five pounds; eyes, blue; hair, brown; married. Employed here for three months, six days. Previous experience: two years with Holland Investigations, Seattle, Washington; three years with Navy Shore Patrol in San Francisco; eight-

A blonde can make trouble, as we all know, but more than one can be murder

een months as a special investigator with District Attorney's office, San Francisco."

"You checked this?" I asked.

"I checked this."

"Wednesday, the tenth, this William Collins did not report for work. Saturday, the thirteenth, Mrs. William Collins called this office and asked where her husband was. I talked to her. She told me he'd packed a suitcase at about eight o'clock on the night of Tuesday the ninth, told her he was being sent out of town on a job by the agency and would probably be home Friday night, kissed her good-by and left. I told her that William was not sent out of town by the agency; had not, in fact, been on a case since Friday the fifth. She said, and I quote, 'Oh. I wonder where he went?' end quote. I said I had no idea and we ended the conversation on that note."

"You're real cute," I said. "Go on."

"In order to protect the agency I checked all the cases that William Collins had worked for the agency. There were five. *One*: his first job for us was strong-arm. He was bodyguard for a witness in a fraud case. The case ended in conviction, but the agency was uninterested either way; we delivered the witness when and where he was needed. The report is here. *Two*: a lost-husband caper. William, acting on information from our Kansas City office *(Continued on next page)*

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR KALIN

found and brought in the missing spouse, who was returned to K. C. Report is here. *Three*: jewel case; lost, strayed or stolen. William made an investigation and could discover no evidence of anything. We kept the case open on our books, but the insurance company paid off anyway. *Four*: routine double-indemnity auto accident. William's check concurred with that of the police who were satisfied it was just what it looked like. Case closed. *Five*: the bank-messenger deal from New York. William held the stake out until we established positive identification. He was relieved Friday the fifth when the cops moved in for the collar. That's all."

"Monday and Tuesday," I said.

"He spent both days in the bull pen, waiting. I had a deal in San Diego and I told him I might send him down there. I had him waiting here, but it turned out I didn't need him."

"Did you tell him?"

"I couldn't. I didn't find it out until Wednesday and he didn't come in after Tuesday."

"Today's the fifteenth?" Ed nodded. "The guy's been gone six days."

"That's real clever."

"Yeah. I'll take the folder. Is there anything else?"

Ed took a large manila envelope from his desk. "Some junk from his locker. There was a blue suit and a pair of shoes. I'm going to send them to his wife."

"Hold them, I'll take a look at them. His address here?"

"Yeah. And we owe him some dough for Monday and Tuesday. Shall I send it to his wife?"

"Send a full week's pay," I said. "The guy may still be working for us."

I was studying a snapshot I'd found among the things in the envelope, and I didn't hear what Ed said to me. It was a picture of a girl in a bathing suit.

She was standing next to a lifeguard tower, her body in profile and her head turned with her face to the camera. She was about five-feet-four or -five, long dark hair and a body that was long in the legs, slim in the waist and saucy at the breasts. The suit was a two-piece affair, the pants like diapers and the top a strapless bra, well-filled. I looked up at Ed and my eyes questioned him.

"The wife," he said.

I looked at the picture again. Even in that cheap snapshot the girl was beautiful. Ed's voice got through to me.

"What about me?" he asked.

"What *about* you?"

"You said, 'The guy may still be working for us,' and I said 'What about me?' "

"Oh, the Old Man told me to fire you."

"Thanks. I thought I'd better ask."

"Yeah."

"I'll write him a nice letter; there are a lot of things I've been saving to say to him."

"Did you ever see this in person?" I indicated the snapshot.

"No. Nice voice over the phone, though."

"You married, Ed?"

"I'm married and I got three kids."

"This picture mean anything to you?" I asked.

"A dame in a bathing suit; the guy's wife; what else?"

"That's what I thought," I told him. "Forget about being fired, when the Old Man cools off he'll forget it too. You just made one mistake. William Collins may have taken a powder; he may even have taken a powder with another dame, but if he did, the other dame has got to have something the babe in this snapshot hasn't got. Would you say William was ambitious?"

"Who isn't?"

"I mean, did he think a lot about dough?"

"I don't know, Duke. He wore good clothes and he seemed to have nice things; gold lighter and stuff like that."

"Yeah." I gathered up the folder and the envelope. "He had a lot to go home to," I said. "I think there's dough in this someplace. I think the Old Man is going to be sorry if we find Collins. Dough, dames, and detectives are a bad combination, Ed. I think the Old Man might blow his top over this."

II

I took an agency car to the hotel and dropped off the reports and the other stuff and then drove out to the Collins' house. It was an apartment in a big, wooden, old-fashioned house on West Adams that had been remodeled. Mrs. Collins was as good as her picture.

She was wearing slacks and a sweater, both of which did things for the trim waist and the saucy breasts. The dark hair turned out to be brown with highlights of deep red; the eyes were green and there was a dimple in her chin that I hadn't noticed in the snapshot. She stood in the doorway and asked me what I wanted. I gave her my card and waited while she read it. She didn't ask me in.

"About Bill?" she asked.

"Yes. Has he come back?"

"No."

So we stood there. She waited and I waited and finally a man's voice from behind her, inside the apartment, called: "Lois, who is it?"

"Bill?" I asked.

"No," she said. "You might as well come in."

I followed the neat little stern into a hallway and through it to the living room. It, the living room, was furnished in fairly new but uninspired furniture, like comes in a five-rooms-for-three-hundred-bucks deal, and it was as personal as a day bed. The only thing in the place that looked at-home-and-settled was the guy. He lounged in a big chair with his feet propped on a coffee table. He'd have been tall if he was upright. His face seemed too small for his head and his ears too big. His hair was curly and his eyes were half-closed against the smoke from a cigarette stuck in the corner of his mouth. He looked unpleasant. He didn't get up.

"Who's this?" he asked.

Lois didn't look at him. "A man from Bill's agency." She glanced down at my card, still in her hand. "Duke Wallace," she said.

"Who's he?" I asked.

The guy opened his eyes at me and said: "I'm Charlie Walsh." He said it like it was supposed to mean something to me. It didn't.

I walked around the girl and sat on the sofa. Charlie's eyes followed me and the girl turned and watched me, but she didn't sit down.

"Live here?" I was talking to Charlie.

"Upstairs; I got a room." He took the butt out of his mouth and tossed it into an ash tray. I was unimpressed.

"Nice," I said.

"You trying to make something out of it?" he asked.

"Charlie, please," the girl said.

Even if I could have done it, pushing the guy's teeth down his throat wouldn't have solved anything. I tried to ignore him.

"When did you last see your husband?" I asked.

The guy answered me. "Tuesday night. He left here at eight-thirty."

"Why?" I asked.

"He said he had to go . . ."

"No," I interrupted. "Why do *you* answer when I ask her?"

"I was here when Bill left is why."

"Stay all night?"

"Now wait a minute, Bud. I . . ."

"Unless you did," I said, "you don't know if Bill came back after you left."

"Lois told me he didn't, see?"

"I want her to tell me," I said.

"He didn't come back," the girl said.

"Better pack in some supplies," I told them. "If it takes me as much to get all the answers I need, we'll be here a long time."

"Look, wise guy," Charlie started.

"How do you get him to crawl back into the woodwork?" I asked the girl.

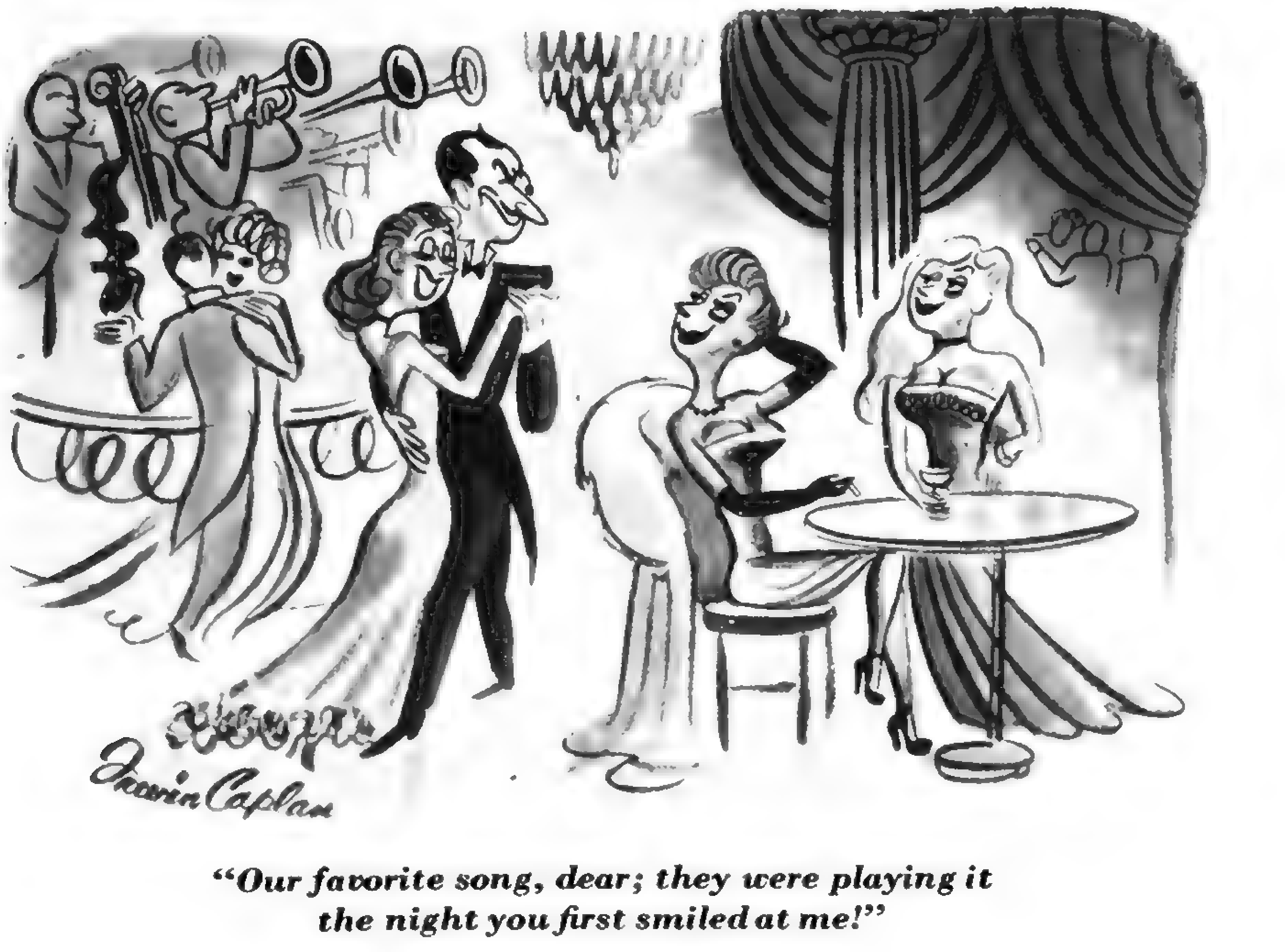
That got him to his feet, at least. He looked a lot thinner, standing.

"Charlie," the girl said, "you'd better go; please."

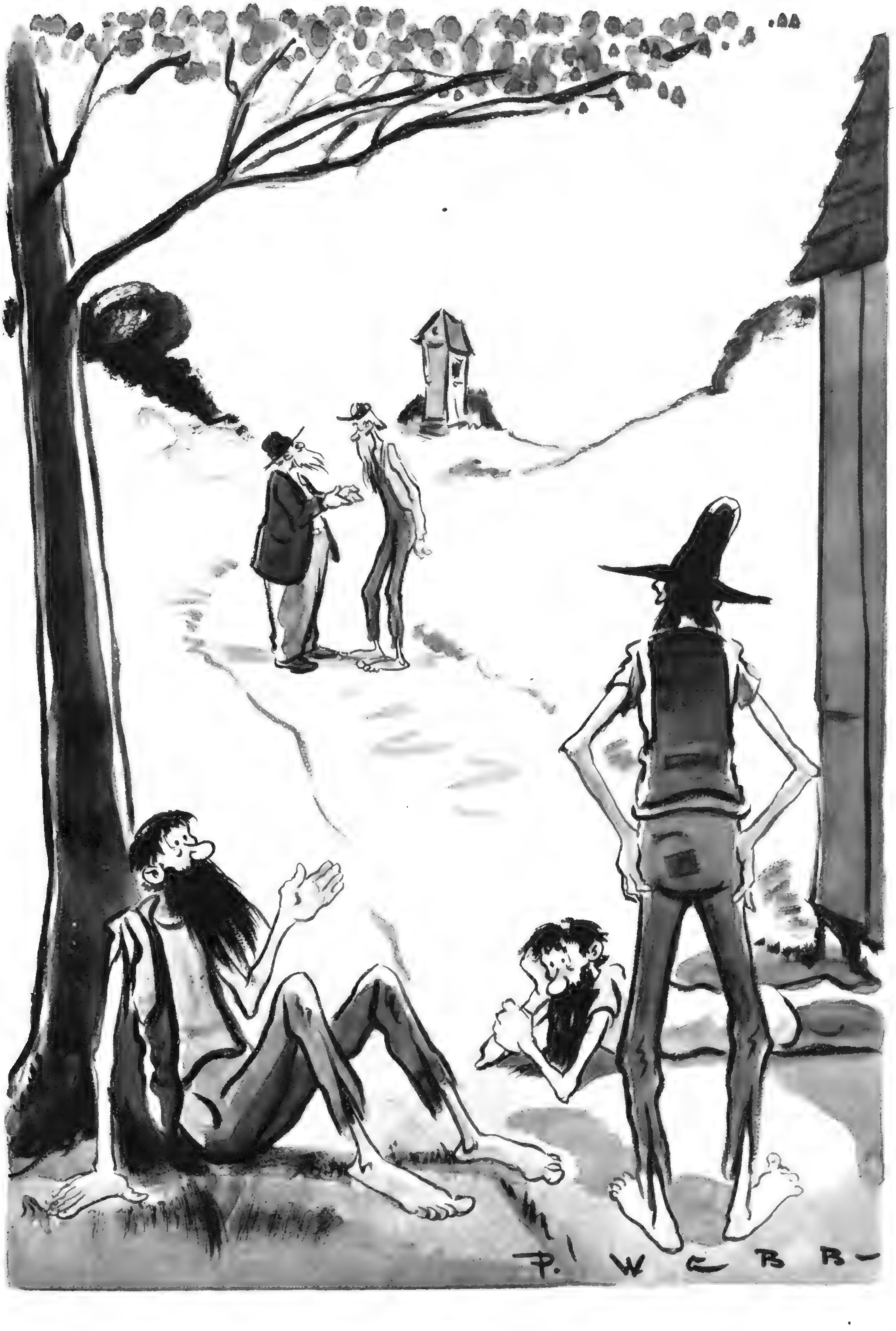
"I ought to punch him in the nose," Charlie said.

I pulled my feet back to the edge of the sofa, stood up and planted a short hard left in the pit of Charlie's stomach. It put him on the floor, doubled up and trying for breath. I sat down again.

"I'm all nerves to- (*Continued on page 101*)



"Our favorite song, dear; they were playing it the night you first smiled at me!"



"Snagtooth Junction depot fell down . . . Clem wants to borry it 'til they git a new one built"

Challenge of Mt. Everest

by JAMES HILTON

Editor's Note: The famous author of *Lost Horizon*, master of the mystic philosophy which lures men into high places, discusses here the greatest challenge of all, the scaling of Mt. Everest. Chesley Bonestell has painted an interpretation of this piece, choosing for his moment of perspective that epochal moment when two men came to death grips with a sporting ideal on the top of the world.

Just less than a hundred years ago a clerk rushed into an office of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey to report that he had worked out (on paper) the highest point on the earth's surface . . . a peak over 29,000 feet above sea level. He seems to have been right (despite recurrent rumors of higher "mystery ranges" in Tibet) and the peak was accordingly dedicated to the former boss of his department, Sir George Everest, whose name proved happily apt for either a mattress or a mountain.

For more than half a century nobody except Tibetans ever came within fifty miles of Everest. Then, during the early Twenties, three English expeditions were launched: The first a reconnaissance; the second an assault on the mountain itself that reached within 1700 feet of the summit, but brought death to seven native porters in an avalanche; and the third, that of 1924, which ended in sublime and tragic mystery. The basic facts about Everest were already known by this time—that it was not technically unclimbable like some other Himalayan peaks, and that men could exist for a period of days and nights at very great altitudes. The procedure, therefore, was to pitch camps at various levels, from the highest of which the summit might be reached in a single superlative effort by one or other small groups tackling it in relays. Success would depend in the last resort on the imponderables of weather and human resistance, but if it came, it would be all over in the daylight of a day.

The third expedition set its sixth and highest camp at 26,800 feet. Norton and Somervell, who were to make the first "dash," slept in a small tent at this fantastic height, with the summit only 2300 feet above them. In the morning they made their try, reached just over 28,000 feet, but had to return because of unendurable coughing and dizziness.

Next came the turn of the two others, and these were the legendary ones. Mallory, classic climber of our time, was an English schoolmaster of thirty-eight; Irvine, an Oxford undergraduate not much more than half his age. They spent a night at the sixth camp, and on the morning of June 8th set out in the track of their predecessors and were never seen again except by one man.

This was Odell, the expedition's geologist. Standing on a crag lower than Camp 6, Odell happened to be staring upwards when suddenly the clouds cleared and revealed the huge pyramid of the mountain with two human figures outlined (*Continued on page 145*)

HIGH ADVENTURE IN THE HIMALAYAS,
painted especially for Esquire by Chesley Bonestell

A Study in Murder

A Story by
BRUCE HENRY

She was the most beautiful woman that he had ever known, as well as the most supremely selfish, and it was quite inevitable that sooner or later he would find it necessary to dispose of her. Here is a story of quiet, intellectual violence, with a promise of murder which is so devious and at the same time so subtle that you won't believe it's true

AFTER dinner, such as it was, Huston propped a secondhand edition of Galsworth's *Principles of Abnormal Psychology* against his battered desk lamp and prepared to ignore the blast of the bedroom radio which Angel, as usual, had turned up to full volume.

Someday, Huston thought calmly, I shall kill Angel.

His tobacco pouch was missing from the litter of bills and movie magazines and lipsticked butts on the living-room table; so, fingering his empty pipe, he searched the room without leaving his chair. This was not difficult. Everything is within easy reach in a Quonset hut divided into three cubicles by plasterboard. Decorating the soiled chintz-covered sofa, standing askew against one curved wall, was Angel's brassière, a rumpled dress and one mud-caked shoe. Nearer was a newspaper-wrapped bundle of linen he was to take to the laundry in the morning. Angel couldn't do washing and ironing. It made her dizzy and sick. In the matching chintz-covered chair lay an empty nail-polish bottle and a swab of cotton, reminiscent of a bandage with its blobs of scarlet acetone. Just beyond, through the kitchen door, he saw the untouched table with its load of greasy dishes he'd have to tackle later.

"Angel!" He had to shout to make himself heard over the blare of music from the radio. "Seen my tobacco?"

There was no answer from the bedroom. By turning his head he could look in and see her propped up comfortably on the mussed counterpane in her purple housecoat with the green cockatoos, her ear close to the radio. She was reading a pink magazine. On the night stand was a half-filled bottle and in Angel's beautifully manicured hand was a water glass of the liquid.

"Angel!"

"*Sammy Gornick and his boys, folks, have got a nice little surprise for you on the next platter. Yes sir, a nice little surprise. It's . . .*"

Huston put down his pipe. Angel was leading up to something. She hadn't spoken to him during dinner, and the bottle meant she was girding for a scene. About what? What had he failed to do or what error of commission was he guilty of in her eyes this time? Or was this just another Saturday evening display of rage, disgust, self-pity and alcoholic tears? Angel never gave up. She hadn't given up for three whole years.

". . . wasting your time in this damned freshwater college when you could be earning a decent living as an air-lines pilot . . . hundreds of dollars a week! You're ruining my life! You and your wanting to be a doctor! Making me live like this, like a pig, scrimping and slaving and working my fingers to the bone . . . I don't know how I stand it . . . you'll never amount to anything . . . you fool . . . fool . . . other men have jobs . . ."

"I have a job, Angel. Going to school. And working at the heating plant after hours isn't exactly what I would call fun."

"You see, dear, there are many ways to fight an old habit"

"Yes, how nice for us both! I marry a captain in the Air Corps and he turns out to be the college ashman!"

Someday, Huston thought, I shall kill Angel. Then he bent to his book, knowing it was not in him to do that violence.

"*Part V. The Symptom Syndromes:* Classification of Psychological Disturbances. (1) Phobias and Traumatic Shock.

> "In any evaluation of the neuroses into hysteria, neurasthenia and psychasthenia . . ."

"*. . . that send-me little combo that's been attracting so much attention on the jukes and at the better bistros. . .*"

> ". . . so that for purposes of clarification the phobias may be roughly considered as follows: (cf. Appendix B. Also see Kardiner, Abeles, Shilder, et al.) Some case histories are given. *Siderodromophobia: Fear of Railways.*"

The gang from the Sig house had given him a terrific send-off when he left for his Basic, even if he had been only a freshman. They had a band at the station and even strung a banner on his Pullman boasting: "Huston's Coming! Look out, Poor Butterfly!" And when the train pulled out the last thing he saw was Dusty Johns and Toke Peters throwing him mock kisses. Dusty got his later at Guadal. Toke came back. Toke was rooming alone now, not six blocks away, in a snug, clean, orderly, masculine place that was large enough for two, especially if the two got along as well as he and Toke did. Toke had mentioned it again today. But things were a lot different now than when they had roomed together before the war. A lot different.

Keraunophobia: Fear of Thunder.
Astrophobia: Fear of Celestial Space.
Acrophobia: Fear of Height.

How wonderful flying was! He'd loved every minute of those hours in the bright, clean, desert air, even the chest-tightening seconds when he brought one in alone for the first time and knew that all the other guys were watching and bucking for him. They said he was a natural, and they liked him and envied him and when he finally got his gold bars they threw a Thing for him at the Officers' Club Annex. That was the night he met Angel.

Kenophobia: Fear of Large Open Spaces.
Gynephobia: Fear of Women.

Girls hadn't been too important in his scheme of living before. He liked them all pretty much, because they were ornamental and sweet and generally smelled good, and a lot of them seemed to go out of their way to be nice to him. But Angel was different. Angel, with her (*Continued on page 147*)

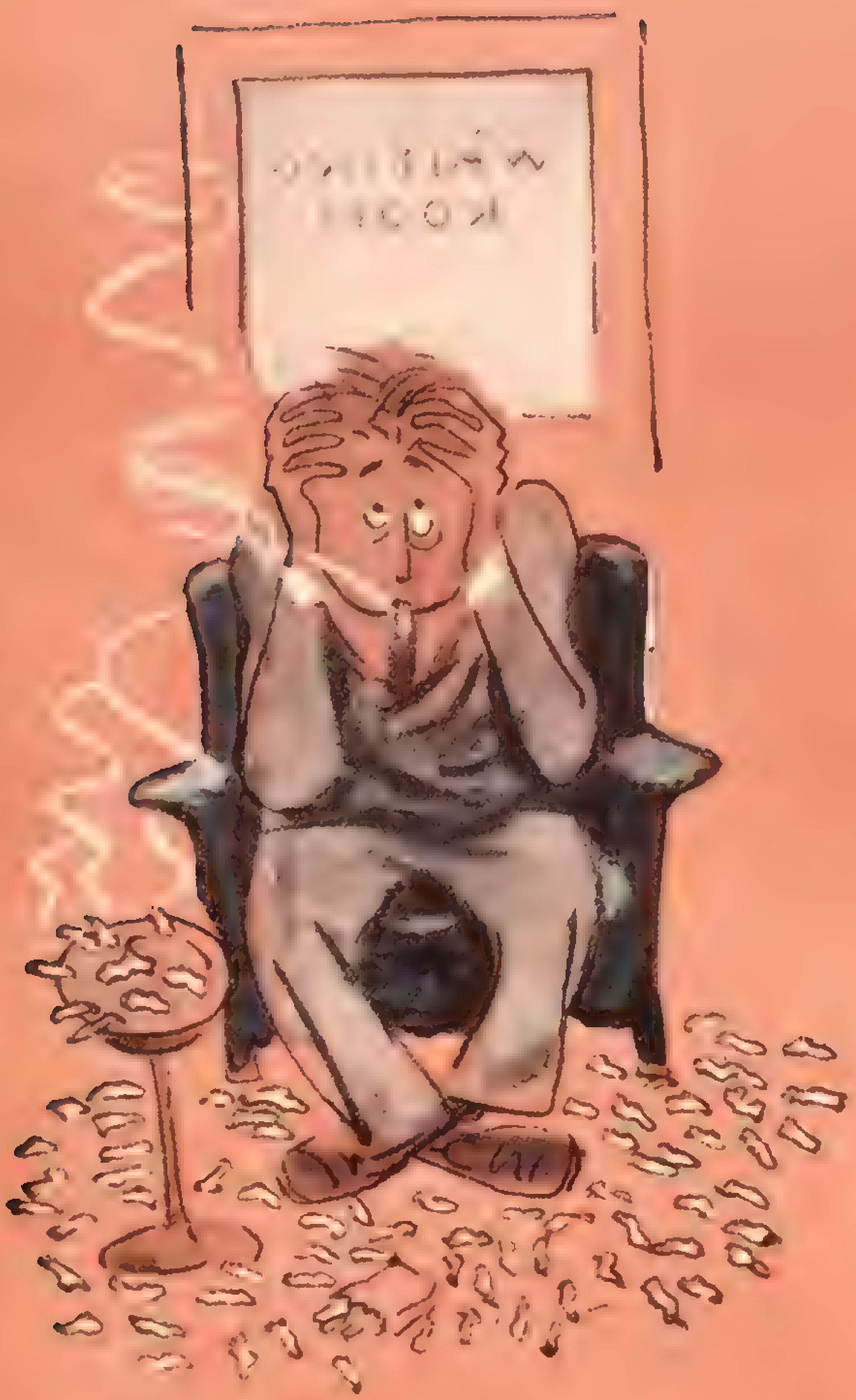
THE ESQUIRE FATHER'S DAY FOLIO

JUNE
20
ATHER'S DAY

or The Greatest Man in the World"

His Dog, and to Someone
at Some Time in His Life,
Each Father Is
he Greatest Man in the World.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPION
SILVERMINE WAGABOND
A. K. C. 837082



Inside Father

Being an account of life behind the "glass curtain" in the State of Fatherhood, by Esquire's ace correspondent—a mother

An Article by HELEN LAWRENSON

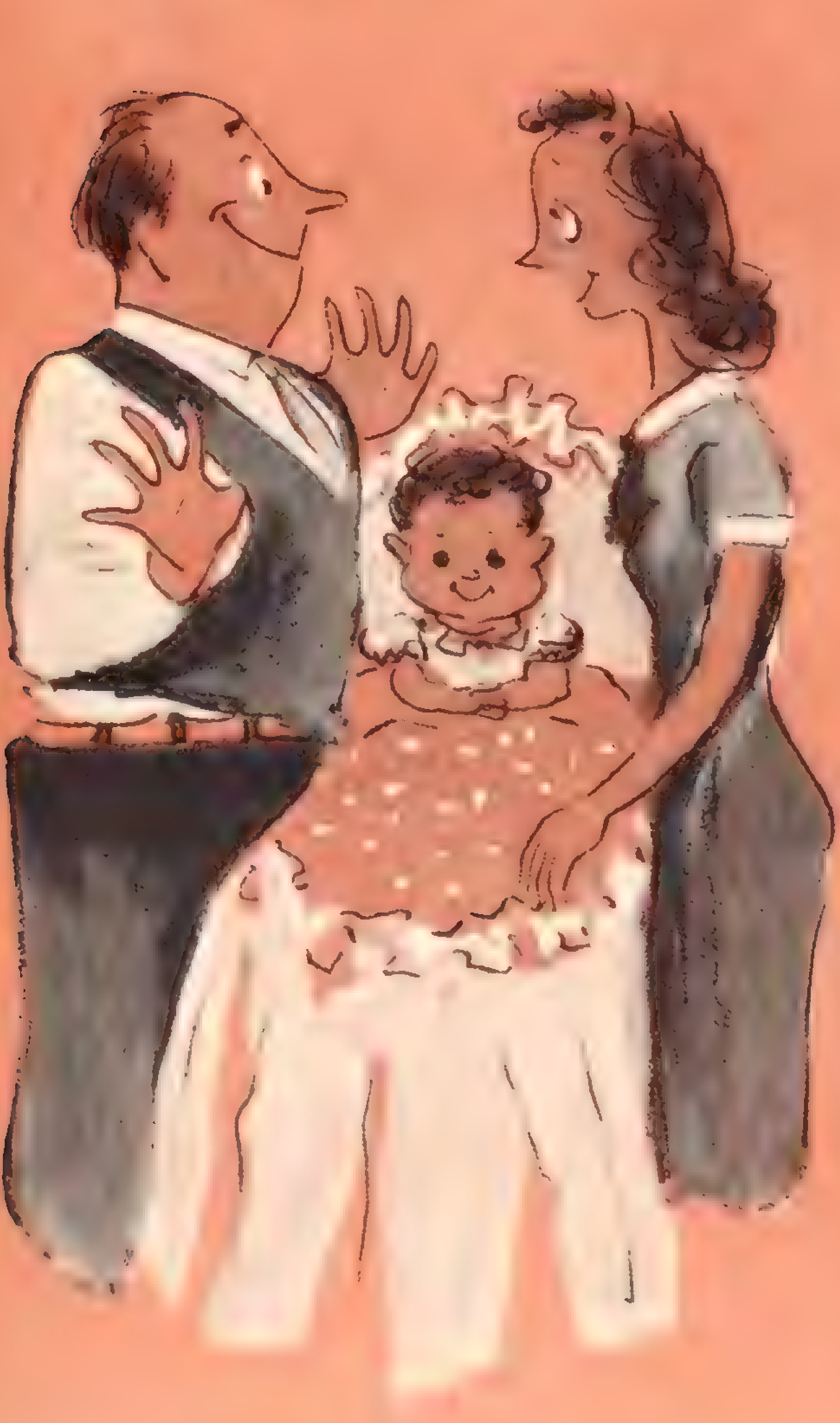
According to my scientist friends, the female of certain branches of the spider family devours her consort as soon as he has fulfilled his obvious function. Our human society frowns on the practice of husband-eating, and so we women spare the fathers of our children; sometimes, even, we find them handy to have around. Frankly, I like Fathers. I prefer them to spiders anyhow, and I'm willing to grant them more than just the right to live. I'm willing to grant them a special category of significant days—days when Fatherhood is clothed with a meaning and fire almost comparable to that of Motherhood. Of these magic days, there are seven.

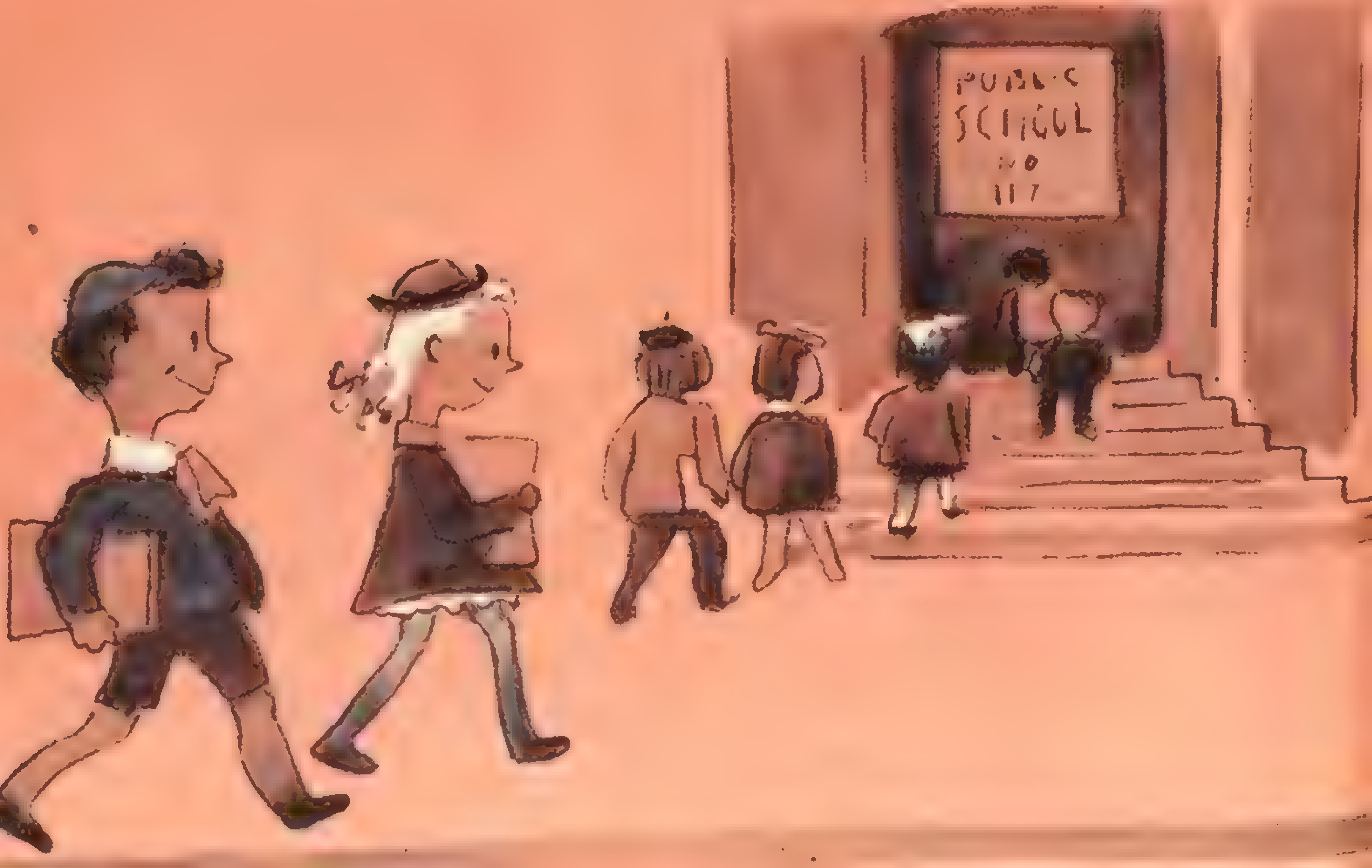
1. *The Day of Birth.* I don't, of course, mean Father's day of birth; that happened long ago and is of questionable significance. I mean the day of birth of Father's first child—the day it all starts, when Fatherhood drops like an outsized mantle upon the narrow shoulders of a frightened, baffled, horrified, elated, and humble young man. On this day, Father rises to transcendent heights of supreme unimportance. He becomes the epitome of unimportance. His participation in the Main Event is confined to an endless period of chain-smoking on the sidelines—a noble role for this dashing creature who fancies himself the ruler of the world! Little wonder that, the moment he decently can, he totters forth to seek the restoration of his ego with the boys. He calls it celebration.

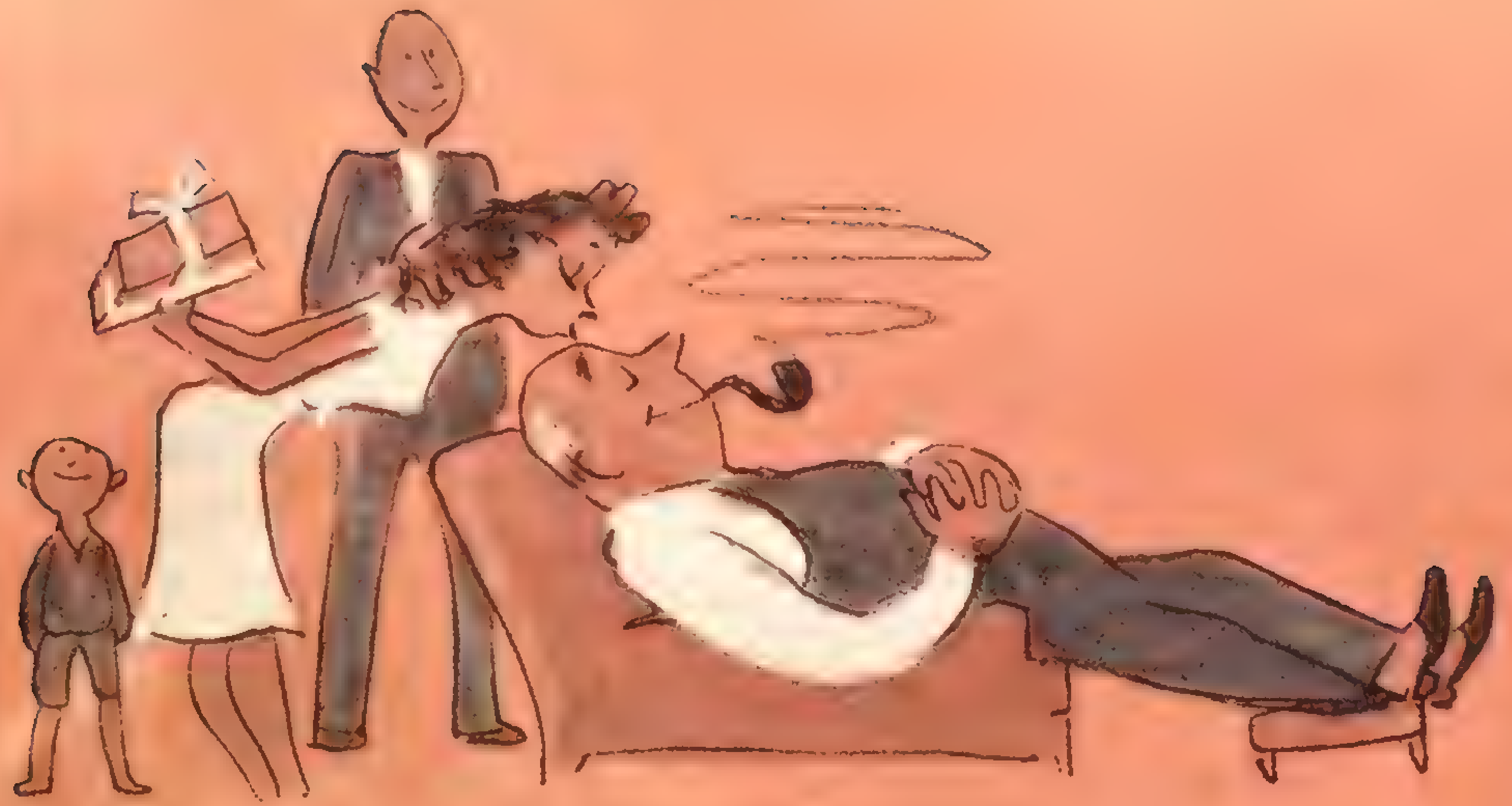
2. *The First Smile.* This is the day when, for the first time, the baby focuses its eyes on Father's pleading face and, miraculously, smiles. "Look, the child knows me!" Father shouts to his wife. She too smiles—pityingly. There's no point in trying to explain to Father that at *that* age the baby's cockeyed grimace is not one of recognition, but merely a reflex caused by gas. Convinced that his offspring has set up a deliberate communication with him, the Father now stops referring to the infant as "It." It has shown the good taste to recognize its own Father, and it now merits designation by its proper gender. On this day, in short, a mysterious lump of pink flesh has at last become *Father's* baby—an Individual of Intelligence, Beauty, and Character!

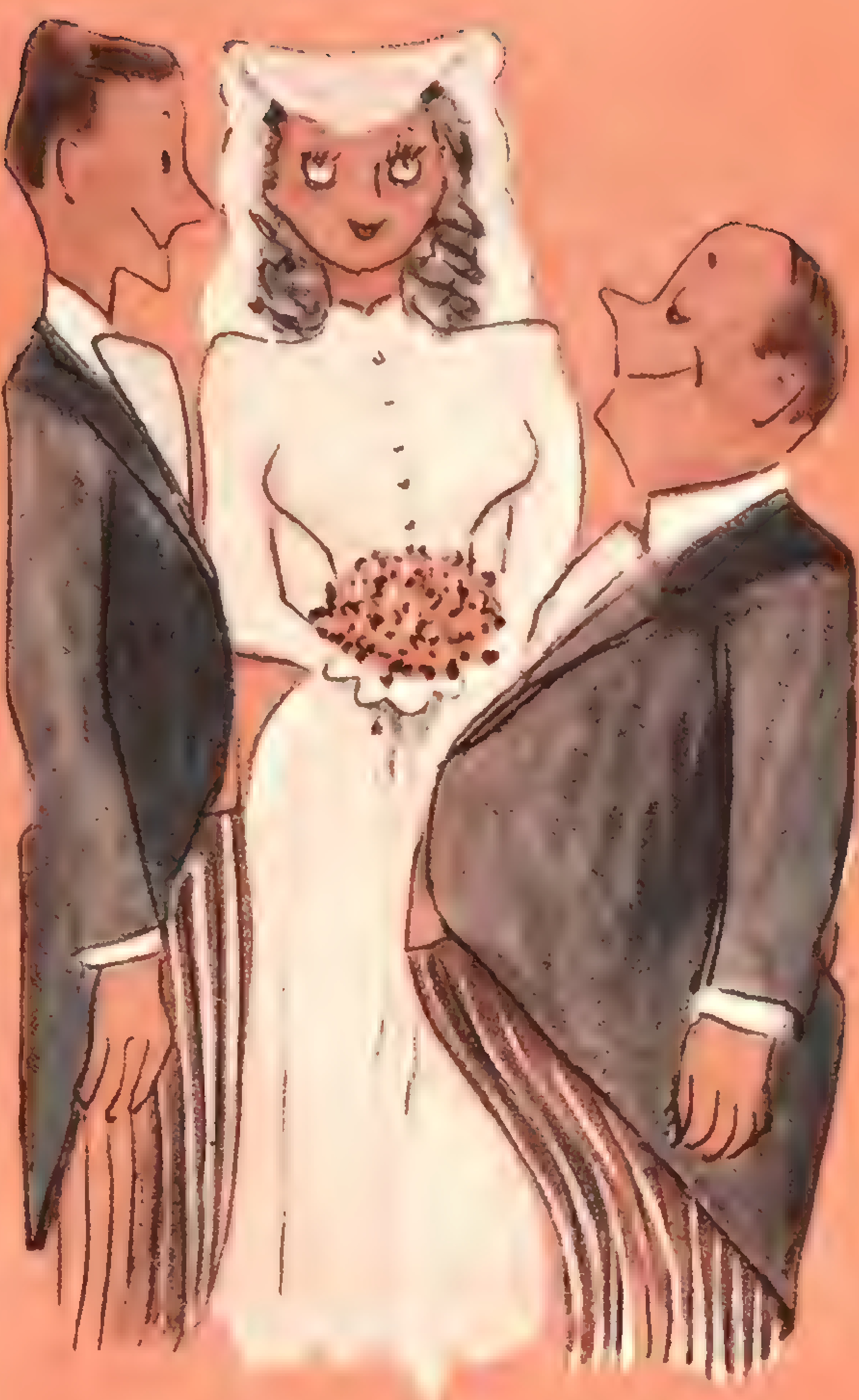
3. *The First School Day.* Any male animal can have a baby, but only full-grown adults have schoolchildren. Today, Father's baby goes out into the world, to be among strangers: and Father, torn between pride and trepidation, takes a quick peek in the mirror to look for grey hair or signs of encroaching baldness. Father's baby has become a child, and Father himself—h shudders at the thought—has begun t age. With a new sense of the seriousness o life, he contemplates the vicissitudes of th cold world into which he has sent his innocent child (a child who, if it remotely resembles other children, is probably a engaging little monster with the innocenc of a broad-hooded cobra).

4. *The First Fight.* On this day, Fathe









triumphantly hails the emergence of another Male Brute. The sight of his battered son (which reduces Mother to tears of intelligent horror) arouses within him some ancient, atavistic masculine superstition. Through the centuries the male of the species, blindly resisting all civilizing influences, has stubbornly believed in proving his manhood with his fists. Instead of bemoaning the day when his son fights another boy as a lamentable retrogression into the *mores* of Pithecanthropus Erectus and the Java Man, Father welcomes it as proof that he has begotten a man and not a mouse. It furnishes him, besides, with an occasion for deplorable daydreams in which he sees his son develop into the imposing leader of men that he himself has never quite become.

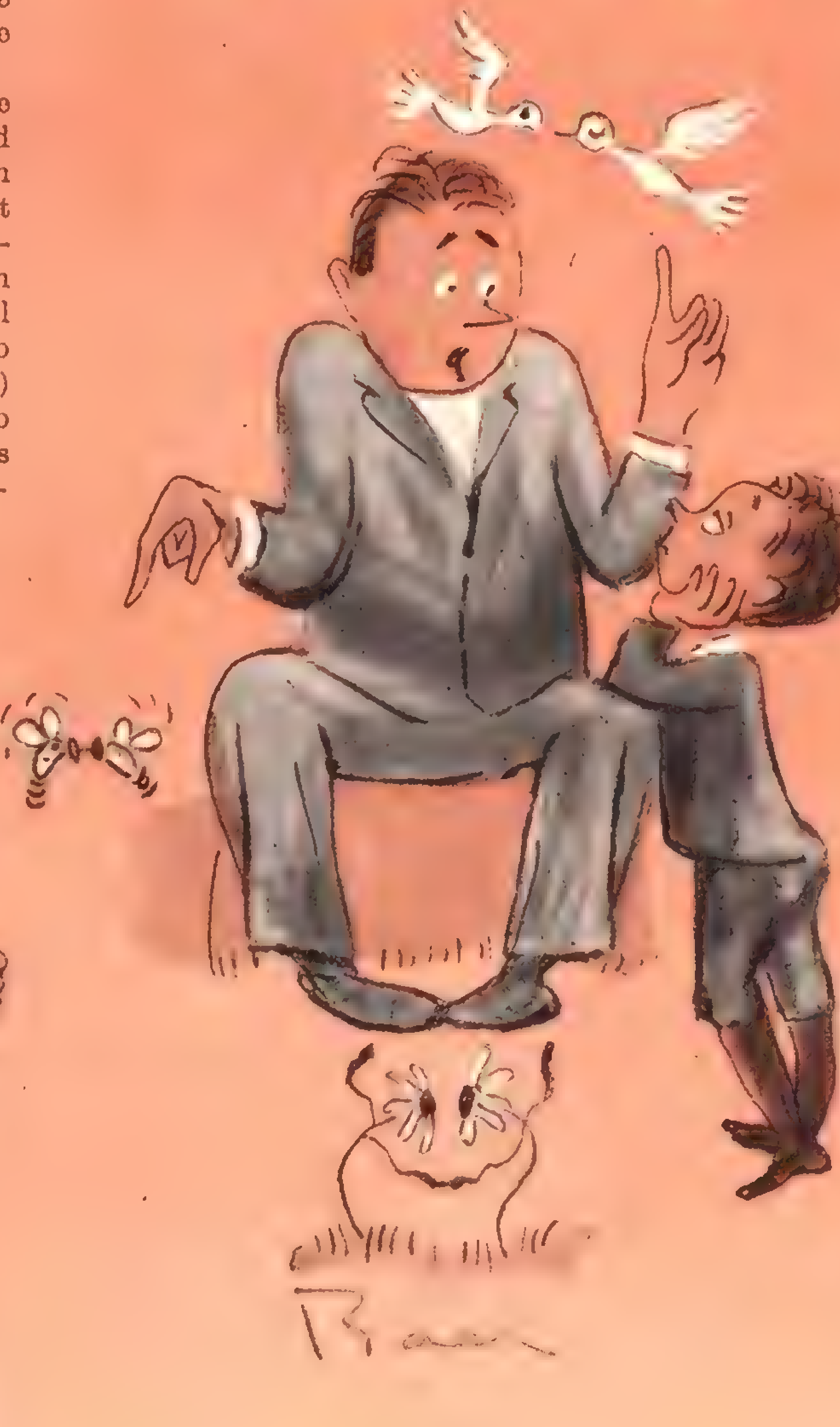
5. *The Birds and the Bees.* This is the day on which Father invites his son into the library, hands him a cigarette, looks at the floor, and launches into a "man-to-man" talk, the subject of which, naturally, is Women. By means of this ritual, Father perpetuates the myth that men are capable of learning about women and of imparting their knowledge to others. Usually, his main purpose is to warn his son against "bad" women, when, as a matter of fact, he ought to be warning him against "good" women. As any Mother knows, only through the machinations of a "good" woman can irreparable harm—marriage, for example—come to a young man.

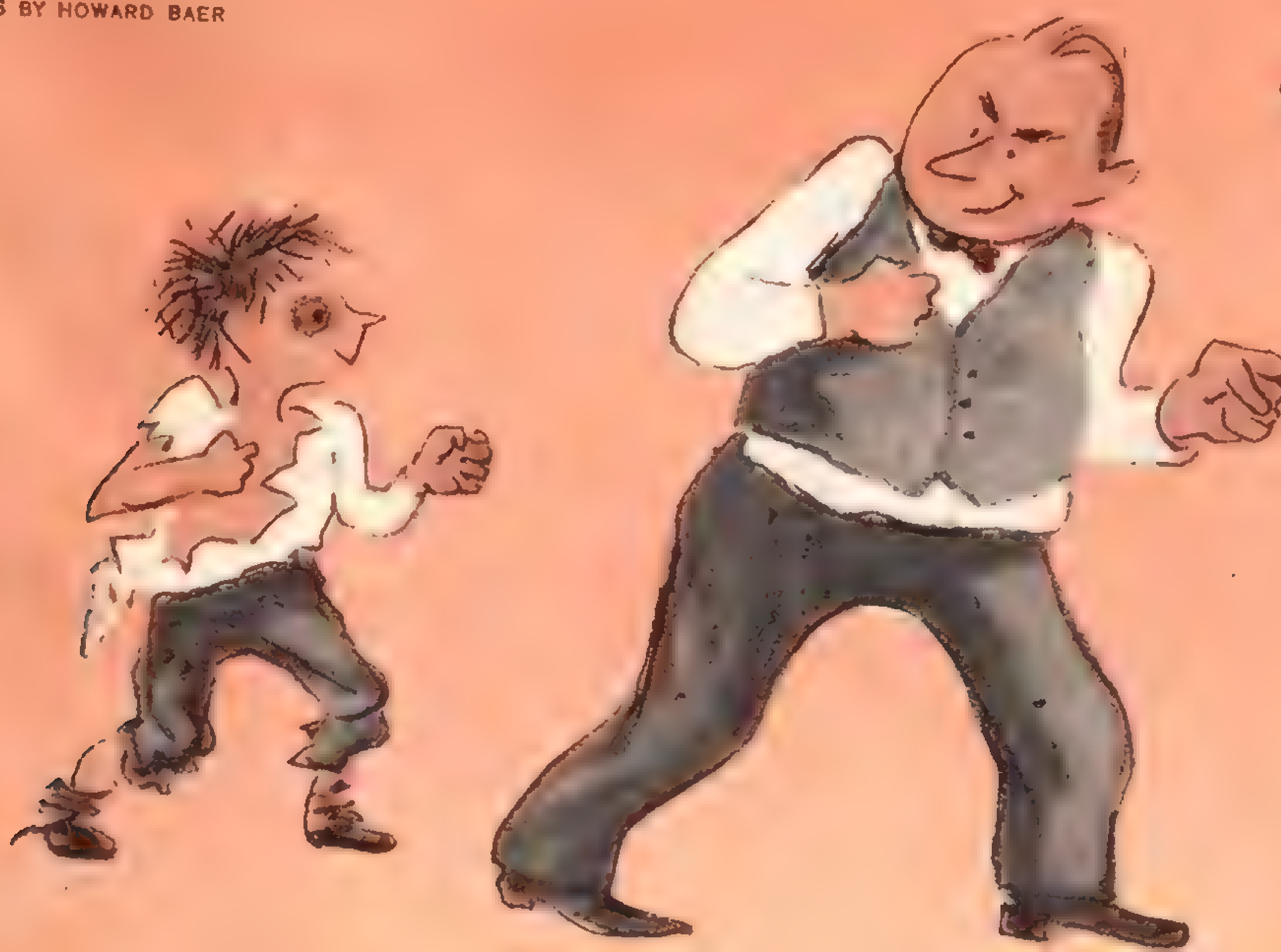
6. *His Daughter's Wedding.* When his son gets married, Father greets the occasion with a mixture of cynicism and sympathy, but he and his thoughts are lost in the shuffle of wedding guests. At the wedding of his daughter, however, Father plays a prominent role. It is his job to give his daughter into the keeping of another and lower order of man, and so for the first time he sees her as a Woman. He can hardly believe his eyes: This lovely princess is the same infant who used to throw up all over his suit every time he carried her; this radiant goddess in white satin and rosepoint once sat gurgling in her crib, blissfully chewing a toe. No longer his own adorable and priceless property, she is now to be entrusted to the irresponsible custodianship of "that kid" from down the street . . . and Father suddenly feels old and somehow forsaken. Oh, for the dear, dead diaper days! Ah, for just one more hour as—Father, the greatest man in the world!

Well, let's give him his wish. After all, he did bubble the baby at 3:00 a.m. He did manage to stumble through that childish "facts-of-life" routine. And if his son isn't exactly headed for the presidency of General Motors, he'll still be a better man than his dad. And the "princess" too will come through—with a grandchild; and so the dear, dead diaper days (once removed) will return in all their damp glory. So there are, after all, six pretty good reasons why the seventh day should be—and is—

7. *Father's Day.* #

LLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD BAER





Esquire's characterology gift chart on fathers

FATHER, who is caught with his pockets out 364 days of the year, finds himself on the receiving end 1/365th of the time. This 364-to-1 ratio is erroneously known as Justice and is usually represented as a woman in a nightgown with a pair of trick scales.

Since Esquire officially approves of nightgowns, but frowns on loaded scales, we've set up a kind of Bureau of Weights and Measures to guarantee the Old Man gets full value on His One Day of the year.

It is known as the Characterology Gift Chart on Fathers. Covering the next four pages, this remarkable and altogether indispensable chart contains over 100 gift suggestions carefully selected for just about every conceivable father under the son. (Ooops! We just couldn't resist that one.)

The chart couldn't be easier to use if it were done in Braille. Consider: The horizontal bands represent Fatherhood's four periods. The vertical columns are the ten *other* interests of man (that chick with the nightie and scales being first).

Suppose your begetter is a GRADUATE FATHER, for instance, who dotes on fishing, fixing things and feeding people. Just follow him along the white band to the Sportsman, Tinkerer and Chef columns. Then gander up and down those columns for other original or unusual ideas.

If you've wondered about "BACHELOR" FATHER, we like to think he's Esquire's forgotten man of the year. He's the man who lives alone — maybe through choice, divorce courts, or simply passage of time.

Tour of the gift-chart exhibits

man-about-house

NEXT to a fireman's pole, the rookie father will cherish his Silent Valet 1 for the speed it affords in answering the morning alarm. It holds clothes in readiness. For the more contemplative progenitor take your pick in 2 or give him the works. And for the Old Grad, "prone" to action, there's the new bed lamp and table in 3 for reading or a fast round of breakfast in bed. While any man looks good in 4.

man-about-town

"Ties will be worn." But take a closer look at 5, with the newest gimmick in racks. Also, pants will be worn *up* this year. As well as hat, shoes and even cummerbund in 6 by the night-blooming *paterfamilias*. For the "grand old man," that 7 portable potations purveyor and/or accessories gift could pay dividends. It holds liquid assets, folds to 25x41 inches. As for 8, fine jewelry is Bold Lookish this season.

executive

Tyro tycoons will carry everything from fresh drawers to desk drawers in that smart attaché's case in 9. And no smart attaché could attach a smarter fluorescent desk lamp than that in 10, highlighting the latest in wheel files. That combination in 11 is equaled for lavishness only by 12, which lacks nought but plumbing and a place to sleep to pack in the comforts of home.

sportsman

Hot or cold, he can hang on the feed bag anywhere from duckblind to beach party if he has that insulated 13 job, and don't forget books — or the latest in gear and garb, from the new adjustable-face 9-in-1 club to the glad rags in 14. From weather to "whether," that layout in 15 suggests answers for anglers. And be it for yachting or just squatting, three of his five senses are covered by the nifties in 16.

traveler

He'll get there on air with that Tire Inflator in 17. And with the clip-on fog lenses and Tote-lite, nor Smog nor darkness will keep him out all night. For the going growing father, case the utility case in 18, and all that goes with it. And if it's time he got rid of that old bag he's been traveling with, introduce him to the one in 19. To keep a motoring man's eyes where they belong, try the glare eliminator, shown in 20 with motoring aids.

scholar

Off the records 21, an atlas and a dictionary are basic for the heavy reading ahead of freshman father between book ends in 22. Then, when he reaches the armchair age of reason, he can contemplate the world 23. The illuminating magnifying glass will light the way for wise old eyes. For the man who lounges alone, there's always 24.

tinkerer

Beginners should begin at the beginning, with a woodworkers' chest 25, or a complete tool kit 26, for you'll never hear a tinkerer's damn when all tools are at hand. The electric drill outfit 27 is deluxe for the workshop specialist. And among unusual gadgets is the flashlight that bends around corners. Or for the bachelor with no one to play with, there's the basic equipment for model making suggested in 28.

photographer

Scratch any father and you'll find a "Steichen" underneath. To unmask him, spread out 29, 30, 31 and 32 before him. Then let *him* pick the gift, for only a photographer wants what a photographer wants. Here are enough ideas, from Beginner's basics to Deep-ender's dillies, to fill his Father's Day with photographic bliss.

gardener

Old MacDonald never had it so easy! Any beginning botanist should burble over this basket of garden tools 33 with a rubber kneeling pad. And he'll positively wet the lawn when he gets that new sprinkler in 34. For the patriarch try the trick garden cart and plant markers in 35. Or bring the outdoors in for the city dweller with the handsome hanging garden lamp 36.

chef

The good mixer will win friends and carve fame among people with the elegant equipment in 37. And for the older outdoor Oscar-at-heart, 38's barbecue tools will do him to a turn. For the Sage of the sage and tine, there's 39. And the nearest thing to a woman's love for our "bachelor" is the Rotissomat in 40.

freshman father

senior father

graduate father

"bachelor" father

n-about-house

1

2

3

4

man-about-town

5

6

7

8

executive

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10

11

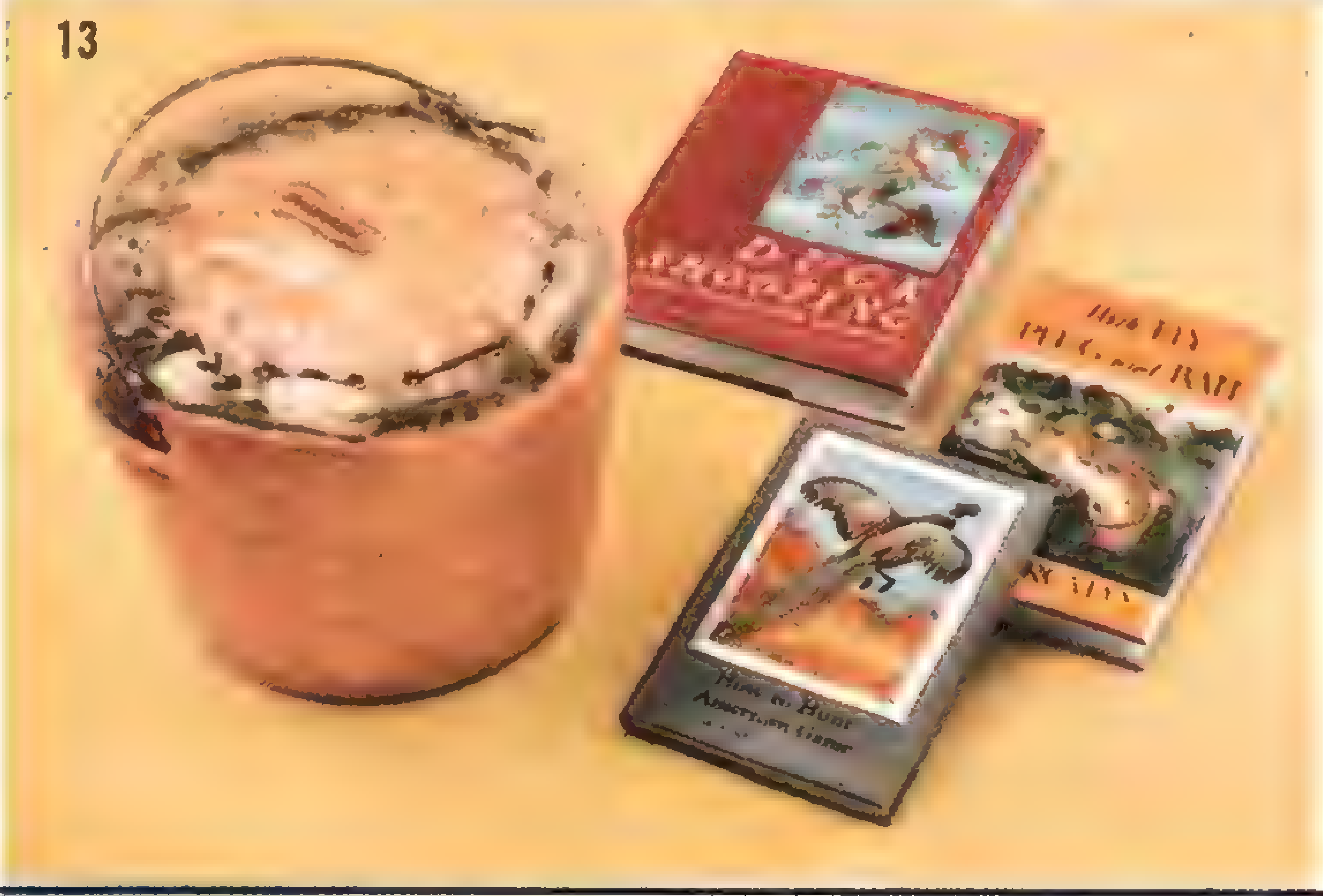
12

sportsman

traveler

freshman father

13



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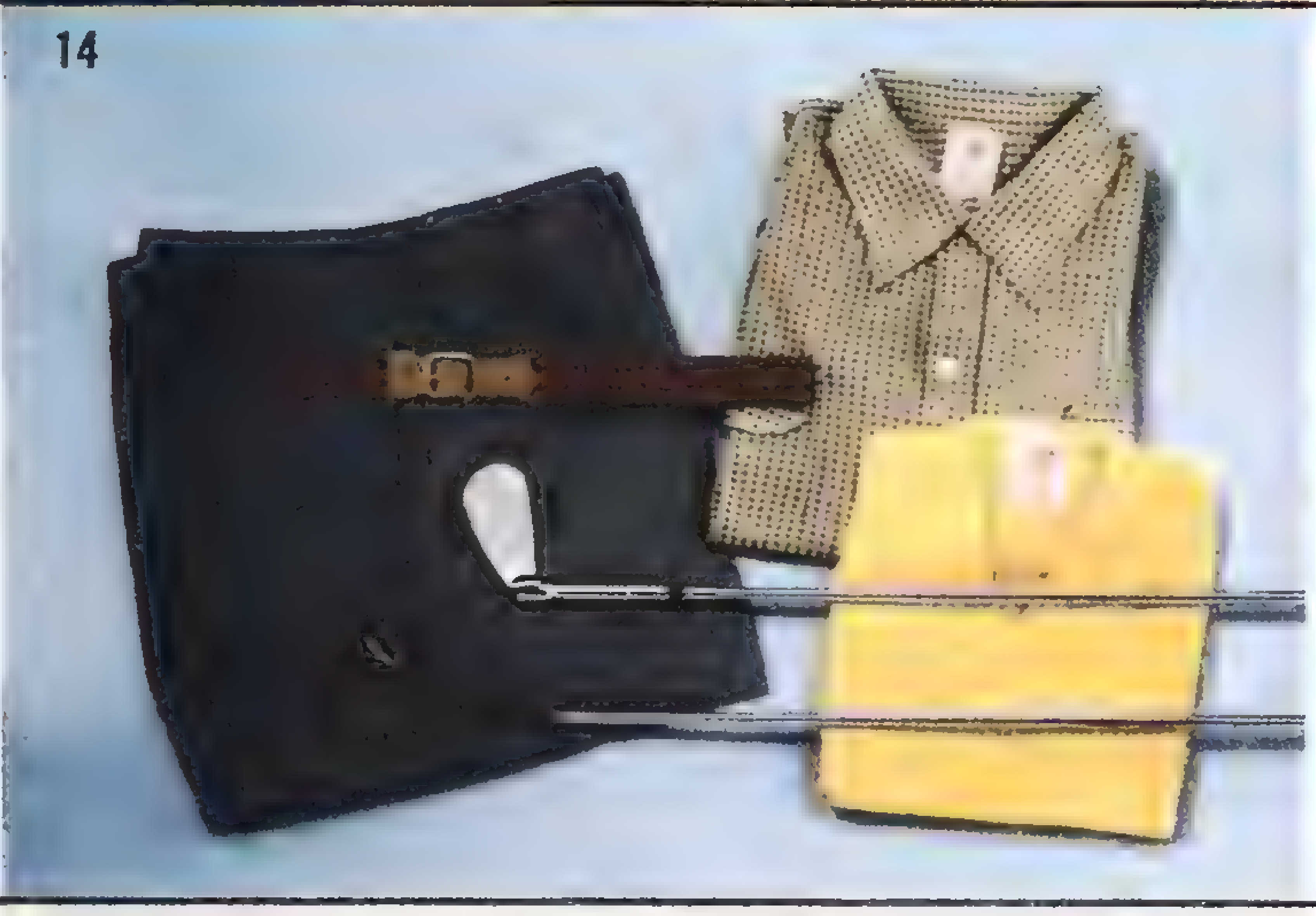
senior father

14



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graduate father

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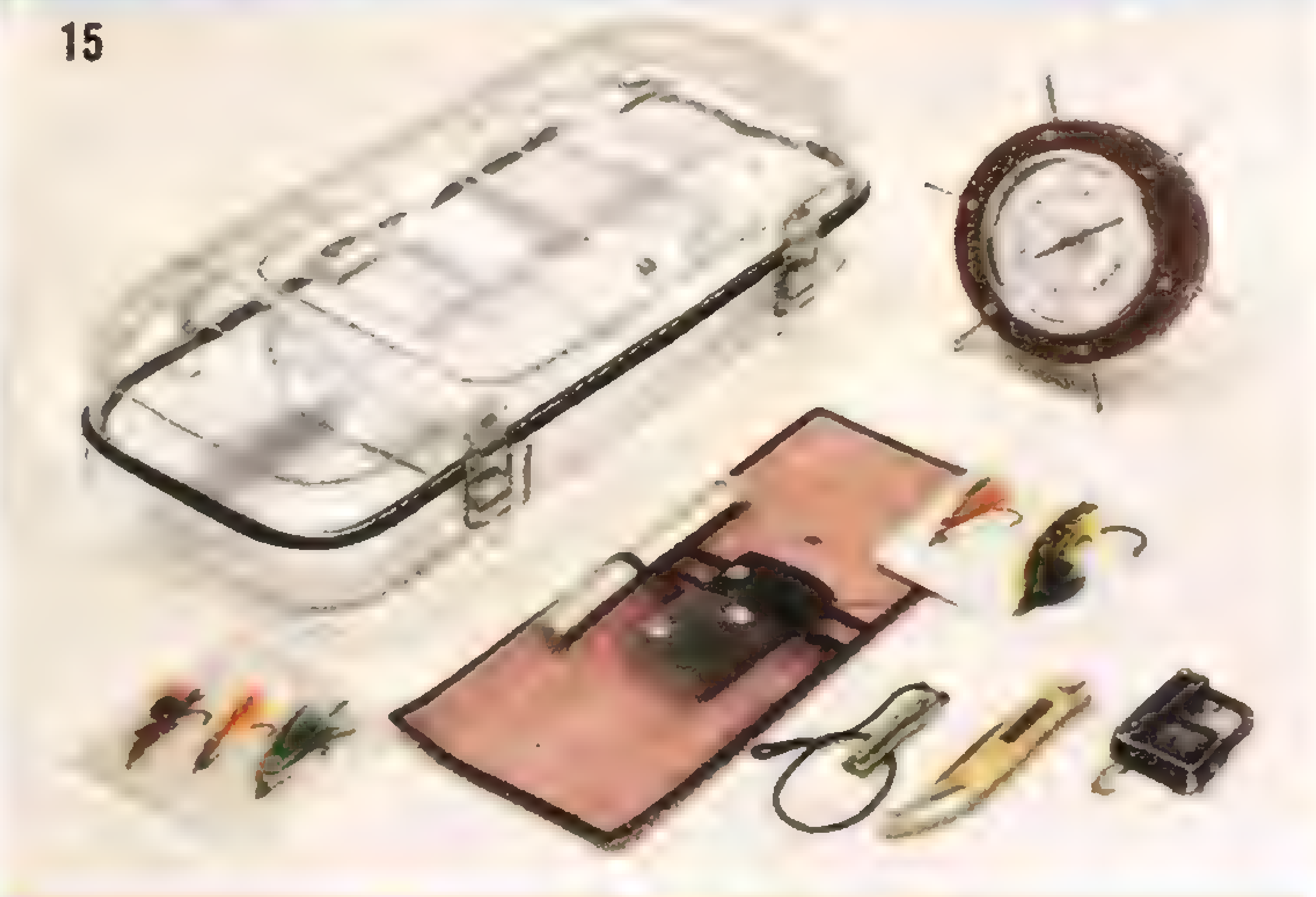

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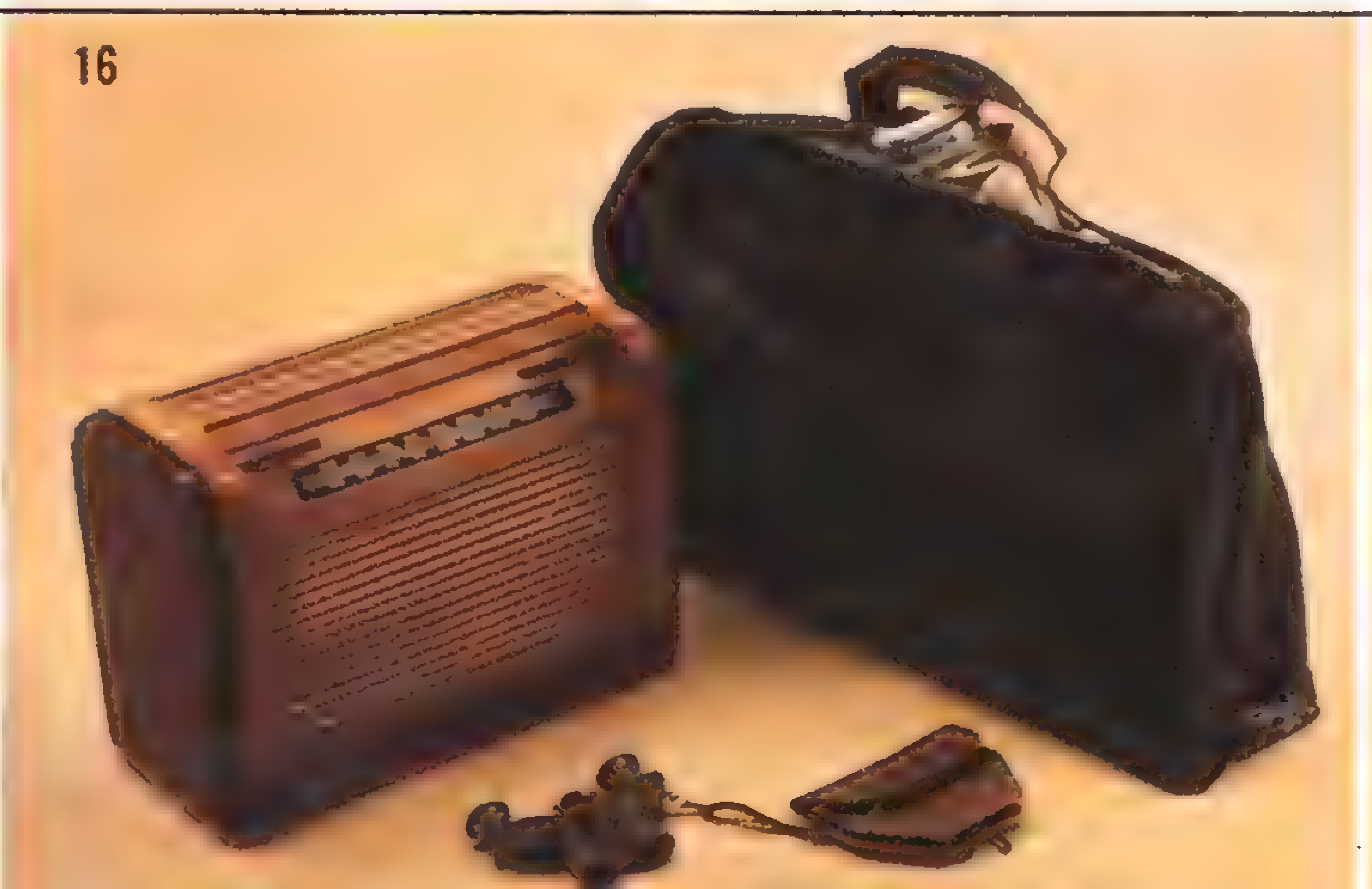
"bachelor" father

16



20

scholar

21

22

23

24

tinkerer

25

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27

28

photographer

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31

32

Photography

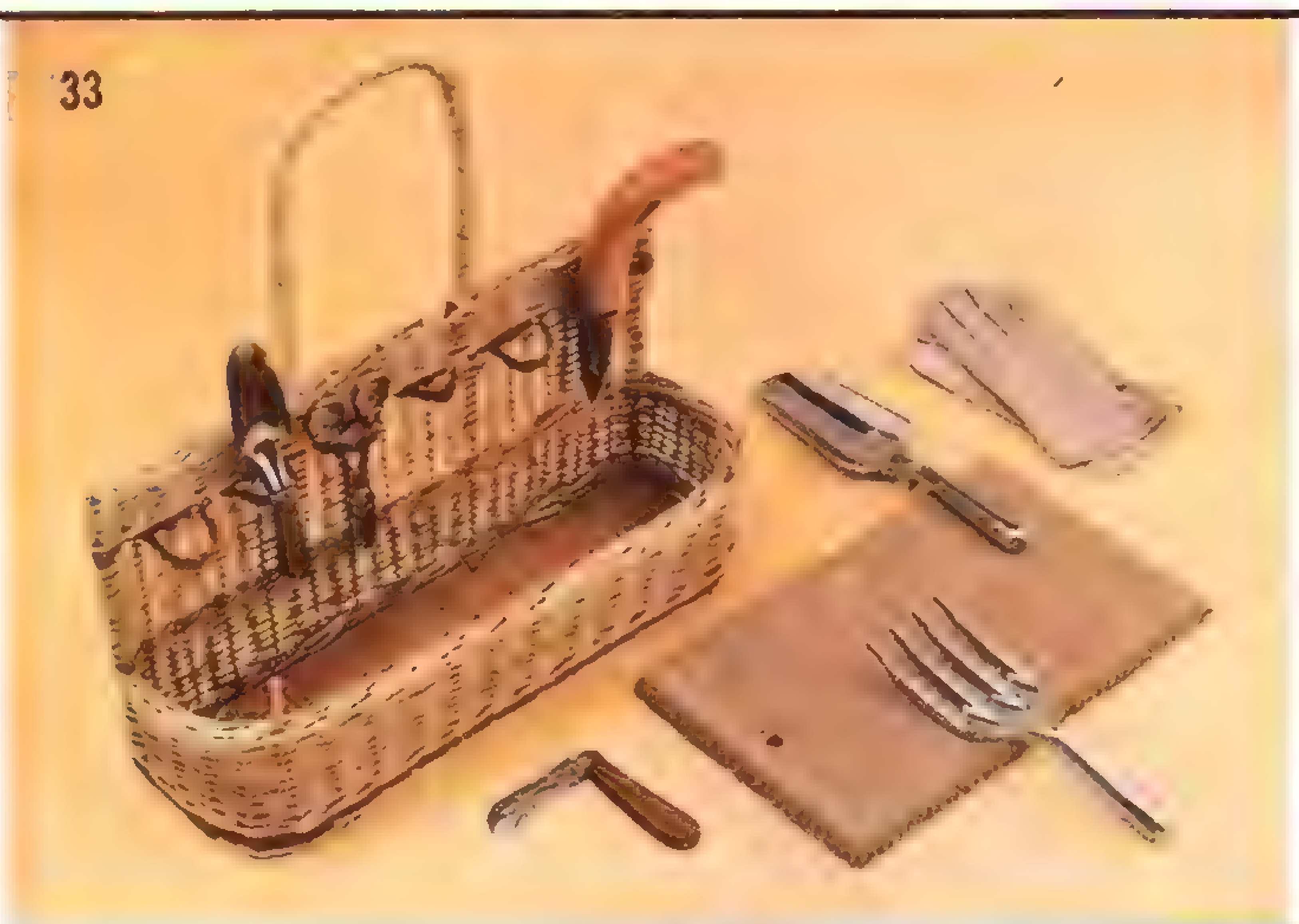
gardener

chef

KODACHROMES BY

freshman father

33



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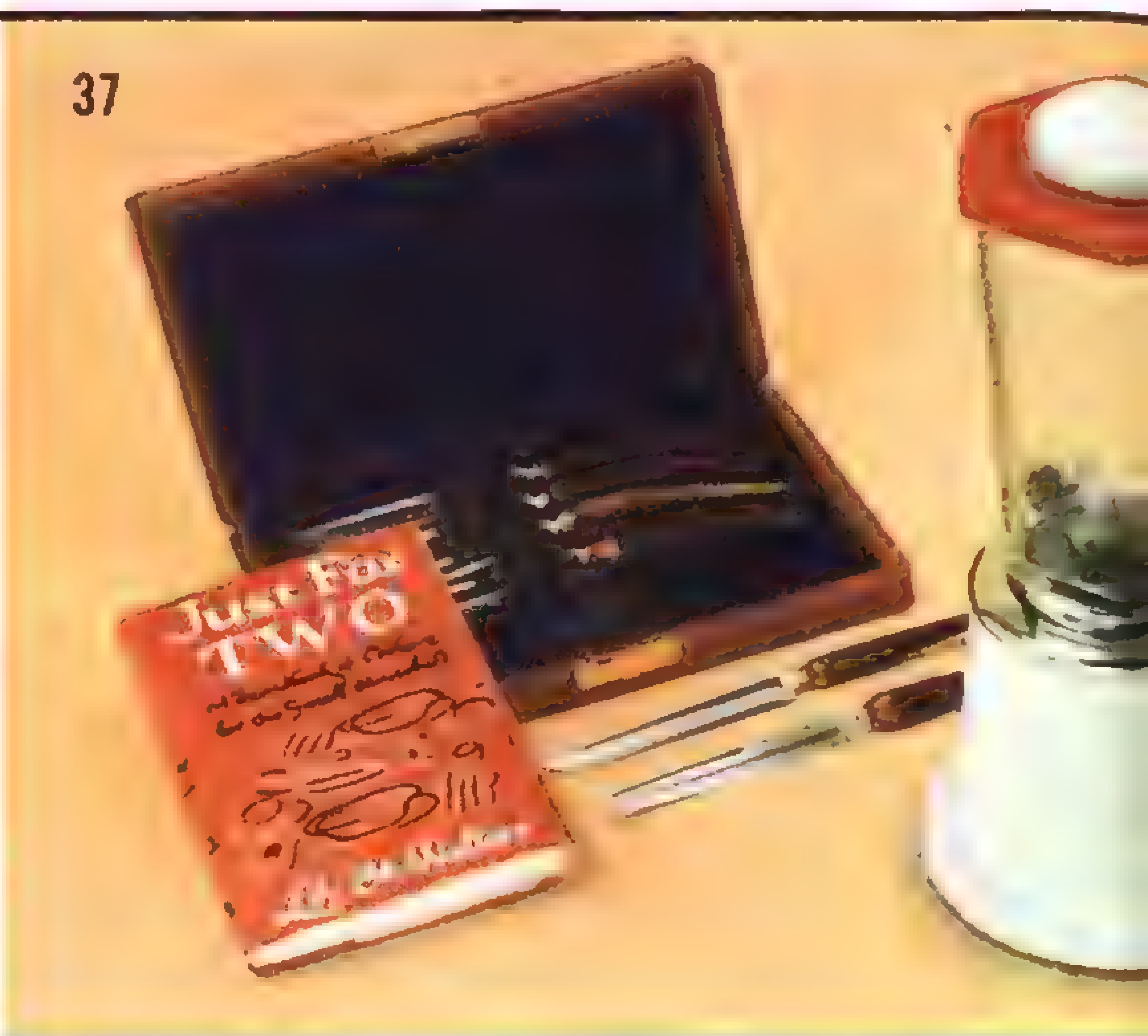
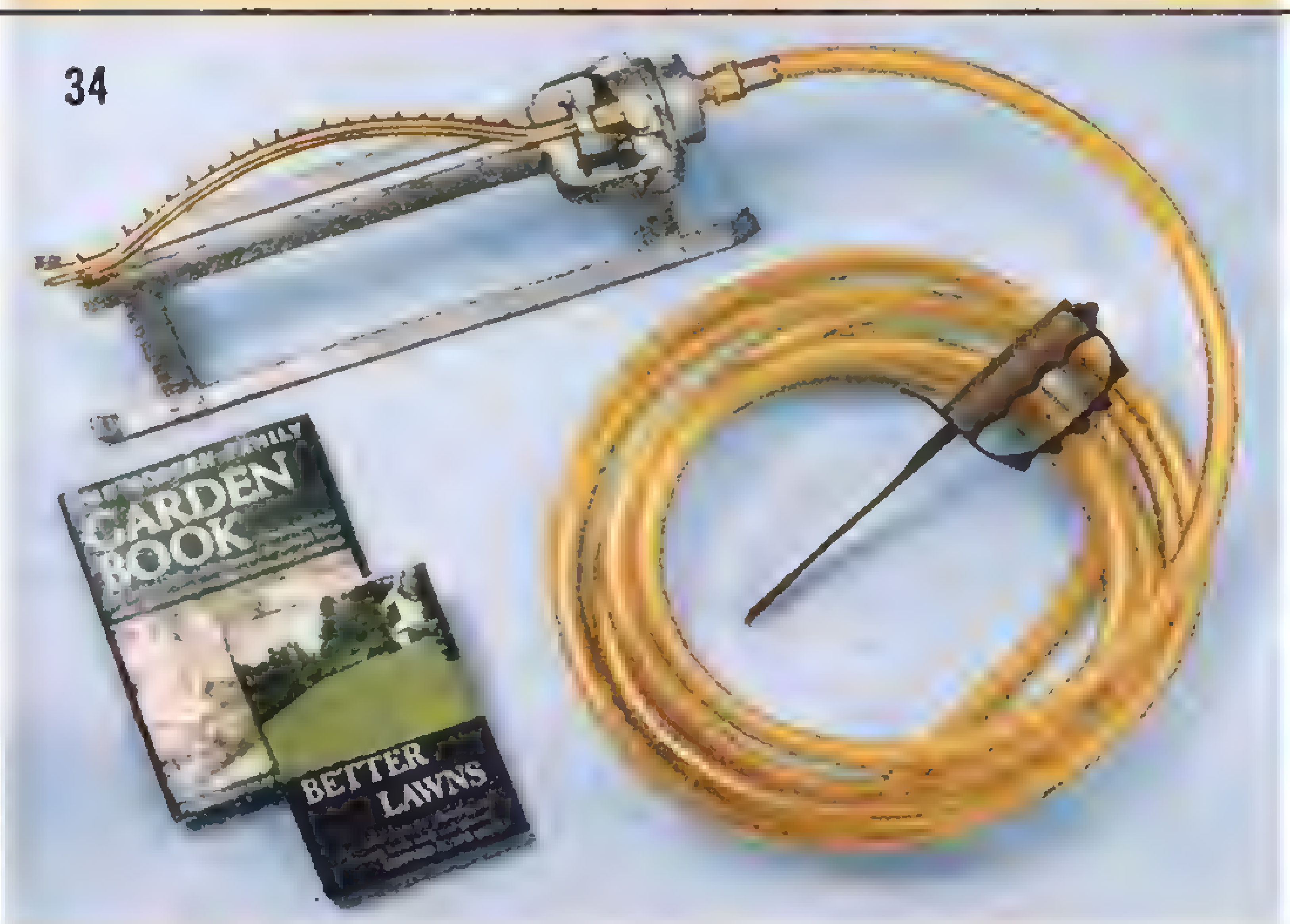
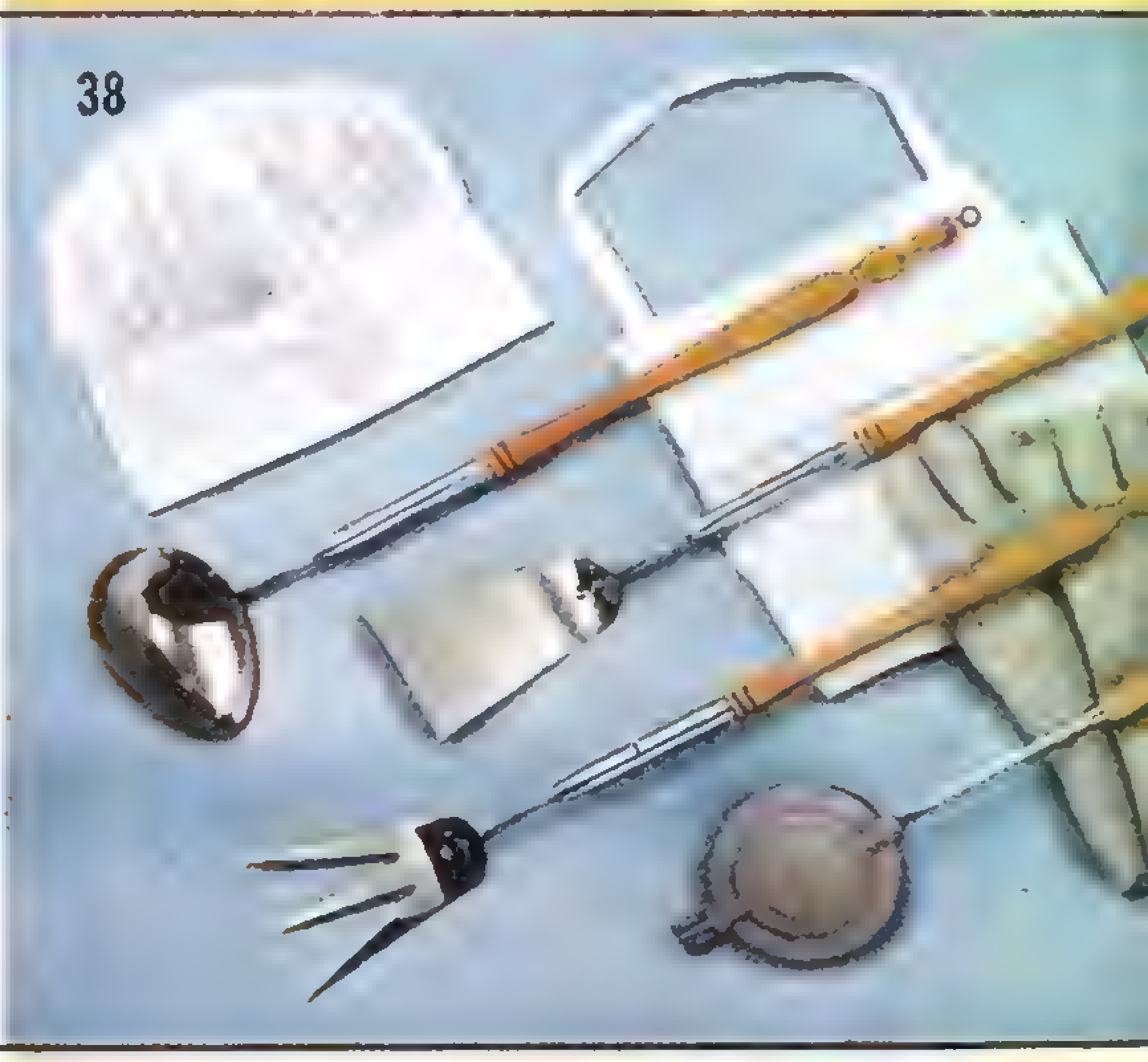

Just For TWO

senior father

34


GARDEN BOOK
BETTER LAWNS

38



graduate father

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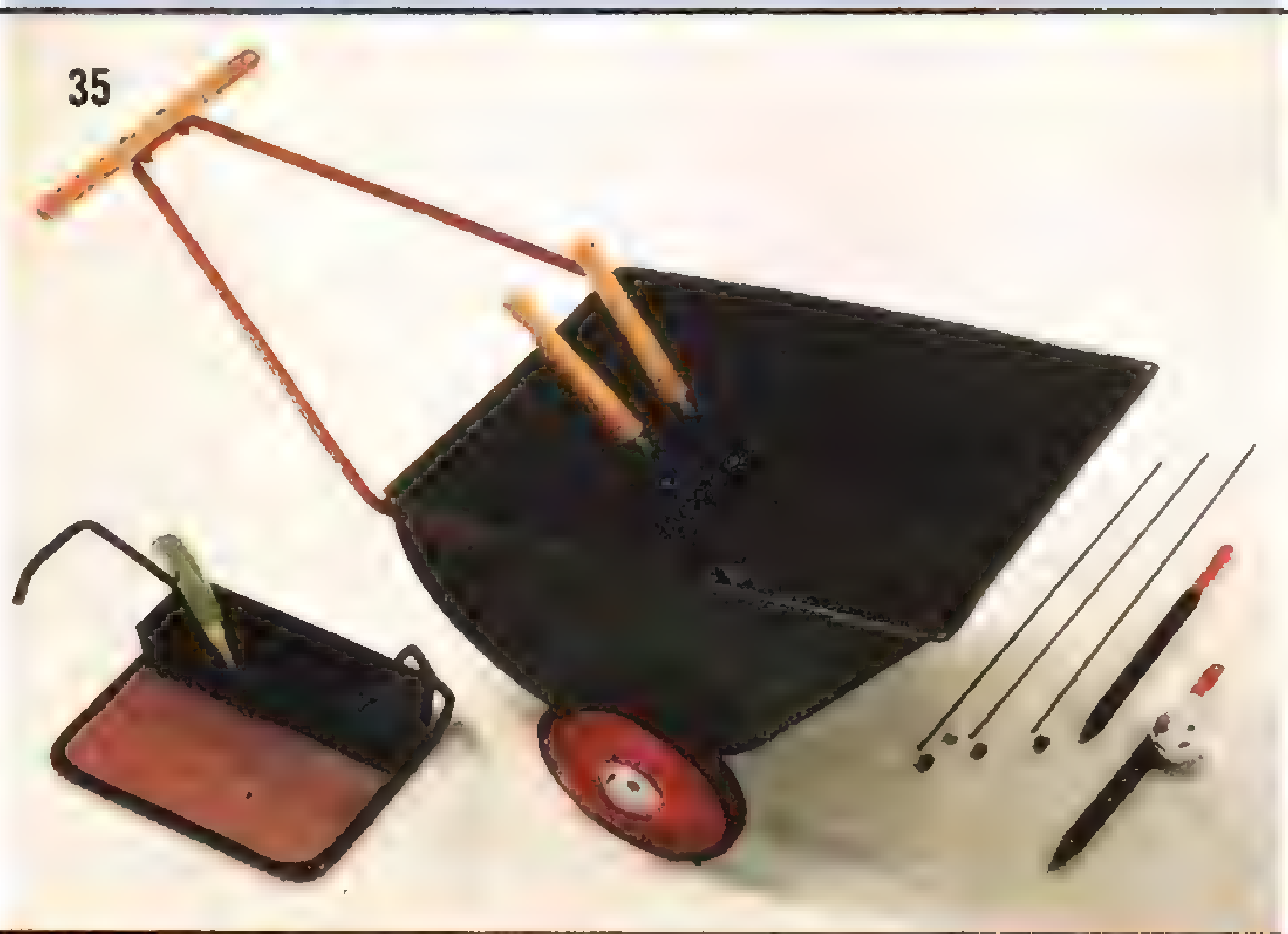

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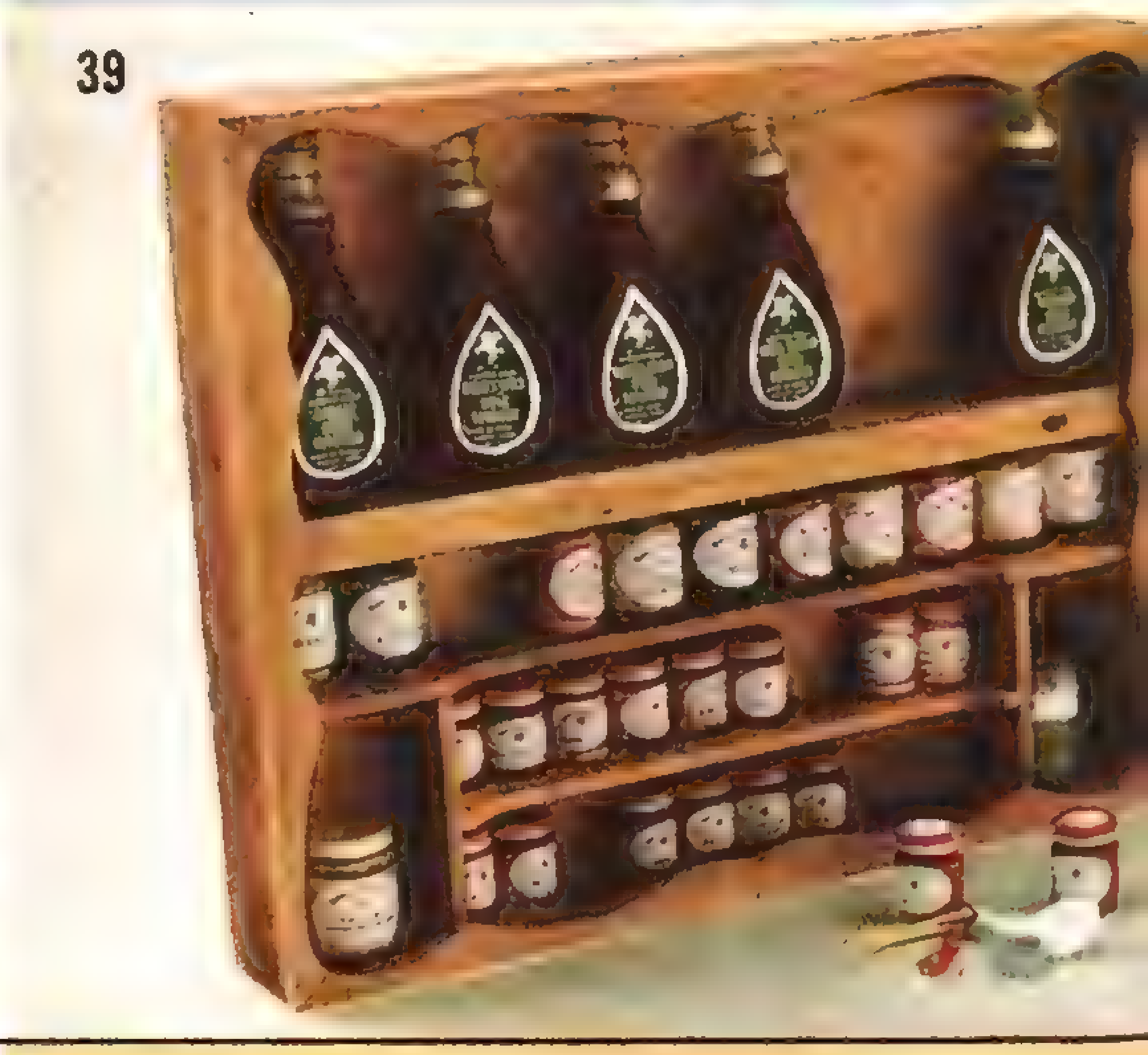

"bachelor" father

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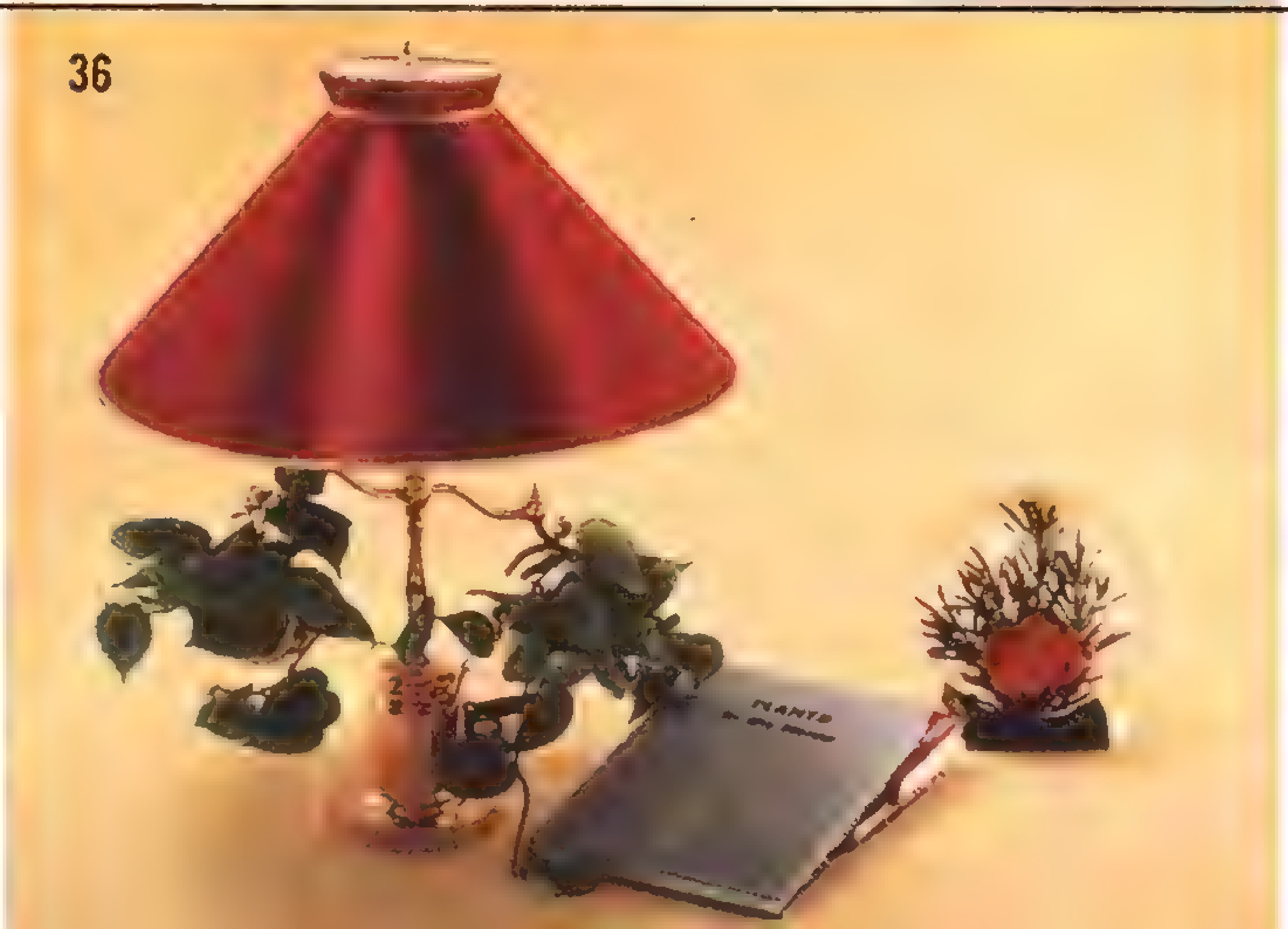

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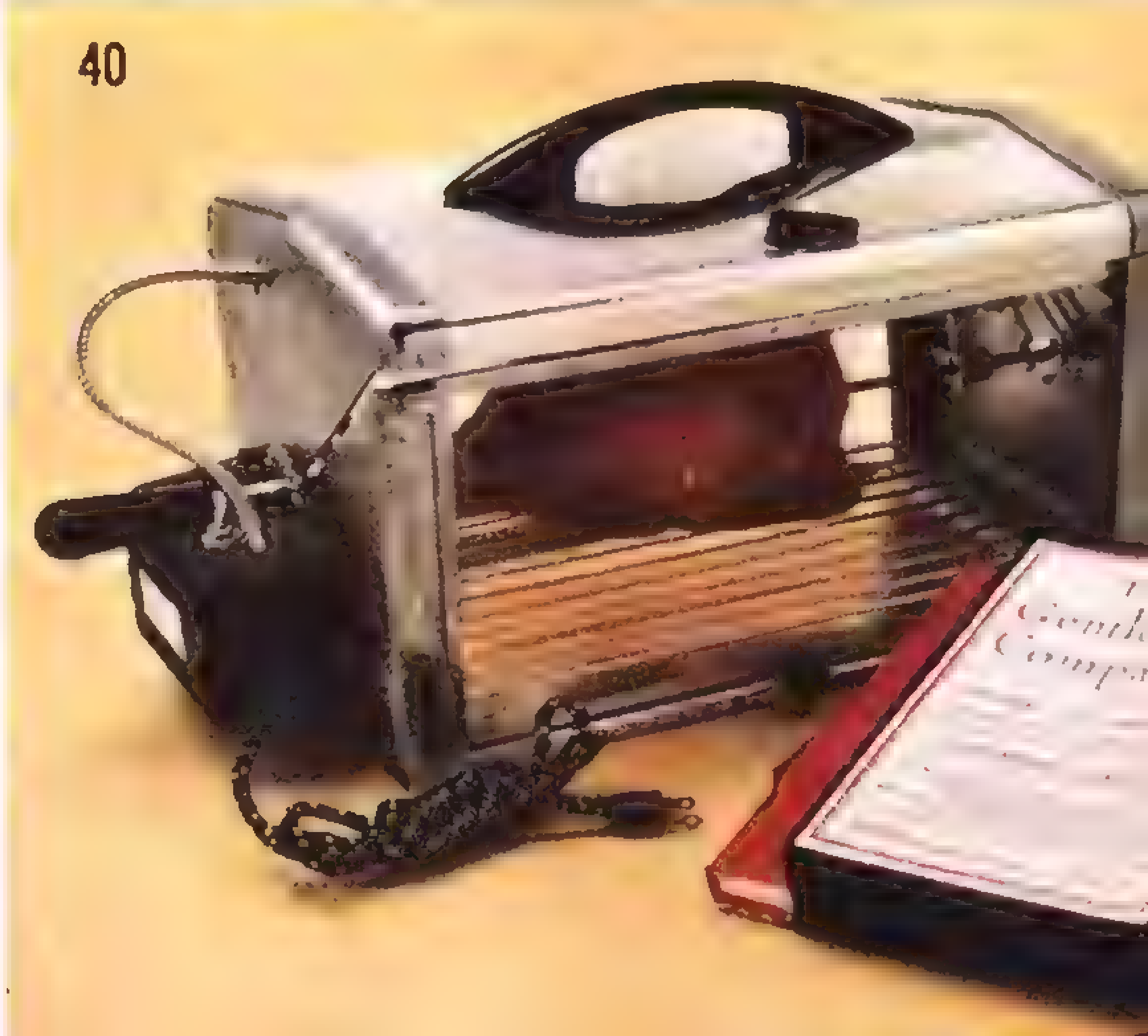


Beauty and the Book

Pierre Dubois was able to call upon the Frenchman's traditional *savoir faire* in all matters of the heart plus his own glib style, but something went very wrong

A Story by
LEE ROGOW

There is a Bavarian Brauhaus in Manhattan where they serve the best knackwurst that ever graced a mound of red cabbage. One evening, as a waiter was conducting me to a table, I heard a "Pssst!"

My friend was disguised by a stein of Pilsener, but there was no mistaking the highly varnished look which is the trademark of the elegant French writer, Pierre Dubois.

"Pierre!" I cried. "What are you doing in this knackwurst dispensary?"

Pierre waved me to a seat at his table. The headwaiter rushed over, clapped his hands, superintended the placing of a chair, the bringing of a glass, the issuing of a fresh napkin, and then stood with his eyes shining and his backside quivering until Dubois nodded his thanks.

Pierre belched slightly. "I detest this place," he said. "But I am--how do you say it?—hiding out."

"Who'd you kill?"

"It was something far worse than homicide I committed," said Dubois.

"But, Pierre, I always thought you were to love as Einstein is to the atom."

"And did I not myself?" said the writer. "You know Wilfred Disc, the economist?"

"The fellow who wrote *The Meaning of Money?*"

"That is the one. Always he is writing books on how the rainfall in Australia affects the value of the Swiss gold franc. Last month he comes to me in Fernand's. 'Pierre,' he tells me, 'I am desolate.' I inquire if his condition is because of a woman. Well, this woman calls herself Hermione—who would believe it? She is a dispenser of books in the public library. Wilfred Disc shows me her photograph. For this face a man does not betray his country. But she is very nice—and also here.

"Eh bien," he went on, "Wilfred and Hermione make the intellectual discussions. His book, *The Meaning of Money*, she keeps on a table beside her bed. But each evening, when discussions end, first base has not been attained by Wilfred, if you comprehend me.

"What to do? Wilfred does not know. So—Pierre gives the advice. I say, there is a saying in my country so old as the language. Give to the pretty woman the book, give to the plain woman the flower. In other words, treat her not like a library shelf, but like a woman. Send to her perfume, roses, silk somethings. Tell her she is more beautiful than the night. This she does not hear in the public library. You will see, Hermione will fall into your hands like the chicle from the penny gum machine."

"Pierre, you're dynamite."

The writer fluttered a hand deprecatingly. "In France," he said, "each infant must be letter perfect in this or he is not permitted to graduate second grade. But wait, there is more. Wilfred Disc hurries away from Fernand's, to send intact the Lord and Taylor perfume counter to Hermione. Hardly do I have time to pour myself a sip of wine when there is sitting across from me Chubby Livings. You know Chubby Livings? So much money he has they should be printing bills with his picture on. Still—such an irony—with all his money, Chubby Livings has a long face like a camel. Again, because of a woman. Her name—Didi Carson.

"In vain he has dispatched to this popular beauty trinkets of a value sufficient to purchase an election."

"What to do? Chubby Livings does not know. Monsieur Chubby, I say, in my country there is a saying: Give to the plain woman the flower, give to the pretty woman the book. If everyone is sending to Didi Carson the jewels and flowers, you will flatter another side of her feminine vanity by sending her a book. Zut, Chubby leaps out of Fernand's to ask Monsieur Brentano the price of his bookstore, complete.

"What folly," sighed Pierre. "Woman is like electricity. Man can make it run a vacuum cleaner, but he does not truly understand it. Note well. Last week I see Wilfred Disc. He has followed my advice with such results as you would not believe. Hermione blossoms out like a Japanese plant dropped into water. She attends a species of gym, where twenty pounds are mercilessly beaten off her body. A hairdresser piles all her hair on top of her head. She learns the rumba. The money she has saved for a trip to Yugoslavia she spends for dresses worn only by ladies with wealthy admirers. Further, she gets a wealthy admirer! She decides Wilfred is something of a cabbage, with all his economics talk, and now learns the meaning of money firsthand."

I said, "So now you're hiding out from Wilfred Disc, because he wants to break you in half for fouling up his romance?"

"No, Wilfred is still my friend," he said. "In the end he decides a fluffy head like Hermione is not worthy of a learned economist and finds himself a new disciple. No, it is not Wilfred who has driven me here."

"Holy mackerel, Pierre," I said. "Don't tell me you snafued Chubby Livings' thing with Didi Carson, too?"

"But yes. Chubby and Didi are fini."

"Didn't Didi go for the approach intellectual?" I asked.

"Savagely," said Pierre. "She refuses to see him because she is too busy reading the books he has sent her. She announces she has frivoled away her life. Now she becomes serious. In fact, she is now mad for the author of one of the books."

"Wonderful," I gurgled. "And now Chubby's looking for you with a horsewhip?"

"Piff, paff, poof," said Pierre. "Do you think a man who fenced in the Olympics in 1928 would be afraid of a Chubby Livings? Piff. I would cut him in half like a truffle. No, I do not hide from Chubby Livings, but from Didi Carson."

"Didi Carson?"

"Figure you this. The volume which has caused this book-crazy girl to fall in love with the author is that wise and witty commentary, *The Psychology of Love*, by Pierre Dubois."

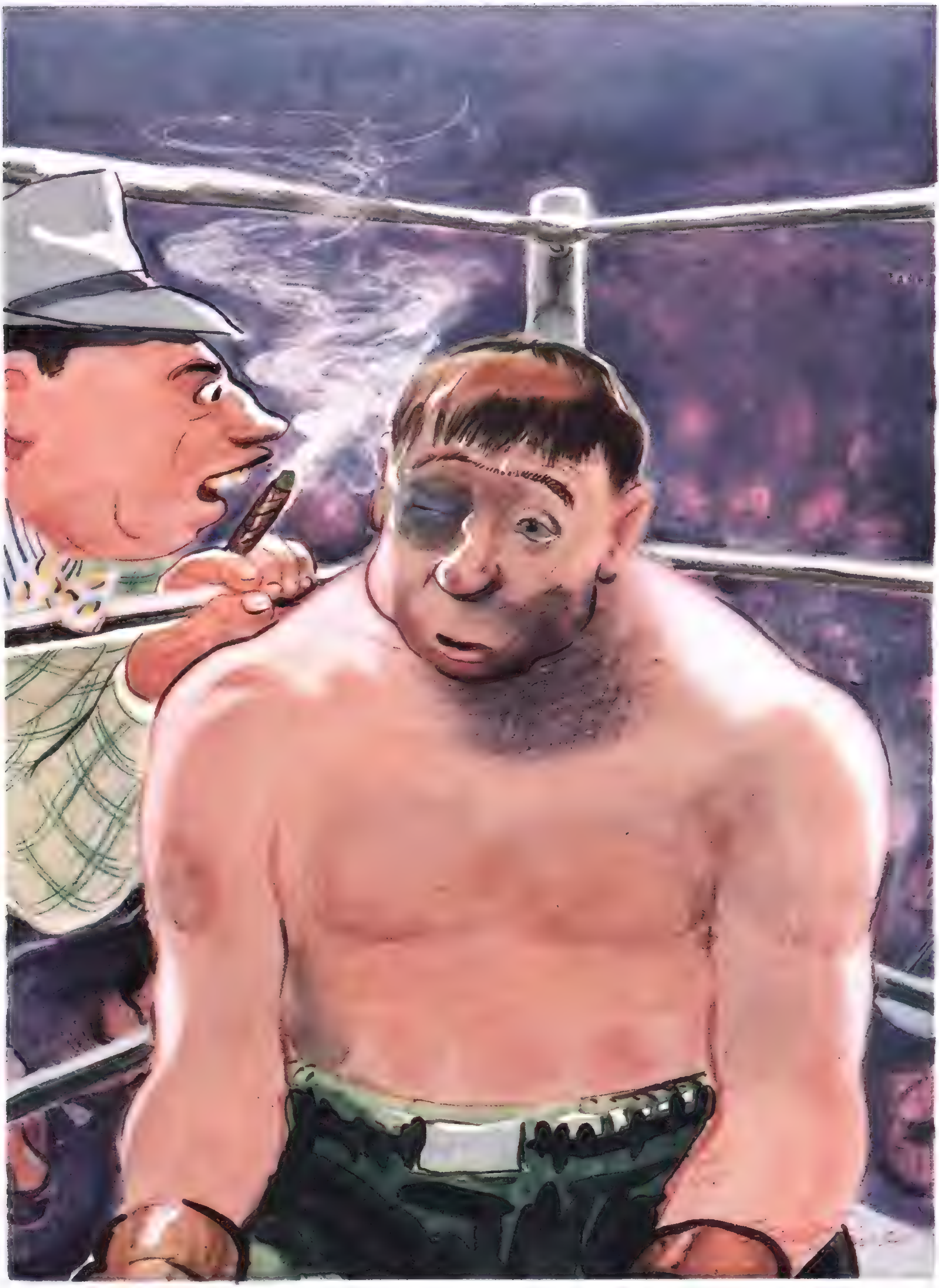
The waiter brought some knackwurst and red cabbage. Pierre looked at the plate and fed himself a small white digestion pill.

"Well," I said, "you must be daffy, hiding from the dream girl of the male half of the New York telephone directory. It's not like you, Dubois."

"Come," twinkled Pierre. "We are both men of the world. Of what use is even the most beautiful of women if she wishes only to talk, talk, talk about books?" #

Madame Fontenoy
SUCCESS
SCHOOL
SOCIAL WHIRL
B.T.

"Don't tell Madame Fontenoy, but I had a whopping success this week end!"



"If he's using psychology on you, then use psychology on him"

Fights out of the Ring

This has a moral: Somebody in the place can always lick you

A Sports Article by A. E. KAHN

I HAVE stomached my fill of arguments about which of all famous fighters was the best, and I have seen enough professional matches to become convinced of one thing; namely, that the best fighters never crawled under a rope and into a ring. That goes for them all, from Bob Fitzsimmons down to Joe Louis. The best fighters have fought and are still fighting out of—not in—the ring.

Take the boys who enter the ring with big lights overhead and canvas underneath and wrap them in a pillow of boxing gloves, it says here. The softies know nothing compared to boys on the street who know how to fight, and do it for fun. What's that, Joe? Haven't said a thing!

There was, for example, the Kid, a young, lanky, baby-faced rigger on the Boulder Dam job. The first time I saw him fight was with a particularly tough special policeman at a Las Vegas gambling hall. This cop was familiar with the feel of rosin underfoot; it was rumored an early decision over a world heavyweight champion graced his ring record. At any rate, I had seen sufficient evidence of his prowess in Las Vegas to treat him with the same circumspection I would a wounded cougar. He was a big man, scaling two-twenty; and what wasn't bone was muscle. The Kid was nineteen. Although he was tall, he didn't weigh over a hundred and eighty.

The fight started in the gambling hall. The kid had been winning heavily and the cop, on some pretext, told him to move to another table. When the Kid didn't stir he threatened to throw him out of the hall. The Kid finished his roll as calmly as a Britisher sips his tea, pocketed his winnings, and walked over to the cop, whom we'll call Joe. He said, "Well, are you ready to throw me out?" and the fight started.

Every time Joe started a punch, the Kid beat him to it, and Joe's head kept bouncing back as if he'd run into a door. He had expected the Kid to be just another punk, like those he tossed out nightly. Now he realized he had a fight on his hands. Joe was famed as a bully, and a gang formed urging the Kid on. After a few minutes he landed a right to Joe's jaw that turned him completely around before he went down. When he got up, one corner of his mouth was split wide open. The Kid knocked him down twice more before the fight moved out onto the street.

There the Kid gave Joe an efficient, merciless beating, hitting him a dozen times for every punch he took, and each blow cracked like a horsewhip. You couldn't see Joe's face for blood, and he went down four more times. The last punch the Kid hit him would have split the oak door. He just lay on the cement, twitching.

After that I saw the Kid in at least a dozen fights—most of them with good men. He won with ease, took his fights casually and would tackle anybody without much provocation. Numbers made no difference to him; he would fight two or three men as willingly as one. One evening the Kid was sleeping on a pool table at the Six Companies Recreation Hall, when two of the reservation police came in and ordered him off the table. An argument started, the cops saying they were going to take him to jail. They pulled him toward the door. When the Kid jerked away, one of them reached for his blackjack. The Kid warned him to leave it alone, but the cop drew it out. The Kid hit him, knocking him cold and sending him through the door and down the steps outside. The other cop was reaching for his gun when the Kid clipped him, sending him to join his companion. The two of them lay outside, in the sand between the foot of the steps and the road, stretched out like twin khaki dummies. The Kid sauntered out of the hall, picked them up one at a time and tossed them in the back of their car. He drove the car to the police station, left it parked in front, went serenely back to his bunkhouse and turned in.

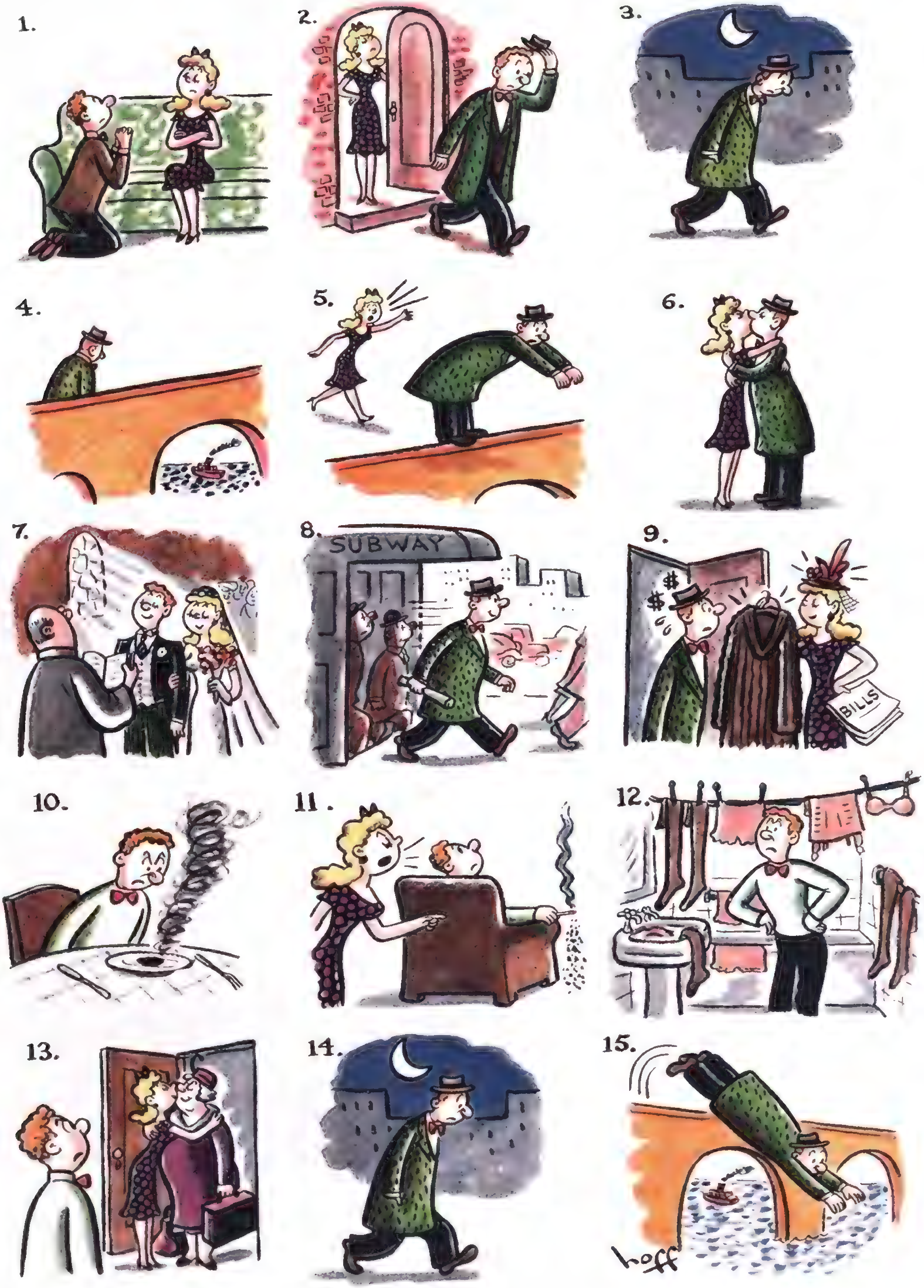
The Kid's fights were usually brief. He packed a punch that would have driven rivets. A foreman, Morley, challenged him one night at Meadows Casino. They sparred around and Morley landed a couple of nice jabs. Then the Kid let go. One punch was all. It caught Morley just over the cheekbone with a dull smacking sound. He staggered back and went down on his knees. He got up clutching the left side of his face. The blow had forced his left eye from its socket, as neatly as you would pop a pea from its pod. The doctors put the eye back, but Morley never saw out of it again.

A fighter comparable to the Kid was the Ding, a stocky, dark-faced, hard-rock miner on the Great Northern Tunnel. He weighed only a hundred-and-sixty-five pounds and he was unbeatable. He disliked fighting and would go out of his way to avoid a fracas; but once involved, nothing could stop him until he won. In one fight I saw him knocked down fifteen times; each time he got up and went on fighting, finally stiffening the other man.

The Ding's affair with Tex was an example of how he would try to avoid a fight. Tex was very large, about six-feet-four, powerful and bony. He had joined the job late, didn't know the Ding's reputation and for some reason was always picking on him. Whenever the gang went into Skykomish, Tex would make fun of the Ding, saying he got around a lot for a little guy, shoving him at the bar, and being generally offensive. The Ding took it quietly until one day, at a bar, Tex pulled the Ding's hat down over his face. When the Ding pushed it back and stared at Tex, the Southerner asked him what he was going to do about it and if he didn't like it why didn't he fight. Tex was joking, of course; the idea of their fighting seemed absurd to him, because of the discrepancy in their sizes. But the Ding said slowly, "All right, you big bastard, I'll take you on. You asked for it."

Tex winked at the others around the bar and followed the Ding outside, grinning. There he drawled, *(Continued on page 139)*

"Goody! Here comes some wind now!"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The Strongest Strong Man

Louis Cyr, the French-Canadian giant, resembled a stall-fed elephant, but he could call John L. Sullivan's bluff and till overeating took its toll he was the weight lifter supreme

A Sports Article by

CHARLES B. ROTH

EVERY once in a while they pick out another "Mr. America" and torture the world with his charms. He looks out at you from picture magazines, as befits a man with a 48-inch chest and a size 6⅝ hat, to make you ashamed of your wrinkles and pot.

Beneath the picture, you read: "This year's Mr. America is unquestionably the strongest man that ever lived." But these Mr. Americas bear as much resemblance to the strongest man that ever lived as Mr. Petrillo does to a piccolo.

His name was Louis Cyr, and he was a French-Canadian. Today's Mr. Americas run to beauty in build, but Cyr resembled an elephant more than a man. He was so big he had to go sideways through a door, so heavy no chair in the house would support him. He had an enormous chest, a pair of enormous arms, and a set of legs that would have supported a grand piano or a platform at a political rally.

He stood 5 feet 10½ inches, and weighed from as low as 295 to 400 pounds. His neck was 20½ inches, his arms the same; his chest, 61.2 inches. His legs were enormous—30 inches at the thighs, 20 at the calves.

Cyr was eighteen when he met the Canadian champion David Michaud in a contest. Each man would straddle a huge rock, put his arms around it, hook his fingers underneath, and lift until you could see air through the underside. Cyr succeeded in lifting the third stone of the contest after Michaud had flopped on the job. It weighed 484 pounds, gave him the Canadian championship, and filled him with the dream that he was a modern-day Samson. He let his hair and beard grow, and went about looking for temples to destroy, and maybe for a Delilah. The only things he ever destroyed were records, and his eventual Delilah was his 100-pound French-Canadian wife who had no inclination to shear his locks, for she worshiped him.

At nineteen Cyr was a full-fledged strong man. He could lift a 250-pound dumbbell with one hand and make a platform lift of 2900 pounds. This lift, you recall, is performed by a man getting underneath a low platform on all fours and, by straightening arms and legs, lifting it off the ground. Such records were pretty good for a growing boy.

In New York City at that time was the original "strongest man that ever lived," a former instructor at the University of Pennsylvania, Richard Pennell. Louis Cyr challenged him, beat him so badly that Pennell didn't even win one lift.

His life from then on was a series of victories. Some of his records do not seem much greater than those of today's stars, but you must remember the rules were different then. Now contests are decided by a series of three lifts—two-hand press, jerk, and snatch. Each man's best poundage in each is added up, and the man with the greatest total is winner. The jerk and snatch are called "tricks" by some authorities, for they require skill, speed, and a certain knack, as much as strength.

But Cyr's records are strength records. He had little skill, no celerity of movement, no tricks. He lifted weights by sheer awkwardness and brute strength. In his day each lifter selected his pet lifts for the competition. The one who did the better on the other's lifts was the winner.

In Cyr's dozens of contests, extending over a period of twenty-six years, no opponent ever beat him in a complete contest.

Strong men came from all over to compete—from Germany, England, Australia, Scotland. If they didn't come to him, Cyr went to them. In England he made a dunce out of Eugene Sandow, who had boasted that he was the "strongest man." Then, with no more worlds to conquer, he turned to his second passion—eating.

Cyr could eat as much as four ordinary men, and once he and Horace Barre, a strength protégé, competed in consuming two 22-pound suckling pigs. They licked the platter clean in 15 minutes. In the end, this hobby proved the giant's undoing, and at forty he was a wreck, with doctors warning him to go light on the calories. But he kept right on eating.

Cyr was the only man who twice made the redoubtable John L. Sullivan back down. Once in a New York City saloon, John L. made his usual boast: "My name is John L. Sullivan, and I can lick any son-of-a-bitch in the world. Let's drink to it."

Everybody drank but Louis. Sullivan confronted him. "I am going to knock your head from between your shoulders," Sullivan yelled, drawing back his right. Cyr pushed him in the chest so hard Sullivan slid across the room and landed with his head in a cuspidor. When he arose Cyr said: "Now let's drink to John L. Sullivan, world's champion pugilist." So the two became friends.

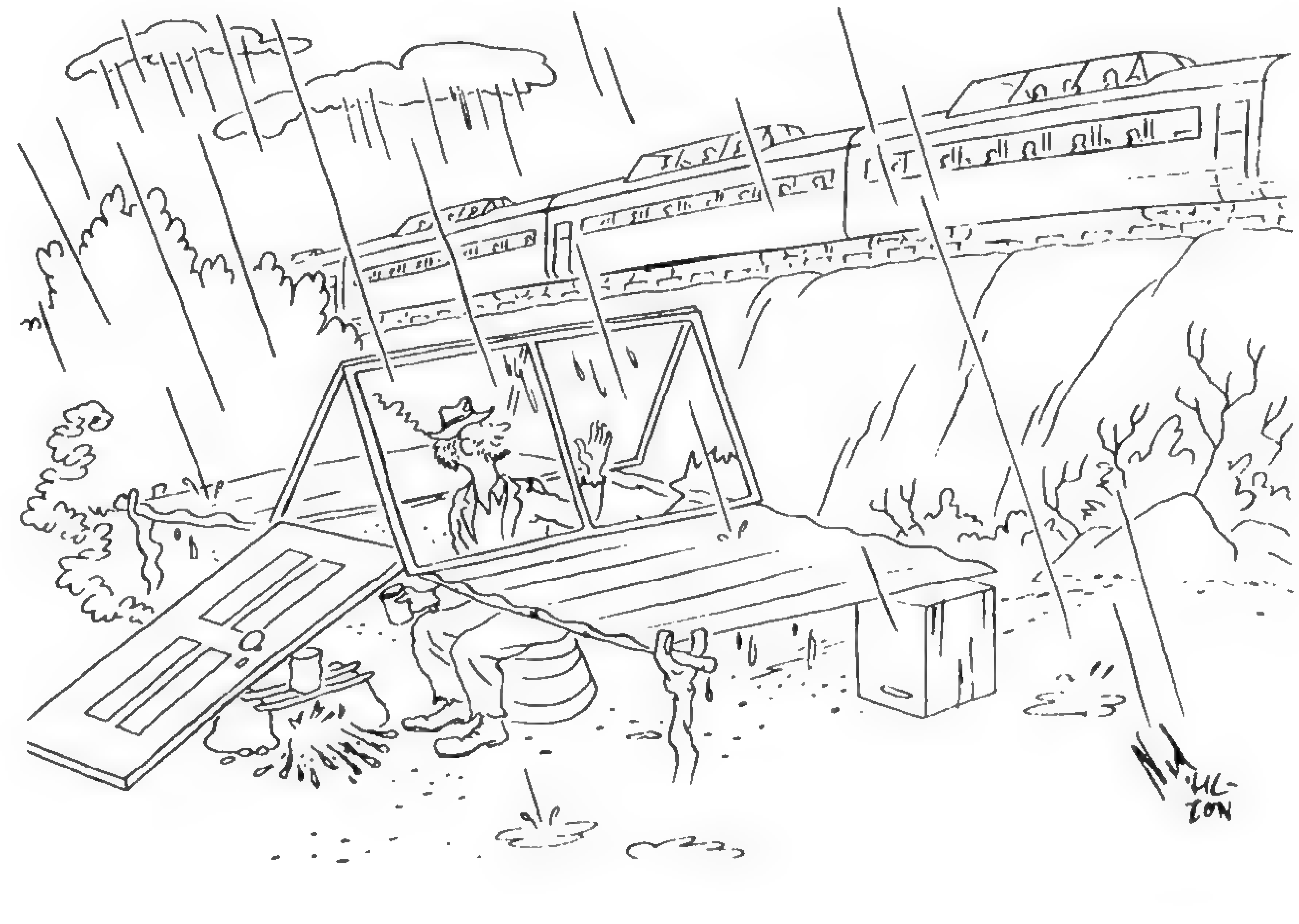
While in vaudeville together they had a roughhouse fight. Sullivan rushed Cyr, but Cyr pinned his arms to his sides, threw him down, and lay on him till Sullivan begged for mercy.

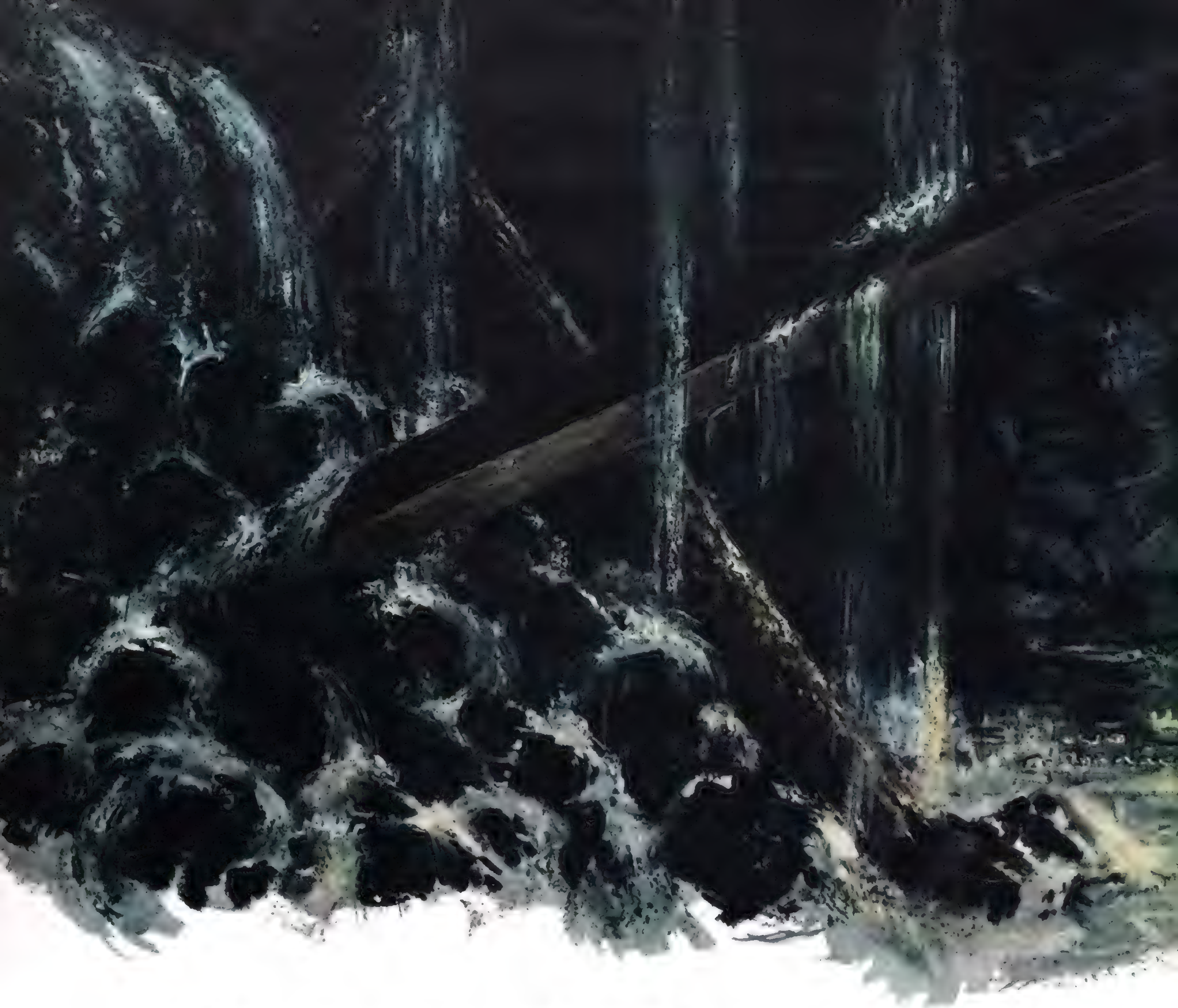
When Cyr reached middle age he weighed over 400 pounds. A young Canadian, Hector DeCarrie, disputed his reign, and Louis, so overfed he hadn't touched a weight in years, met the challenge. DeCarrie was twenty-six, and at the height of his strength; Cyr was forty-four, and had to sit down between lifts. Cyr's total was 4652 pounds, against his opponent's 1300½.

Then Cyr told DeCarrie, the man he had just beaten, "You are the strongest man in the world. Here is the championship," and bestowed upon him the title he had held for a quarter of a century. A few years later Louis Cyr died quite uneventfully.

But among strength circles these records of his endure. He made a one-hand dumbbell lift of 265 pounds, a one-finger lift of 551. His one-hand press of 273¼ pounds is as much as most strong men can do with two. He made a two-hand jerk of 347, and a swing lift of 175 pounds. His crowning lift was a back-lift with the unbelievable total of 4300 pounds.

Cyr did lose one bet. Someone wagered he couldn't go through a train and open and close every window without stopping. By the time Cyr got halfway through the second car, it took eight pounds of beef, two gallons of coffee, and four loaves of bread to restore his strength and self-confidence. ⌘





Fury in the Fifth Level

A Story by

FLOYD E. WERMUTH

JIM REYNOLDS was in the fire bosses' shanty finishing his inspection report when he heard someone call from the gangway, and saw the bright gleam of a miner's lamp at the door. Squinting, he could make out the huge frame of Bruno Kovalski.

The Pole's fat, mustached face was shadowed by the peak of his helmet. In better light the blue dust markings would show—an ugly, splattered tattoo made by a premature blast.

"My chamber—it is safe for working today, Mister Reynolds? Or maybe you find sign of squeeze, yes?"

Annoyed, Reynolds stepped out into the gangway. Only the day before they had had it out—Bruno insisting that a cave-in was impending because the rats had mysteriously left his chamber, and Reynolds ridiculing this ancient superstition of the mines.

"Look," said Reynolds. "There's no squeeze going on in the Fifth Level. Would I be roaming around there every morning if a squeeze had started? Your heading's as safe as ever, so quit worrying."

"Then why all the rats go away?"

"Maybe you haven't been feeding them regularly." Bruno's habit of setting out food scraps for the rats was famous in the Fifth Level.

"Better somebody take care of them," Bruno said bitterly. "Rats good luck for miners."

When Reynolds had returned to the brightly lit shanty he selected a thick sandwich from his dinner pail and poured steaming coffee from a thermos flask. Tramping through two miles of dark, tomb-silent underground always put a keen edge to his morning appetite. He watched the pin points of light dance by outside, as miners came along the mainway in single file.

Poor Bruno, he thought, *might have outgrown his superstitiousness but for the strangely timed explosion in the Ross Vein some years back.*

A few days before the explosion Bruno was on his way to a foreman's shanty when he came upon a group of clubwomen fitted out in coveralls and miners' lamps. They were sight-seers whom Reynolds had been chosen to escort on a tour of the mine.

When Bruno saw them he let out a stream of profanity. Women inside a coal mine! It would put a curse on the mine and there would be trouble. Bruno took the first man-cage he could get to the surface. He stayed at home three days and just as he planned to return to work the explosion occurred. Sparks from the trolley of an electric "lokie" set off a pocket of white damp, killing nine men.

Bruno insisted the disaster resulted from allowing women where only men should go. Actually it was not the first time women had been taken on a tour of the mine, but

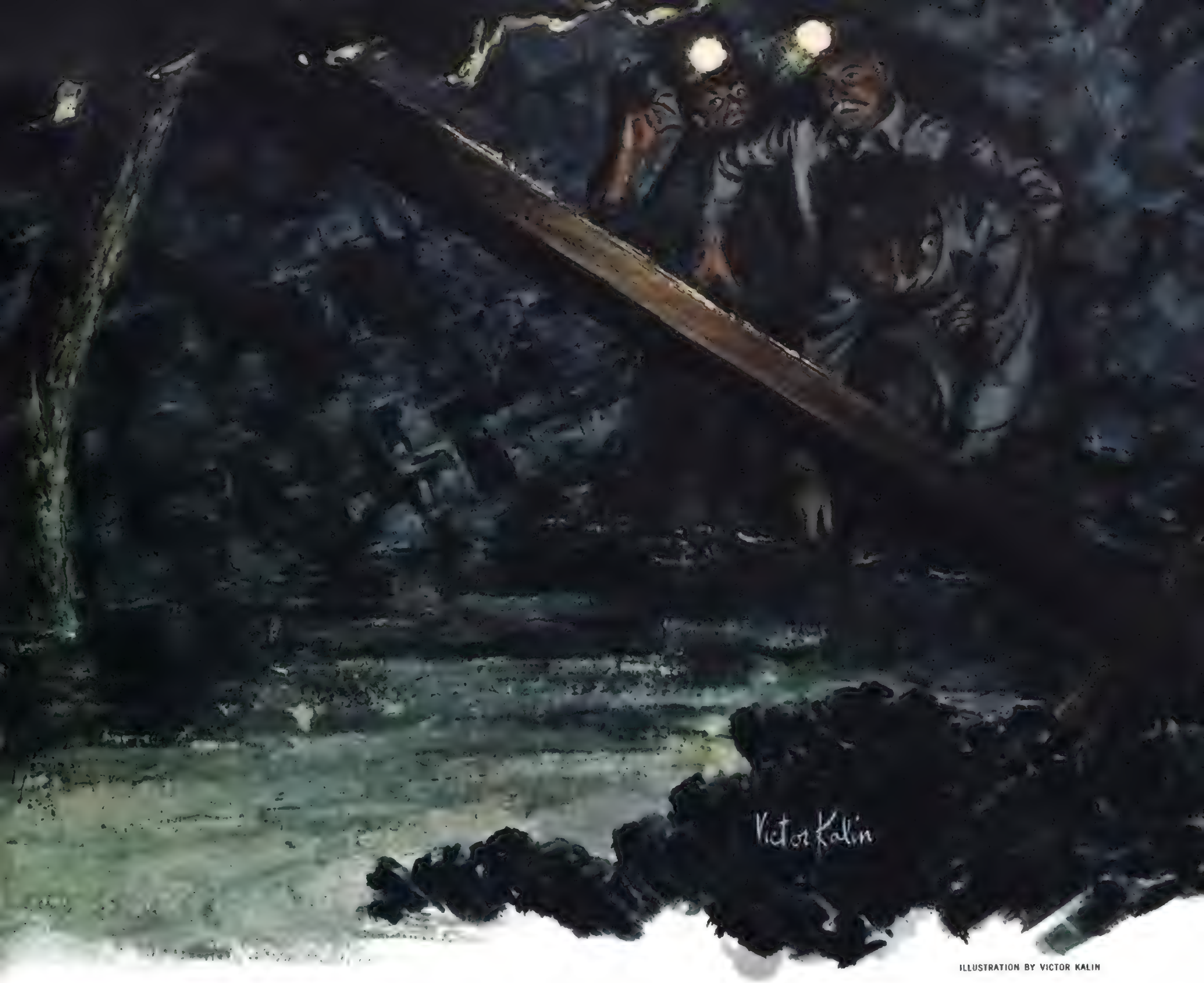


ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR KALIN

When the rats begin to leave the mine head, a man's a fool to set off a dynamite charge

merely the first time Bruno had seen them.

Reynolds was finishing his coffee when Dick Griffiths, young fire boss for the East of the Fifth Level, entered the shanty and, after washing up, sat down at the map table with his dinner pail.

"Met one of your men down at the turnout," said Griffiths. "He said something about a squeeze starting in his chamber."

"Yeah," said Reynolds. "That's Bruno. He says the rats heard the timbers creaking and beat it."

Griffiths was thoughtful. "Do you think we ought to take a look?"

"Everything was okay when I passed through there an hour ago," said Reynolds emphatically. The young fire boss was new in the Fifth Level and hadn't got to know Bruno. He would learn.

A dancing light appeared in the doorway. It was one of the assistant foremen. He handed Reynolds a roll of blueprinted maps.

"Here are two new Fifth Levels," he said, "and here's that Ridgewood map you've been wanting. Those dopes upstairs finally found it."

Reynolds said thanks, took the maps and began studying the newly corrected Fifth Level. Seeing the month-to-month progress in his section of the vein was like watching a city grow. The headings were like streets, the crosscuts like intersections and the rectangular pillars left standing resembled the "company houses" in the patch—all of similar size and direct line.

He found Bruno's heading easily enough. It led all the others going west and had reached a point almost touching the boundary pillar standing between the Coldspring and the abandoned Ridgewood workings. State mining laws required that a hundred-yard pillar be left standing to prevent adjacent mines from breaking in upon one another. Some companies mined a short distance into the boundary pillars, but it was dangerous business. The Coldspring obeyed all safety laws and Reynolds decided he would let Bruno finish up this day and start him in a new heading tomorrow.

He turned to the Ridgewood map. The abandoned neighboring mine had had a unique ventilation plan in its Fifth Level and Reynolds wanted to study it. As his pencil point moved to the extreme right of the map, he suddenly frowned. "Something is wrong here," he said softly.

He jotted down station readings from the Fifth Level and Ridgewood maps. Then taking his slide rule he made hurried calculations.

"Holy Jesus," he cried. "They mined right through the boundary pillar. Just ten yards between us and the Ridgewood workings."

Griffiths was on his feet. "Any of our headings reach the pillar line?" he asked.

"Bruno's is just about on-line right now," he answered Reynolds. He strove to keep his voice calm.

"The Ridgewood workings are flooded," shouted Griffiths. "No wonder the rats beat it. Those pumps (*Continued on page 150*)

I'll Take My Salt in Shakers

Before you accept that invitation for a week-end cruise read this carefully and then, if you're smart, you'll get out the golf cleats and whip yourself up a fast foursome

An Article by

PARKE CUMMINGS

One of the most effective come-ons is: "How would you like to go for a little sail on my boat this afternoon?" Few landlubbers pick up the lowdown on the ways of sailboat owners until it's too late. If they warn the would-be host they know nothing about sailing they are duped with the disarming promise: "Don't worry; I only want you to come along as a passenger."

Right there is one of the most blatant misstatements not listed as a penal offense for misleading advertising. There has never been a "passenger" on any sailing craft less than a hundred feet long at water line. There is only a crew, mostly lured by false promises and then deprived of all legal rights as surely as if they were shanghaied. These promises include cool salt breezes, a chance for an impressive coat of tan, a few nips of cheering fluid, and pleasant companionship. All are illusory. The breeze develops into a hurricane or dwindles to a sticky calm, and the tan evolves into a blistering sunburn. The cheering fluid usually comes at a time when even sulfa would do no good. As for pleasant companionship . . .

My nautical-minded acquaintances are the mildest, most considerate fellows I've ever met—on terra firma. When you visit their homes, they treat you like royalty, ply you with food and drink, give you their most comfortable chair, light your cigarettes for you and place an ash tray within comfortable reach. They would as leave die as permit a dinner guest to help with the dishes. They will pick you up in their car if they see you walking to the station, mind your kids for you, lend you garden tools, and give you tips on the market. In fact there's nothing they won't do for you—on dry land.

But let them get one horny finger on a tiller, and there is an instantaneous transformation. They become a salt-water combination of Simon Legree, Caligula and Attila the Hun. "Grab that sheet!" is their politest request—polite because it is not accompanied by blistering profanity. It is likewise a confusing one because a sheet on a boat is not, as one would logically expect, a sail, but a rope. (The nautical creed is: only a dope calls it "rope.")

The honeymoon of amenities and enticing promises ends even before the craft gets under way. Automobile drivers do not take their steering wheels and carburetors home with them every night, but more often than not sailors do just that with their sails. They do this because they don't want their sails to get wetted by a rain and also, probably, because they don't want them stolen. I wouldn't know about the latter, but I do know nothing makes a sailor madder than to have his sails get wet.

Sailors constantly stress this point. As they set their guests to unfolding, attaching and raising the sail they command: "*Don't* let it fall in the water!" They repeat this at thirty-second intervals. While dropping the sail into the drink was far from the poor victim's mind, the power of suggestion—as psychologists know—often works in reverse. Eventually even a man who could handle two hundred consecutive chances in the major leagues without a bobble becomes so nervous he couldn't hold onto a thousand square feet of canvas if it were soaked in furniture glue.

Into the brine plops the sail and, if the guest is lucky, his terror makes him lose his balance and fall in too. If he knows what's good for him, he splutters, "Sorry," waves good-by and swims to shore and a relaxing afternoon of pulling weeds or repairing the roof. Usually, he recovers his balance in time to extract the canvas with only a few square inches doused. This first dereliction may be passed without verbal reprimand, but an immediate coolness is noticeable which develops into a chill with subsequent events.

Once under way, however, the taskmaster warms up enough to invite his guest to find a nice spot and "get comfortable." This is another snare. Getting comfortable on a sailboat crammed with sheets, cleats, pulleys, and booms and listing at a sixty-degree angle is a tough enough job, even if the "passenger" is allowed to try it unmolested. A sailboat has less desirable seating space than any contraption that has been invented by man to date, with the possible exception of the electric chair.

But no guest ever *is* permitted to go about it unmolested. Find a relatively comfortable spot where the boom hits you only a glancing blow when the craft comes about, and in fifty seconds you are told your weight is in exactly the wrong spot. "Exactly the wrong spot" is an area comprising 99.712% of all space on a sailboat. (Once, I understand, a guest happened to find the *right* spot, but it was sheer coincidence; he had passed out from a combination of terror and exhaustion.)

However, I would be painting an unfair picture if I implied that a guest on a sailboat is required to spend all his time hauling sheets, shifting his weight and endeavoring to dodge the boom. He can also bail. A watertight boat, I have discovered, is one that needs to be bailed only half the time instead of all the time.

Not even the promised drink—if your host produces it—has the effect you'd counted on. I can handle a reasonable amount of distilled spirits on dry land without falling in a heap or injuring myself, because the footing stands still and because there is room enough to observe and avoid objects that might bump, gouge or trip me. But when a landlubber takes one nip on a small careening sailboat he might as well have had a quart. The effect of that small amount of alcohol — undiscernible on terra firma — is magnified a hundredfold on water. It causes him to lose his balance if he tries to stand up, and it makes him bump into cleats and spars and get his limbs entangled in sheets if he moves so much as an inch when sitting down.

Oh well, it's a free country, and no landlubber *has* to accept an invitation to go sailing. Although the world is seven-tenths water, there's still a lot of room on the remaining three-tenths of land, and that's where I'm staying from here on in. When all is said and done, I still like my seagoing friends. But what I like best of all is to be where I can keep *on* liking them. #

CAMP
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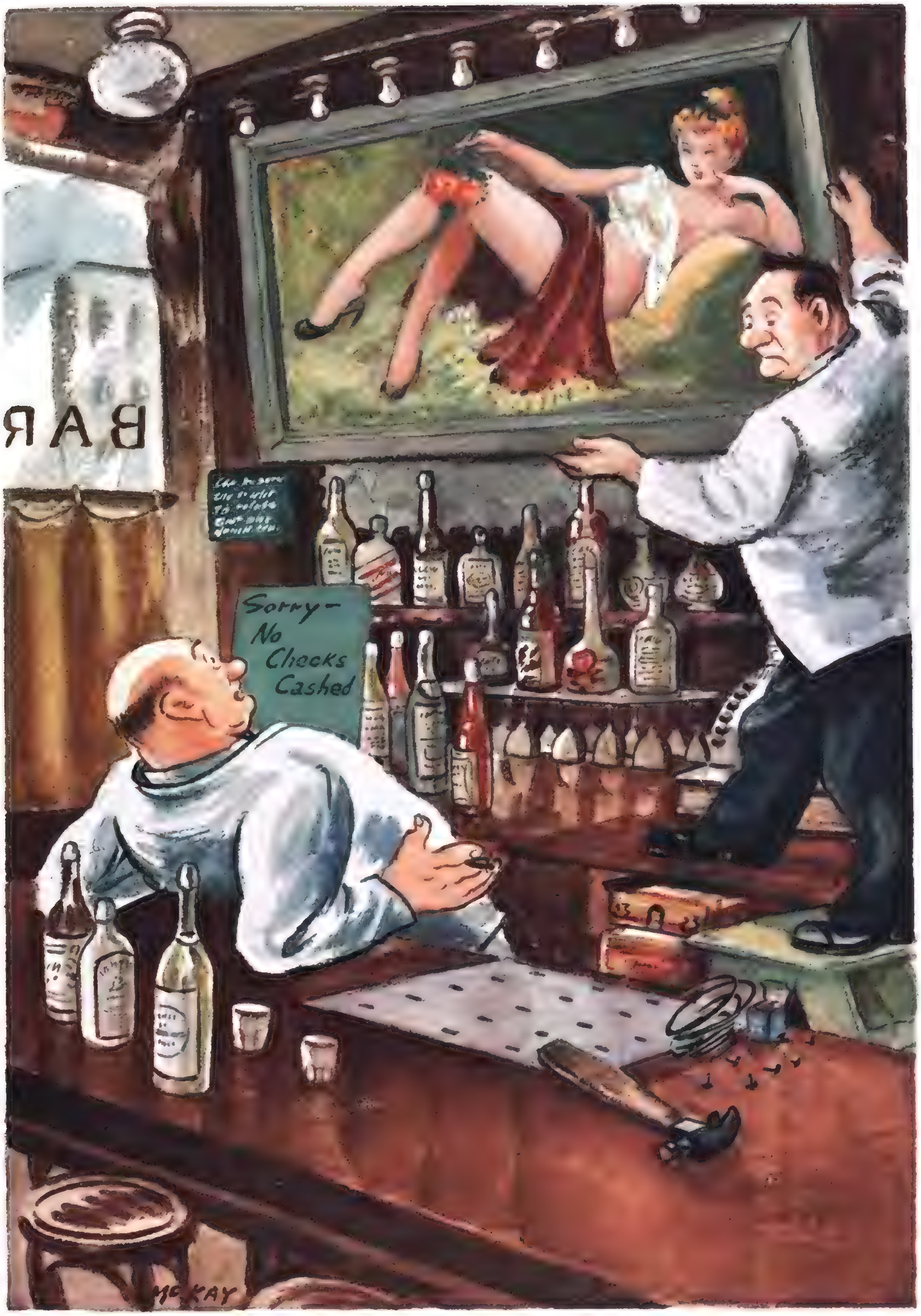
LAKE
CAMP
CLEAR
LAKE
Frank
BEAVEN

"We must be nearing Camp Clear Lake now"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McKAY

"I don't know, George—I like to keep this a family place"

Plot Luck, or Situations Wanted

A famous critic, anthologist and writer takes a few well-chosen words, a wheel and a small book and proves that writers really have been getting away with murder

An Article by

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

It seems that everyone I meet either wants to be an author or wants to make a million dollars. Both pursuits are laudable, but not always attainable. At last it looks as though the dual goals may be accomplished, for there is a book which shows how both objectives can be achieved easily and at the same time. It is, to be exact, not just a volume, but a cross between a writer's handbook, a set of charts, a dope sheet, and a roulette wheel. It is called *The Plot Genie*, and its author-inventor, Wycliffe A. Hill, is so ingenious that his work has gone through several editions.

Here, in one astonishing package, is the long-sought-for answer to the question of the poor driven slaves of the machine who write with one hopeful eye on the Book-of-the-Month-Club jack pot and one eye on the big money in Hollywood. These harassed creatures need worry no longer. The construction of a story is, so the author-inventor assures us, "as simple as making and baking a pan of biscuits or as compounding a chemical mixture of any kind." All you need are the ingredients and a method for mixing them: Mr. Hill has supplied both.

First of all, his book breaks down all basic dramatic situations into thirty-one classifications. This, in itself, is no mean trick. But he goes much further than that. There are lists which cover every possible complication, every remote chance, phase, category, and contingency. The book begins by listing Backgrounds—180 of them—the first taking place in Asia and the last being in a Fraternity House. There are also 180 usual Male Characters and the same amount of usual and *un*usual Female Characters. The roll call of "usual" Female Characters begins with a Janitor's Daughter and ends with a Tennis Champion's Sister. Among the *un*usual Female Characters you will find a Diva, a Waif, a Juror, a Triplet, a Cocotte placed conveniently next to a Zoologist, a Communist cheek by jowl with a Cavewoman, a Trapeze performer, a Metaphysician, and a Tearoom Owner. But this is only a beginning. The plot begins to thicken with six lists of Problems—1080 of them—followed by 180 Crises, and 180 Climaxes or Surprise Twists.

So far the reader must be in a state of utter confusion. What good are these lists to him? How can they possibly help him to fashion a plot? Here is where Mr. Hill's *Plot Robot* comes in. This mechanical unit contains a wheel with 180 numbers. A cardboard glove has a small opening which allows only one number to be seen at a time. A twist of the wrist turns the hidden wheel three times and allows you to see what number shows through the opening. You then write this number on a sheet of paper. You repeat the performance nine times: once for your Background, once for your leading Male Character, once for his Female Counterpart, etc. Ready? Now, let's see how it works out.

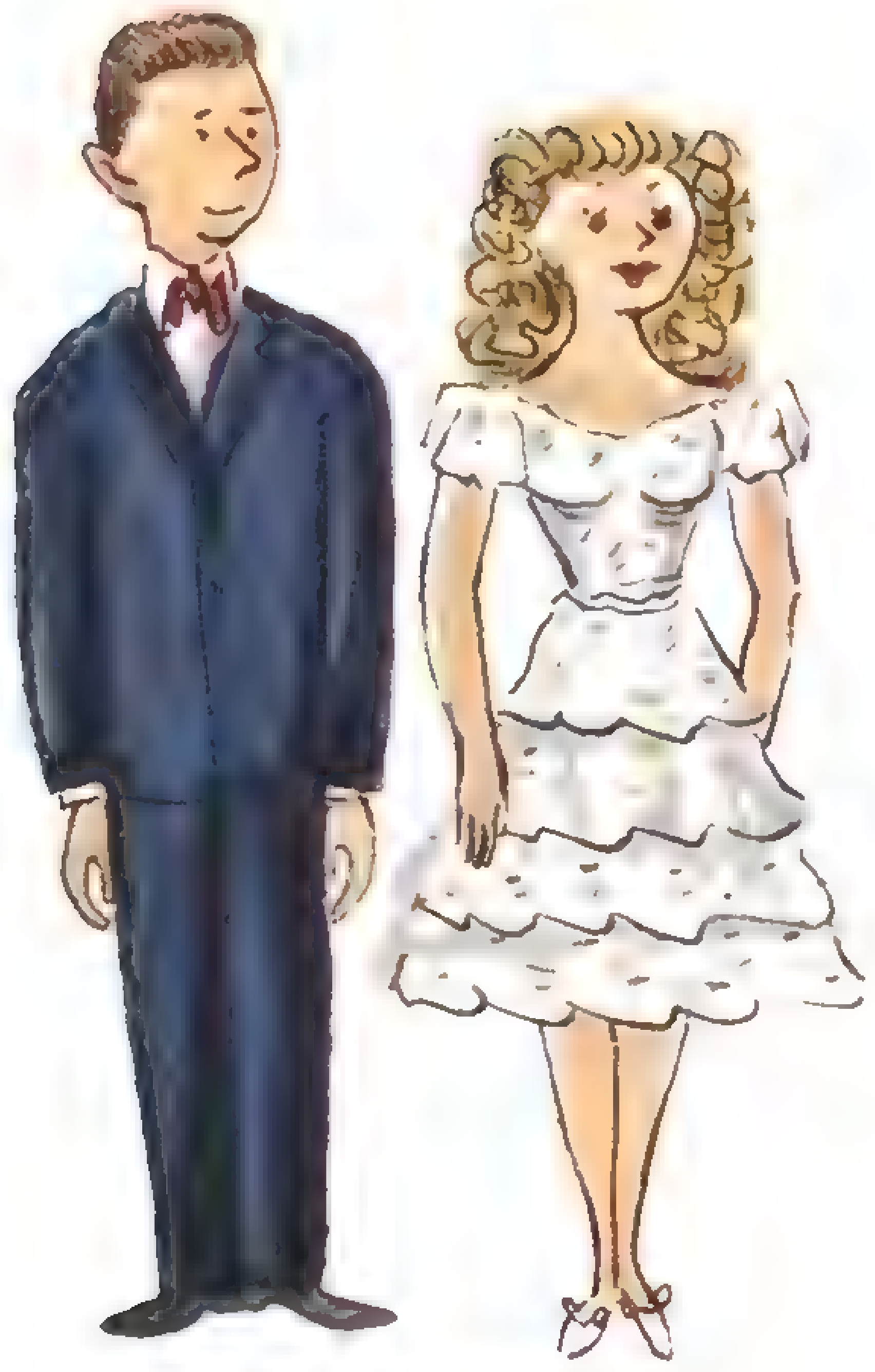
The first number to show up in my experiment is 82. Referring to the key in the book under *Locale*, number 82 turns out to be A Paper Mill. Good. I now have the Background established. My short story, which may well turn out to be a novel, or a Pulitzer prize drama, or a supercolossal for Goldwyn, is going to take place in a paper mill. I can just see the place. It is an old abandoned structure, stark and forbidding, dilapidated but dream-haunted, something like a Eugene O'Neill tragedy and something like a Charles Addams drawing. Sunlight barely filters through the broken boards, mice scurry across the rafters, and a darkly swirling river rushes under the rotting sills . . .

So much for the locale. Now for the *Hero*. Again I turn the disk three times, and up comes 41. Number 41 happens to be A Cavalryman. This presents quite a problem, for it is hard to discover offhand what a cavalryman can be doing in a paper mill. But incongruity is the very charm of our story, and it won't take more than a minute to decide that our hero is hiding. He has lost his horse, a magnificent white stallion, who outraced his pursuers at the cost of his own life, and gave up the ghost at the very doors of the old mill. Wounded by an enemy bullet and weak with hunger, our gallant Cavalryman has managed to crawl into the building and is now picturesquely resting upon a pile of fine white linen paper with pure rag content. But succor—no puns, please—is at hand, as we turn three times for our *Unusual Female Character*.

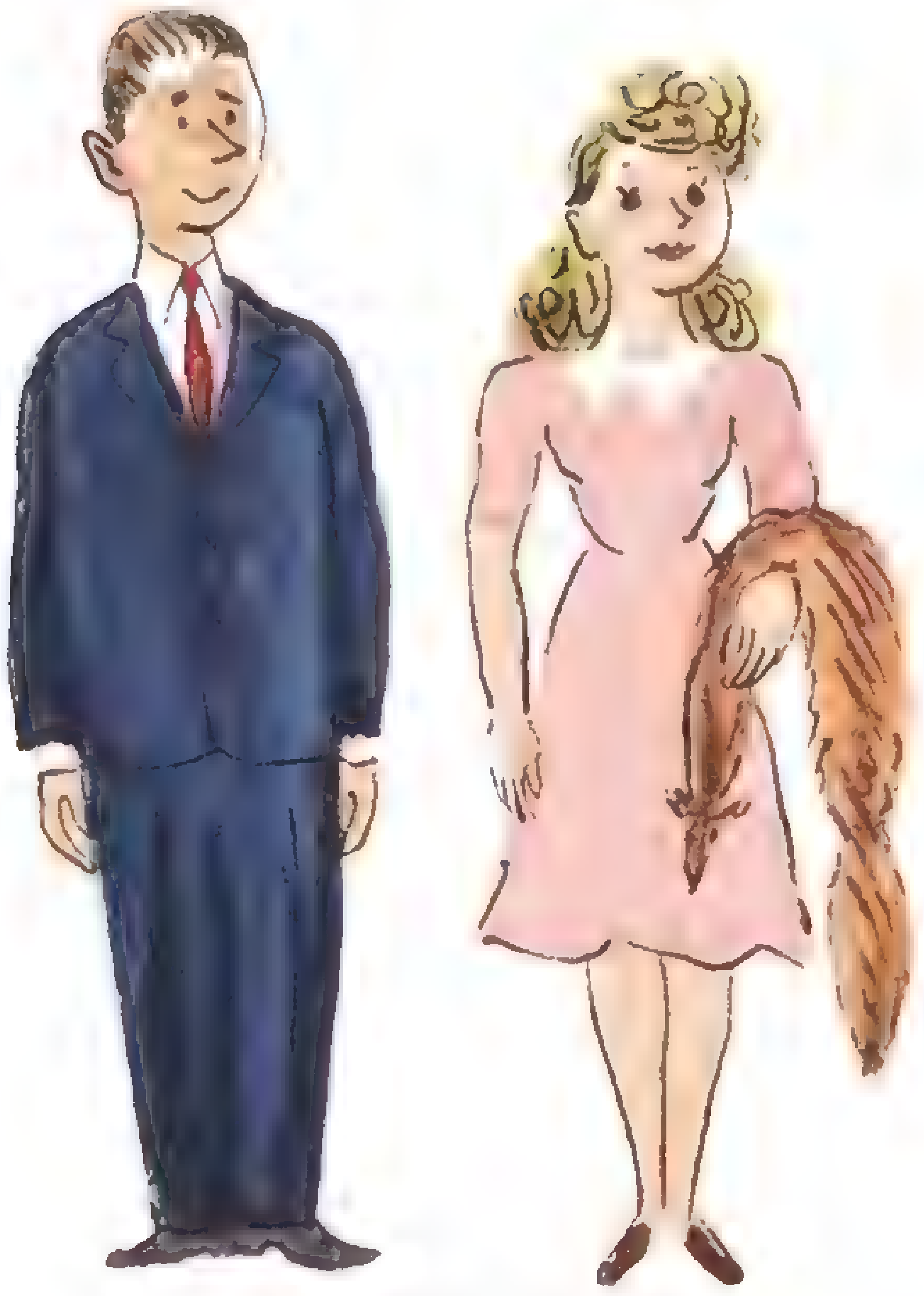
Turning the mystical three times we get number 168: A Mandarin's Daughter. Nothing could be fairer—nor more logical—than that. It takes only a minute to decide that the Mandarin's Daughter is really the owner of the mill. Three generations ago, the original builder had given a huge order for rice paper to wrap around a new blend of throat-cooling cigarettes. Unable to find the kind of rice needed to make the perfect cigarette paper, he had gone to Shanghai and had plunged into the mysteries of the Orient. There he met a sloe-eyed, rose-lipped, and fabulously wealthy Manchu princess who immediately fell madly in love with him. Their union was blessed with many children, all of whom were born beautiful and immediately became famous. One of them grew up to be a powerful Mandarin, who sent his children to be educated in America. His youngest daughter, a graduate of Vassar, is our heroine, standing before us in a simple frock by Mainbocher, set off by an even simpler Phi Beta Kappa key.

Now for the *Problem*. Shall it be the first one listed in *The Plot Genie*: "Desired fortune opposed by enemies" or the second: "Relief from stigma opposed by rival"? It's hard to choose. But that dilemma of course is solved by the plot robot. Twisting the indicator, the little wheel stops at 138: "Desired vengeance against an insulter opposed by lack of information." This presents us with a new character and what, in the trade, is known as the menace or three-way switch. The "Insulter" has been lurking in the back of the old paper mill. He is, of course, an unsuccessful suitor of the Mandarin's Daughter, an outcast half-caste, who has tracked her down, over the Himalayas on skis, across the Pacific as a stowaway, and, even more desperately, as a commuter on the Long Island Railroad. The ensuing dialogue is simple but inevitable: it follows a favorite formula. The Mandarin's Daughter, with artless grace and perfect aplomb, says, "Won't you—er— (*Continued on page 144*)

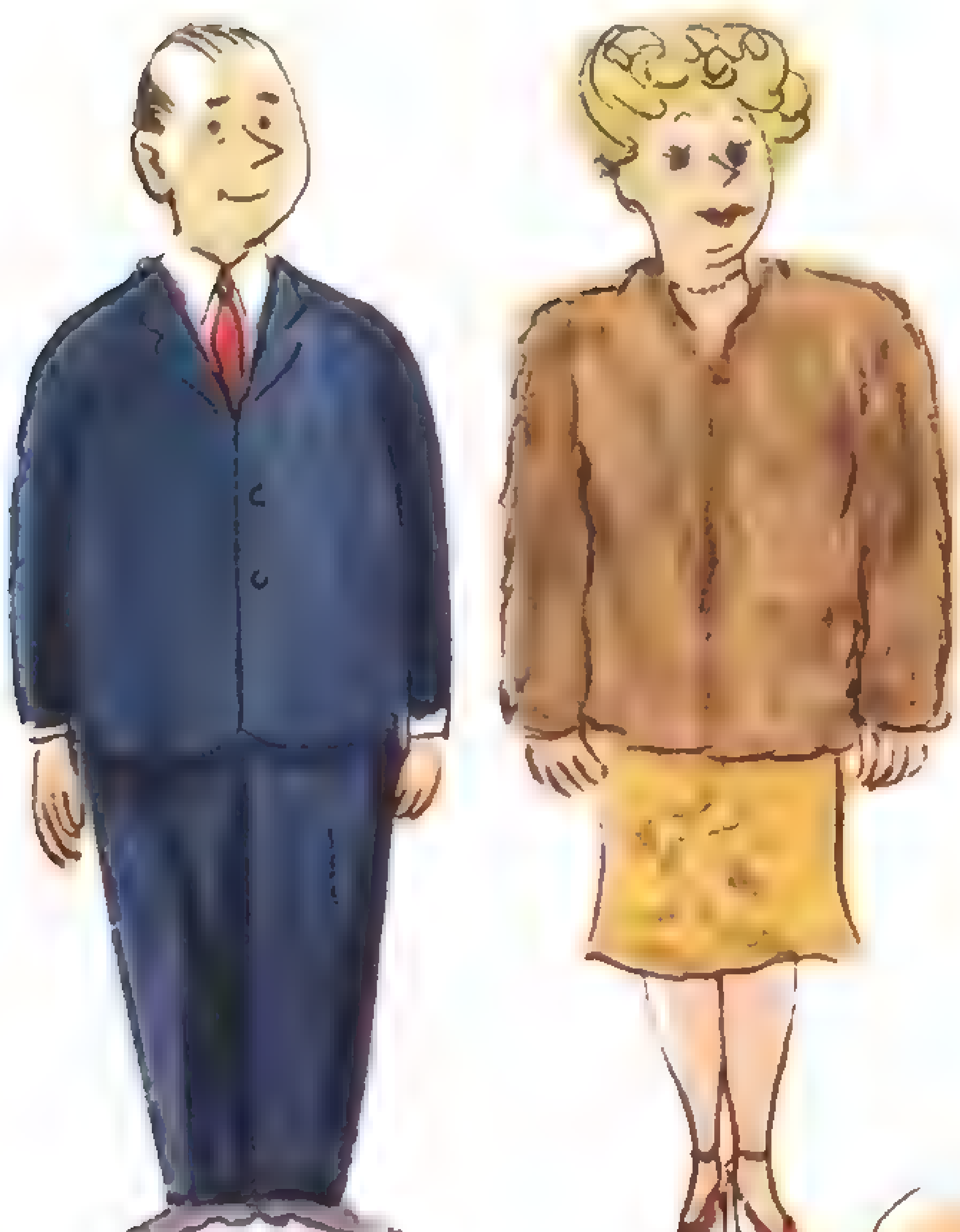
"That guy who said there were clams here is crazy"



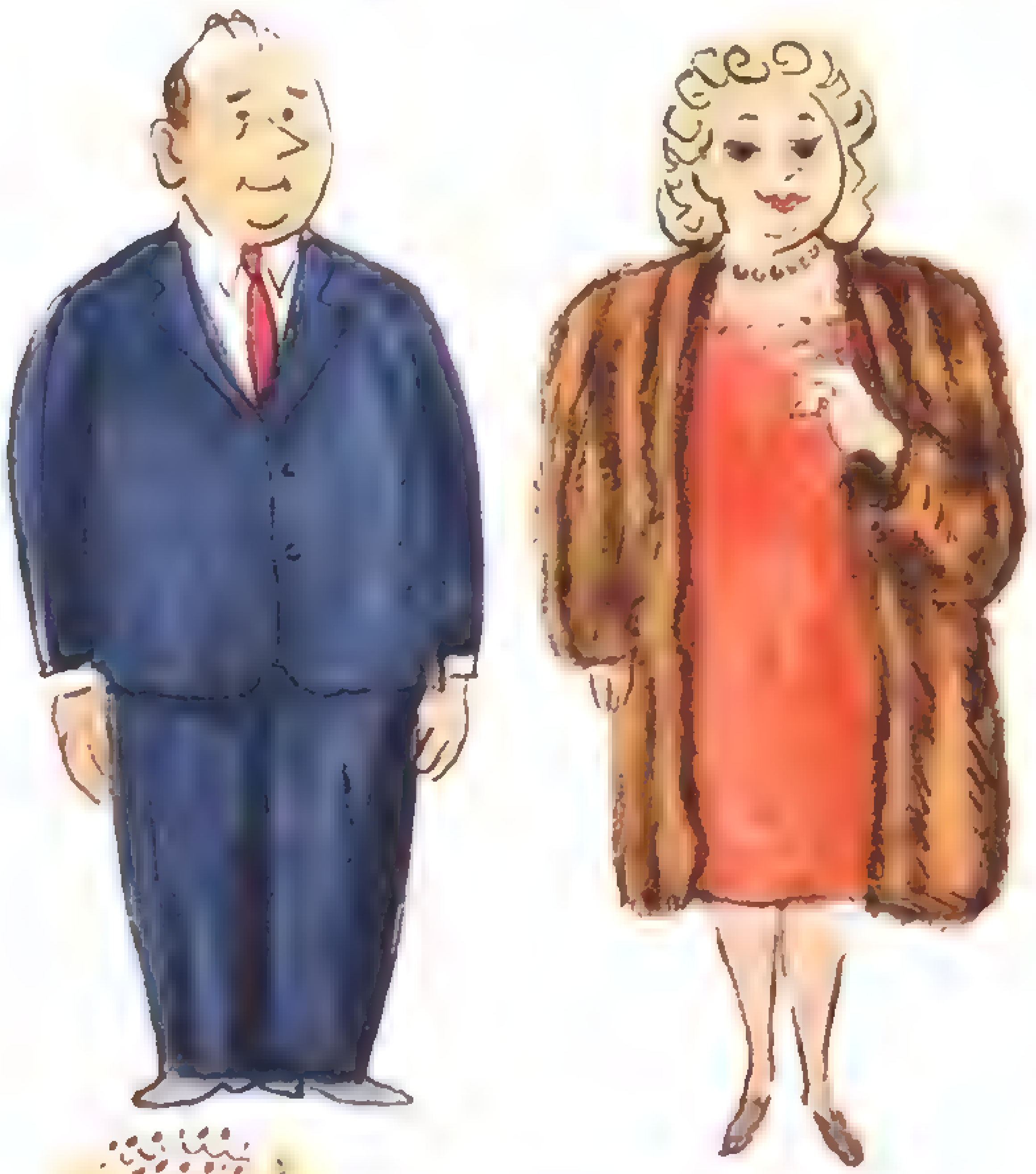
1928 Newlyweds



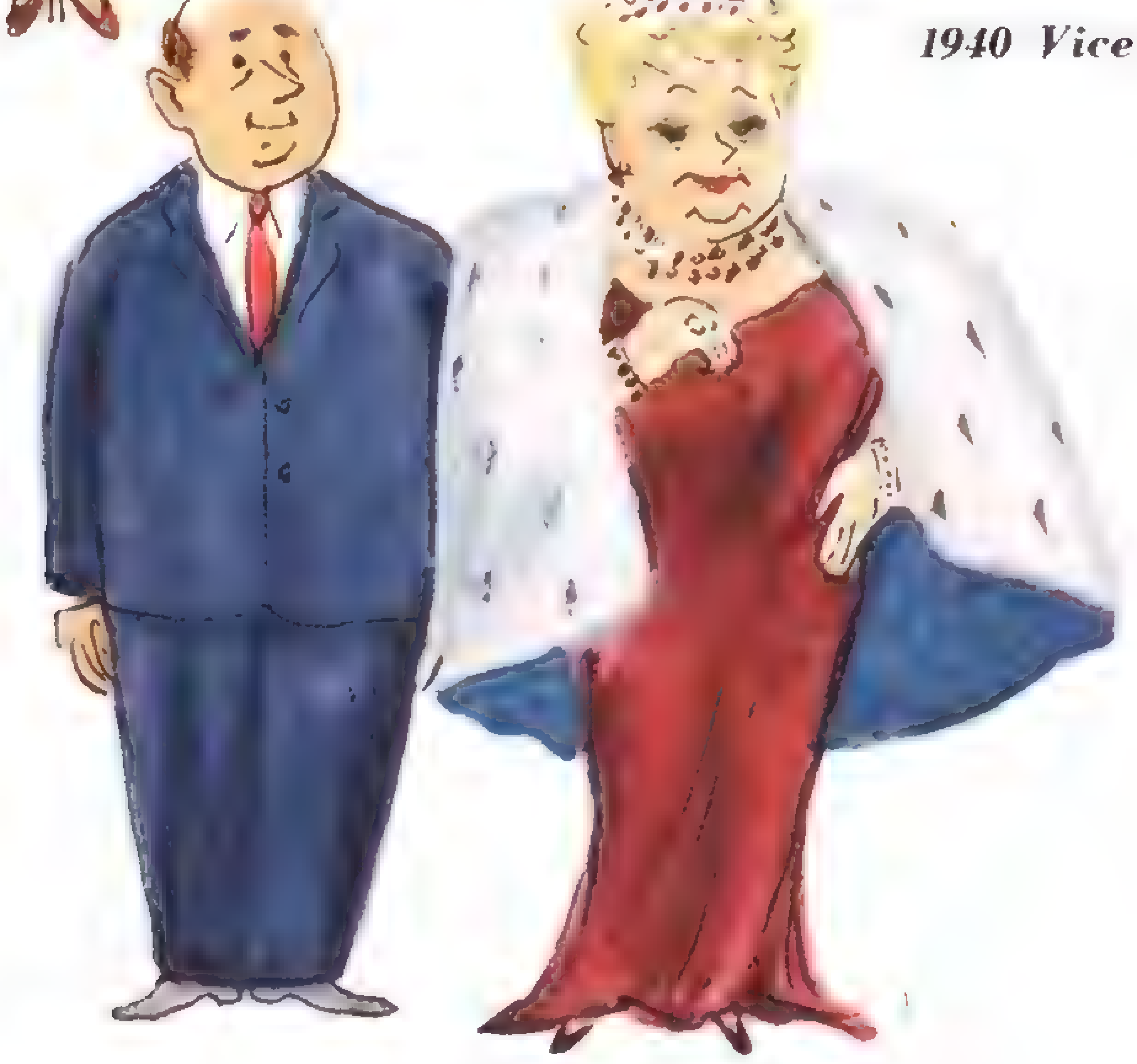
1930 Office Clerk



1935 Manager



1940 Vice-President



1948 President

Divot Deviltries

A lot of peculiar things can happen on a golf course and we've collected a few oddities that will make some of those famous tales recounted by fishermen sound tame

An Article by

JOHN LaCERDA

In Wichita Falls, Texas, not long ago, a golf enthusiast named Moody Weaver swung so hard at a ball that he fell and broke both legs.

As he was being carried gently from the fairway, Mr. Weaver turned to a friend and said, "Tell me, how far did the drive go?"

Such spirit is not unusual on the fairway. And at almost any links you'll find a player whose exploits set him apart from the hacking herd.

George Fazio, the California pro, cites a golfing salesman who will be forever revered at Pine Valley, New Jersey. One day the salesman, Alfred (Doc) Manaszuk, played the tough course in an exasperating 122. "Hell," he grumbled, "I could throw the ball around and score better than that." When his acquaintances took him up on it, the Doc started throwing. If the ball went into a pond, he took off his clothes and retrieved it. On the greens, he putted with the palm of his hand. Toting up his throws he found his score was 120. After collecting some $2000 in bets he went to a doctor to have his pitching arm treated.

The late Arthur W. Cutten, grain tycoon, built a private golf course in a Chicago suburb with greens shaped like funnels. Once the ball hit a green, it had to roll into the cup.

Cutten also owned a country club at Guelph, Ontario. After he died a rumor arose that he had hidden $1,000,000 worth of securities in the walls of the clubhouse. Stanley Thompson, a Canadian golf-course architect, bought the club and chopped into the walls, but no securities were found. However, Thompson reopened the course and now delights in showing visitors a green laid out like a checkerboard, with alternating squares of light and dark shaded grass.

Thompson, by the way, built a beautiful course at Jasper, Alberta. One fairway was laid out to resemble a woman's unclad form. The outline was so realistic that prissy players made Thompson remove two hillocks they deemed an insult to pure outdoor modesty.

In the Philippines is a club called the Wack-Wack, named for a jungle bird. Its members include Doctor Hilario Camino Moncado, called the "Father Divine of the Philippines." One day he was on the practice range when one of his drives struck a land mine which the Japanese had left behind. The explosion so impressed several Filipinos who were watching that they fell to the ground, convinced of Moncado's miraculous powers.

At St. Andrews, Scotland, the club bar closes at 9 p.m. This rule stems from the night when two members donned suits of armor to play the course by moonlight. Next morning they were found asleep in a sand trap, known as Hell's Half Acre, and were being fiercely attacked by gulls.

As a wartime diversion St. Andrews let three R.A.F. fliers zoom low over the course and play an aerial match by seeing who could drop golf balls closest to the pins. One airman, however, cracked up and no such frivolity has been permitted since.

Birds, serpents, squirrels and cows have sometimes made off with balls during crucial matches. Lawson Little recalls that a Persian cat scampered away with his ball while he was practicing for the 1934 Walker Cup play. At La Paz, Bolivia, condors sometimes come down and purloin the balls from the world's highest course. Some La Paz golfers, incidentally, carry small canisters of oxygen around the course for use when necessary to supplement the thin atmosphere.

Superstition runs high among golfers. Walter Hagen once had an exceptionally good round after seeing a black cat; thereafter friends used to try to place a cat within Hagen's range of vision when his game was rusty. Dick Metz always uses red tees and Horton Smith will tee up only with his left hand.

Arthur D'Arcy (Bobby) Locke, the knickered Afrikaaner, also believes that luck plays a role in golf. In 1936, during the Irish Open, Locke lofted an approach shot, then walked up and started looking for the ball. Finally his caddy shook the pin, and the ball dropped from the folds of the flag. Locke knocked it in for a birdie two and set an amateur record for the Royal Dublin course.

Between tournaments Gene Sarazen decided he would find out how fast a golf ball travels. In a series of experiments which included having a geared-up Packard race past as he teed off, Gene concluded that his drives left the clubhead at 130 miles an hour.

England's Harry Vardon was probably the only well-known golfer ever to compete against a javelin thrower. Being a gentleman, Vardon let the javelin tosser consider any area within a foot of the cup as the hole, and conceded two-thirds of the distance on every hole. Still the javelin man lost, 5 and 4. At Wellington, England, J. J. D. Mackinlay is remembered as a fisherman who boasted that he could fly-cast his way around the course in fewer strokes than the club's golfing bartender. Mackinlay got home in 102 casts: the bartender took an 87.

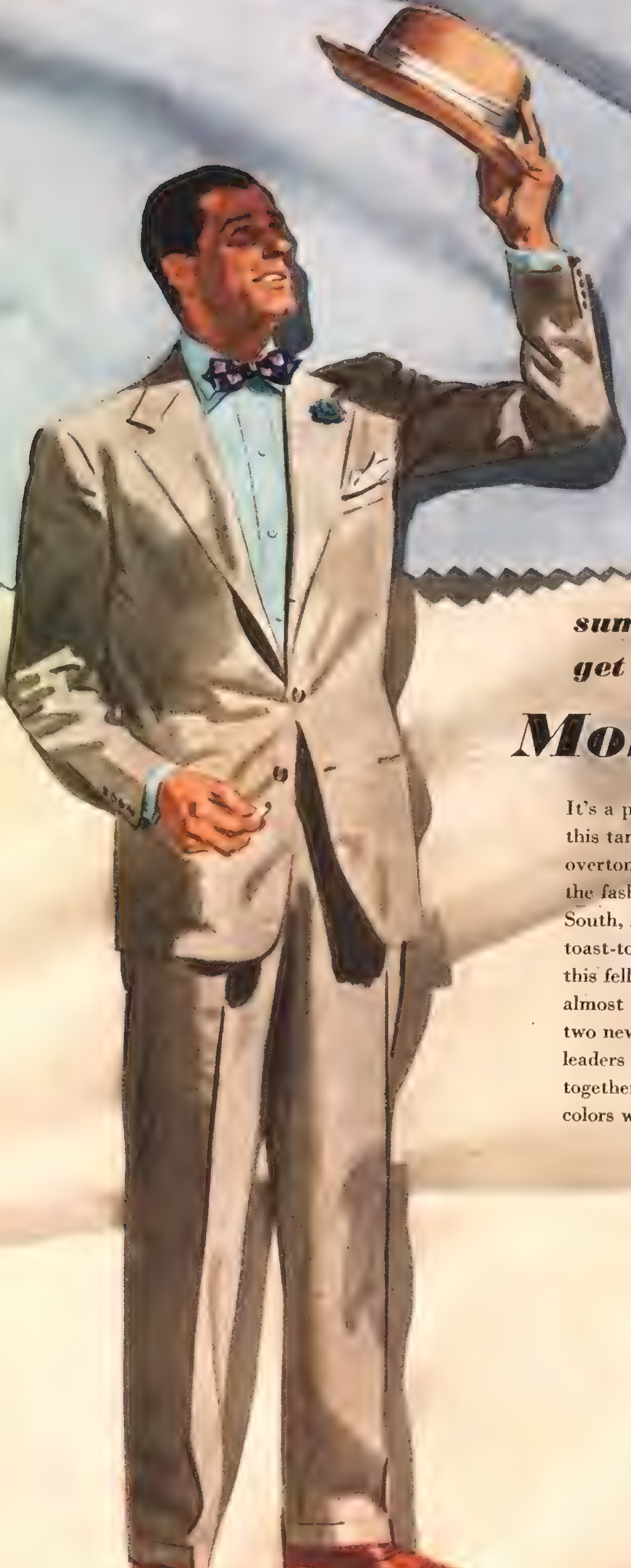
About the time that American college boys were engaging in goldfish-swallowing contests, a series of golf-endurance trials also broke out. In Detroit, one man, smarting under a remark by his wife that he was growing old, played 92 consecutive nine-hole rounds in 3999 strokes. At night he used a ball covered with luminous paint, and equipped his caddies with barn lanterns, flashlights and firecracker flares. The energetic gentleman gained five pounds during his ordeal. In 1938, J. Smith Ferebee, a Chicago broker, played 600 holes of golf during a four-day airplane tour across the United States.

J. J. McDermott, the onetime U. S. Open champion, was sometimes called "the hard-luck kid." Once he misread his calendar and arrived a week late for the British Open. At Sandwich, England, a golfer named Critchley missed a train connection and hired a plane to fly him over the starting tee so he could record himself as present. But he soared past exactly ten minutes after the starting time and was disqualified.

The odds against anyone's shooting a hole in one have been computed as being exactly 9366-to-one. In New Orleans one year, a Dr. Lawson Tucker signed up for a hole-in-one contest, walked over to the tee and scored an ace. Gleefully, Tucker asked for his prize, only to learn the contest wouldn't start for two weeks.

As more golfers lope across America's fairways each year, the dangers of the game mount. So far, though, no American hit on the head by a straying ball can challenge the record of an African caddy who was conked on September 28, 1913. After hitting the caddy just above the left eye, the ball rebounded for a record 100 yards. And the caddy was not injured. ###

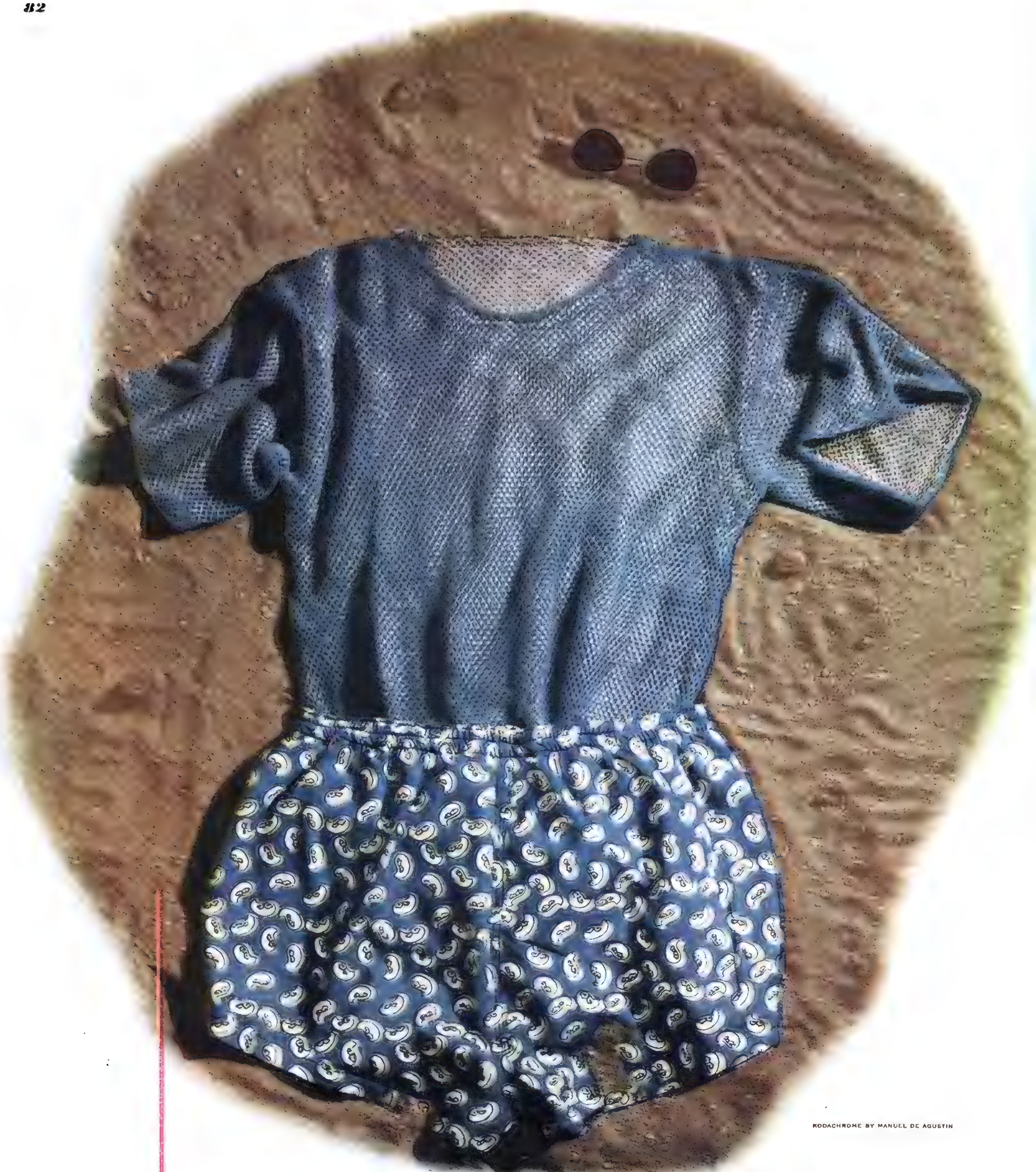
"Hubert is so shy"



summer suits get a tan, too—

Montego Tan

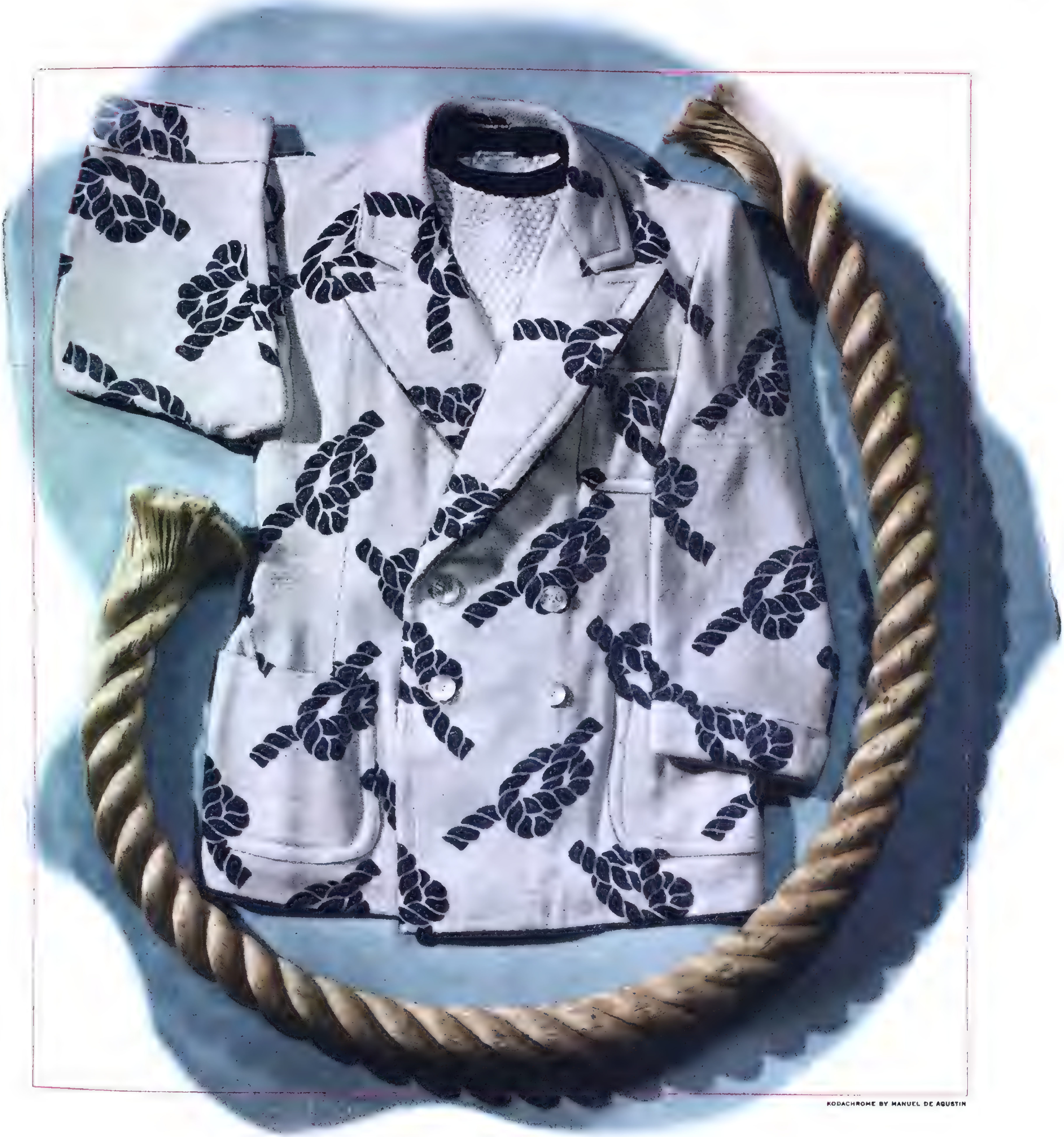
It's a perfect foil for a sunburned face—this tan shade that's been paled down by an overtone of grey. Last winter, among the fashionable group who set the pace down South, it caused as much excitement as the toast-tone Panama-straw Alpin homburg that this fellow is wearing. And it was almost always coupled with Beryl blue or Ecorn—two new shirting colors that all the fashion leaders down there favored. Alone or together—they're the cleanest, coolest-looking colors we've seen this year.



KODACHROME BY MANUEL DE AGUSTIN

design for living . . . on the beach

Here's something new—the only ones we've seen so far were on those few men of means who are *always* first in men's fashions. Last winter, at the select warm-weather resorts, cover-up seemed to be the order of the season. This cotton-mesh shirt fools the eye: it seems to cover up, but its weave is so open and loose that the sun and breezes get at you as if you were stripped to the waist. Colorful, too: light blue on one side, beige on the other. And a perfect complement to those figured boxer swim shorts. But our bet is, before long you will see as many worn on the links as on the beach.



KODACHROME BY MANUEL DE AGUSTIN

yo! ho! ho!

and a Bold Look beach coat!

Printed all over with big patterns, they were worn last winter at every fashionable sunning spot from Montego Bay to Palm Beach. This one, of loosely woven, course-yarn cotton, is boldly printed with a navy blue sailor's-knot pattern on a stark white background. It's a thirsty coat, too—just the thing to wrap yourself up in after a dip in the deep.

your loafing will follow a pattern!

And the pattern will be a bold one, repeated in a regular allover arrangement—not a random flowery effect. That's the new Bold Look in sports shirts. These th —the bold figure, the bold plaid and the bold check—show just what we mean. We saw them in Florida, Nassau and Jamaica last winter, where the trend first made itself felt. There's something new to notice in the neckerchief, too: it's no longer being worn ascot style, but tied in a sailor's knot.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelop to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

The Queen of the Seas

With her sister ship and the *Mauretania* and the still-unfinished *Caronia*, the *Queen Elizabeth* promises Great Britain first place in transatlantic passenger traffic

An Article by

ALLAN A. MICHIE

On September 27, 1938, during the Munich crisis and its threat of imminent war, Britain's Queen Elizabeth crashed a bottle of champagne against the graceful, towering bows of the world's largest ocean liner. "The launching of a ship is like the inception of a great human enterprise, an act of faith," proclaimed Her Majesty as she sent her namesake down to the sea.

Ten years and one world war later the act of faith which impelled its owners, Cunard White Star, Limited, to send forth this masterpiece of British shipbuilding has returned a rich reward. Converted to a troopship soon after the outset of World War II—before she could make her maiden voyage—the Royal Mail Ship *Queen Elizabeth* proved of incalculable importance to the Allied High Command. Experts say that her ability to transport a complete division at one time to any of the world's fighting fronts shortened the duration of the conflict by months. Reconverted in October, 1946, to the world's most luxurious passenger liner, the *Queen Elizabeth* has since become one of the most consistent dollar earners in the Second Battle of Britain.

Shuttling back and forth across the Atlantic every fortnight with the regularity of the tides, the *Queen Elizabeth* grosses about $1,300,000 per round trip, half in U. S. currency so precious to Britain at present. Even with time out for an annual overhaul, she can manage twenty-two round trips a year by keeping her turn-around period at New York and Southampton to a day or two at the most.

In her first year of peacetime sailings the *Queen Elizabeth*, known familiarly as the "*Q.E.*" or, less regally, "*The Lizzie*," broke the depression-born belief that big ships lose money. Last year the liner netted Cunard a profit of almost $5,000,000.

Celebrities jostle for her exclusive suites and seldom is a crossing made without a galaxy of Hollywood stars and prominent foreigners. Most popular passengers have been Bing Crosby, who obliged fellow passengers during a wartime crossing with impromptu songs, and Eleanor Roosevelt, who indefatigably visited every cranny of the ship. Once, when Russia's Foreign Minister Molotov was aboard, he was invited to take the helm for a few minutes, during which time the liner veered two degrees off course—to the left.

Hardly a voyage goes by without at least one stowaway being apprehended by the ship's master-at-arms and his eight assistants. Stowaways prefer a big ship like the "*Q.E.*" in the belief that they are less likely to be detected among so many passengers. Actually, however, few get through.

Statistically this first lady of the seas is a collection of superlatives. Although her lines are as graceful as a racing yacht, the "*Q.E.*" is the greatest mass ever floated by man (83,673 gross tons) and the heaviest weight ever moved by machinery. She is the longest ship ever built (1031 feet, compared to the 1020 feet of her 81,273-ton sister ship, the *Queen Mary*). Upended, she would soar to within nineteen feet of the Empire State Building's first observatory. Within her fourteen decks it is possible to walk twenty-two miles without retracing a step. Woven intricately inside her hull, which draws thirty-nine feet of water when loaded, more than the total height of many ships, are 4000 miles of electric wiring.

When the *Queen Elizabeth*'s keel was laid she was intended to have the same general dimensions as the *Queen Mary*, which had been launched two years earlier, but in the course of construction so many advances in marine engineering were incorporated in the new ship that she emerged longer and larger than her sister vessel. For instance, it was decided to give the "*Q.E.*" three massive anchors, each weighing sixteen tons, as against two on the *Queen Mary*. The additional anchor, fitted in the center of the bow, necessitated a bow with a greater rake to insure that it fell clear of the stem. Likewise, improvements in engine design made it possible to dispense with one funnel, leaving the *Queen Elizabeth* with two—each, incidentally, wide enough to permit four streamlined locomotives to pass through abreast. Absence of the third funnel provided additional passenger accommodation. The *Queen Elizabeth* carries 2314 passengers when fully booked.

An oil burner, the "*Q.E.*'s" four turbines operate four manganese bronze propellers, each of which weighs thirty-two tons and yet is so delicately balanced that it can be turned by the touch of a hand. Her rudder, streamlined into the hull, is a mammoth affair of 140 tons, yet the harbor pilots who take her into New York and Southampton say that "she handles easy as a skiff." Her four turbo-generators, which supply electricity for some 650 motors of various sizes and 30,000 light fixtures, could easily meet the power and light requirements of a city of 150,000.

Fair-weather sailors have given currency to the canard that the "*Q.E.*" would roll even in drydock.

"Her rolling motion *is* pronounced, particularly with a following wind," admits her present commander, Captain Charles M. Ford, "but in proportion to her size she is less troubled by the sea than most liners. She presents a large surface to the wind, but her draft of thirty-nine feet gives her a grip on the water which counteracts this. However, her rolls and pitches are exaggerated because of the high speed she must maintain through all weather—a steady twenty-eight to thirty knots to meet her four-and-a-half day schedule."

The "*Q.E.*" is elaborately equipped with safety features. She has three radar installations, radio-direction finders and a gyro pilot for automatic course keeping. Like most modern liners, she has a double hull, a ship within a ship, running up to the waterline. Even if seriously holed through the inner hull by an underwater obstacle, the damage could still be localized within one or more of the 1140 watertight compartments which divide and subdivide the inner hull, each of which can be instantly and automatically closed off by watertight doors controlled by push buttons up on the bridge. Fire risk is minimized by fire-screen bulkheads

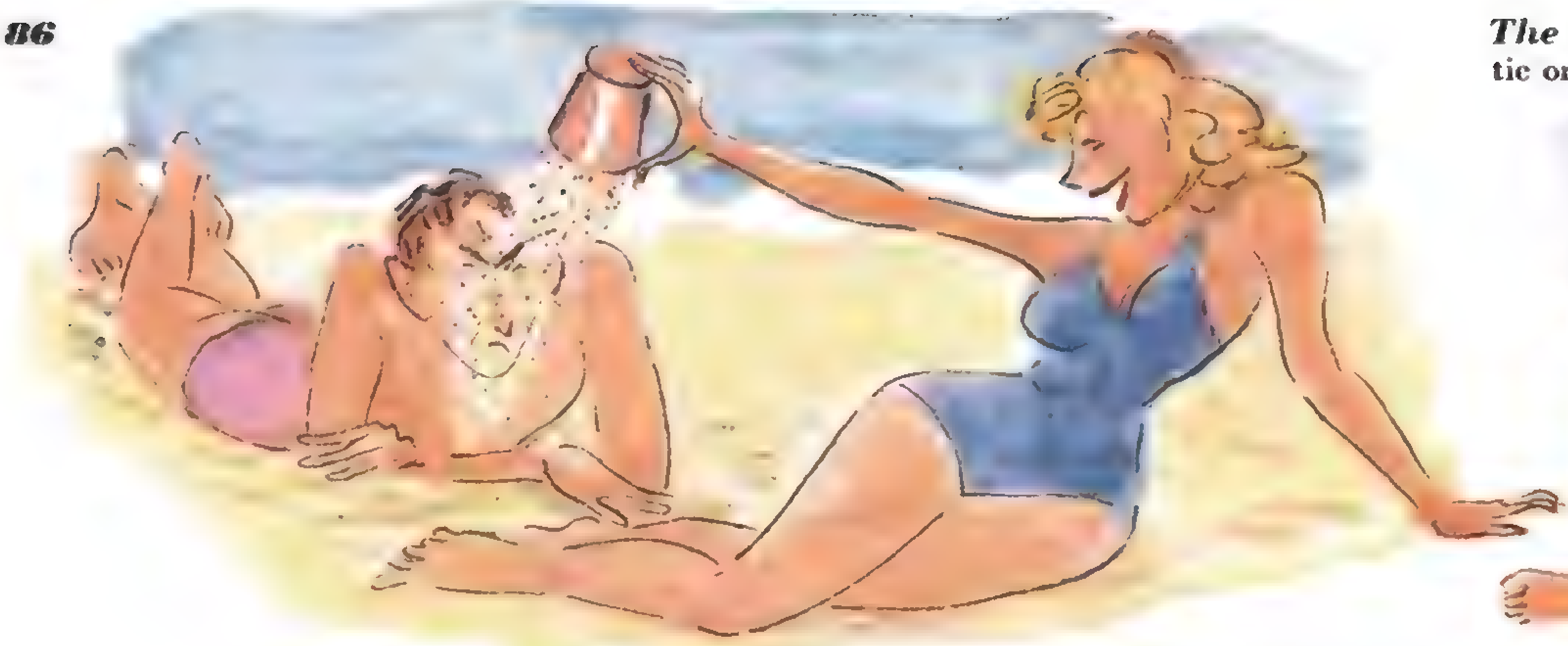
(*Continued on page 142*)

DELTA QUEEN
Fred Lundy

Love on the Beach

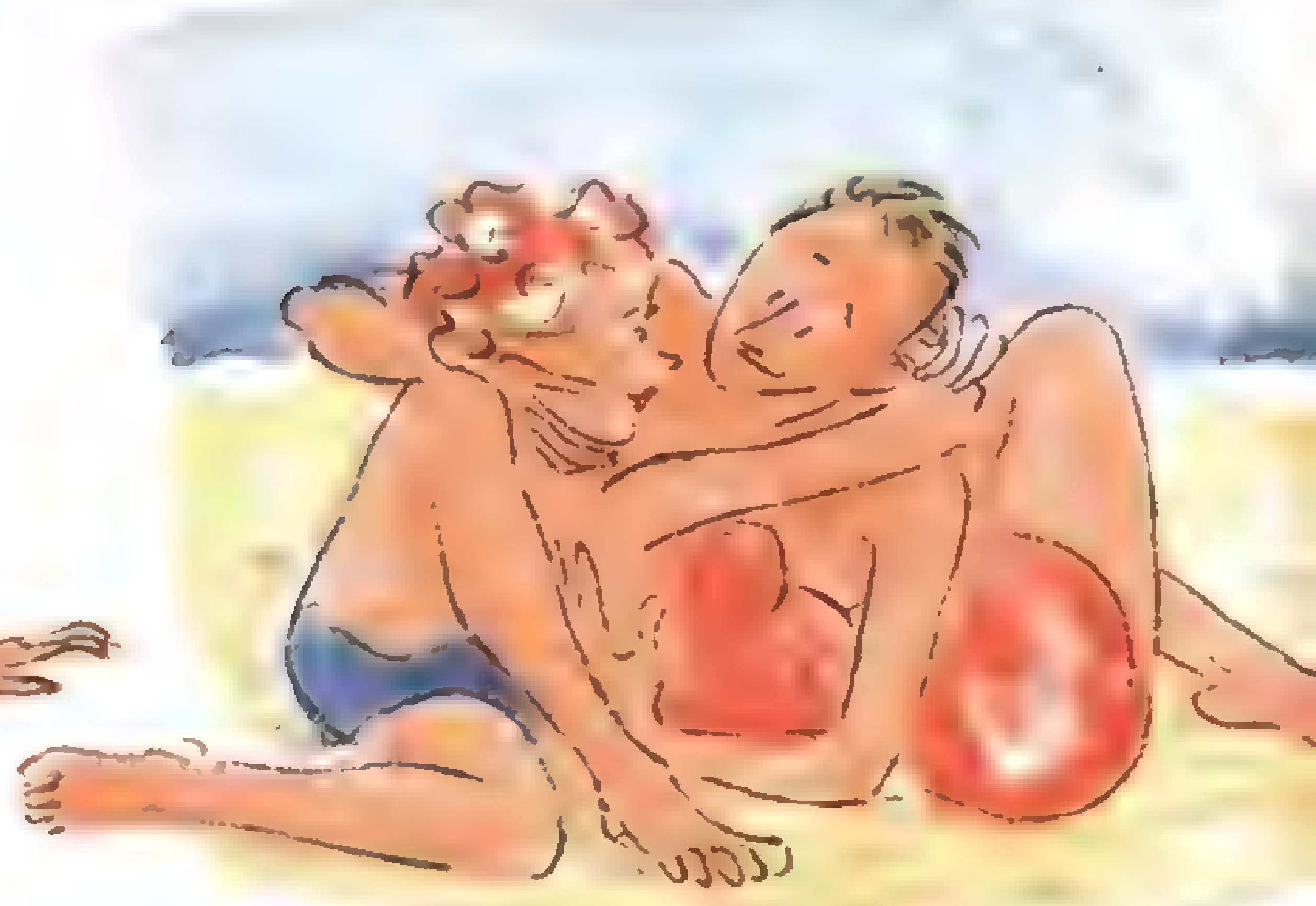
Sand, Salt, Water and Sun! But Love Undimmed . . .

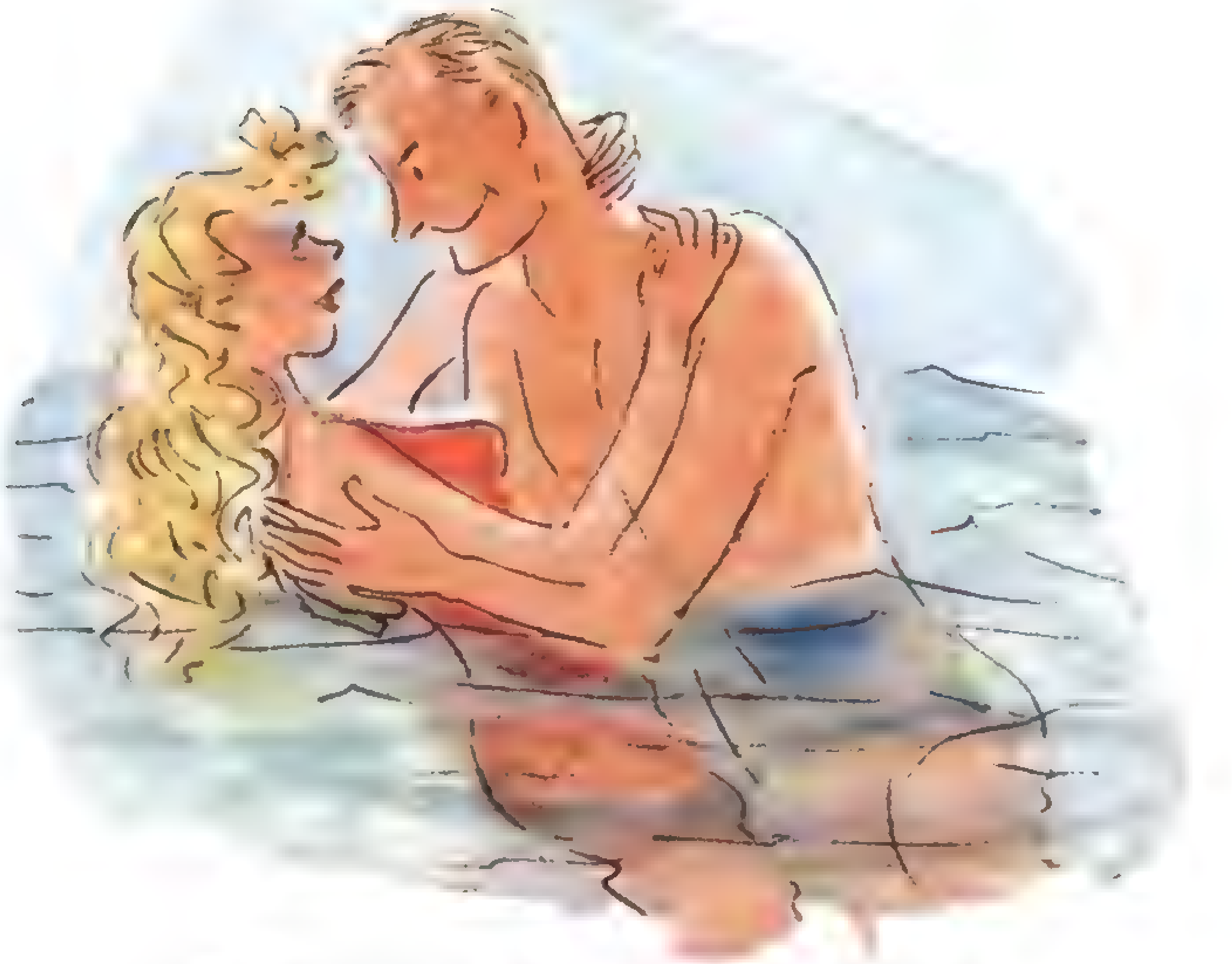
DRAWINGS BY HOWARD BAER



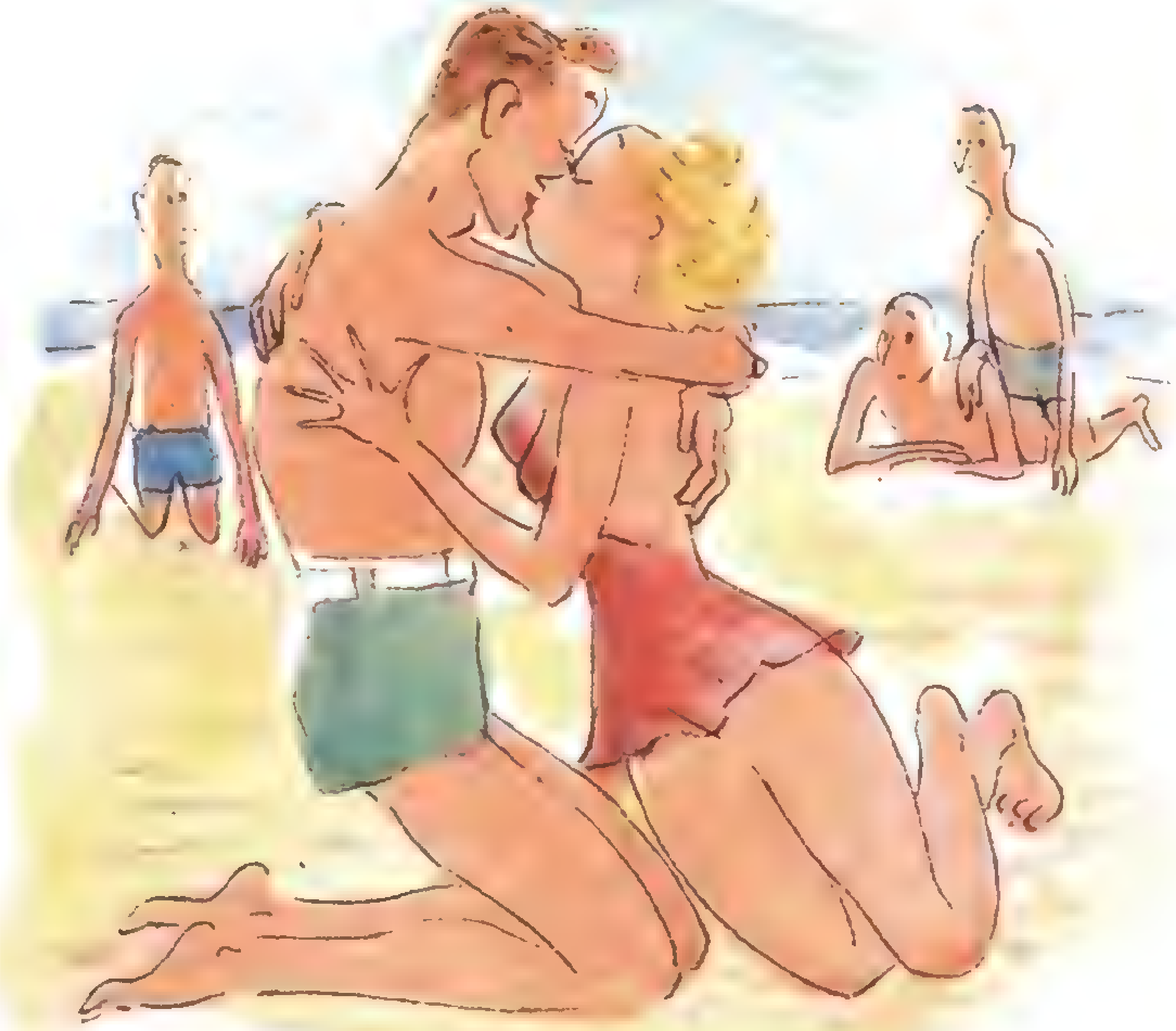
Hard to Get: Extinguishing the flame, but always lighting it again quick . . .

The Knot: You never can tell if this type is romantic or wrestling. Some of them could use a referee . . .

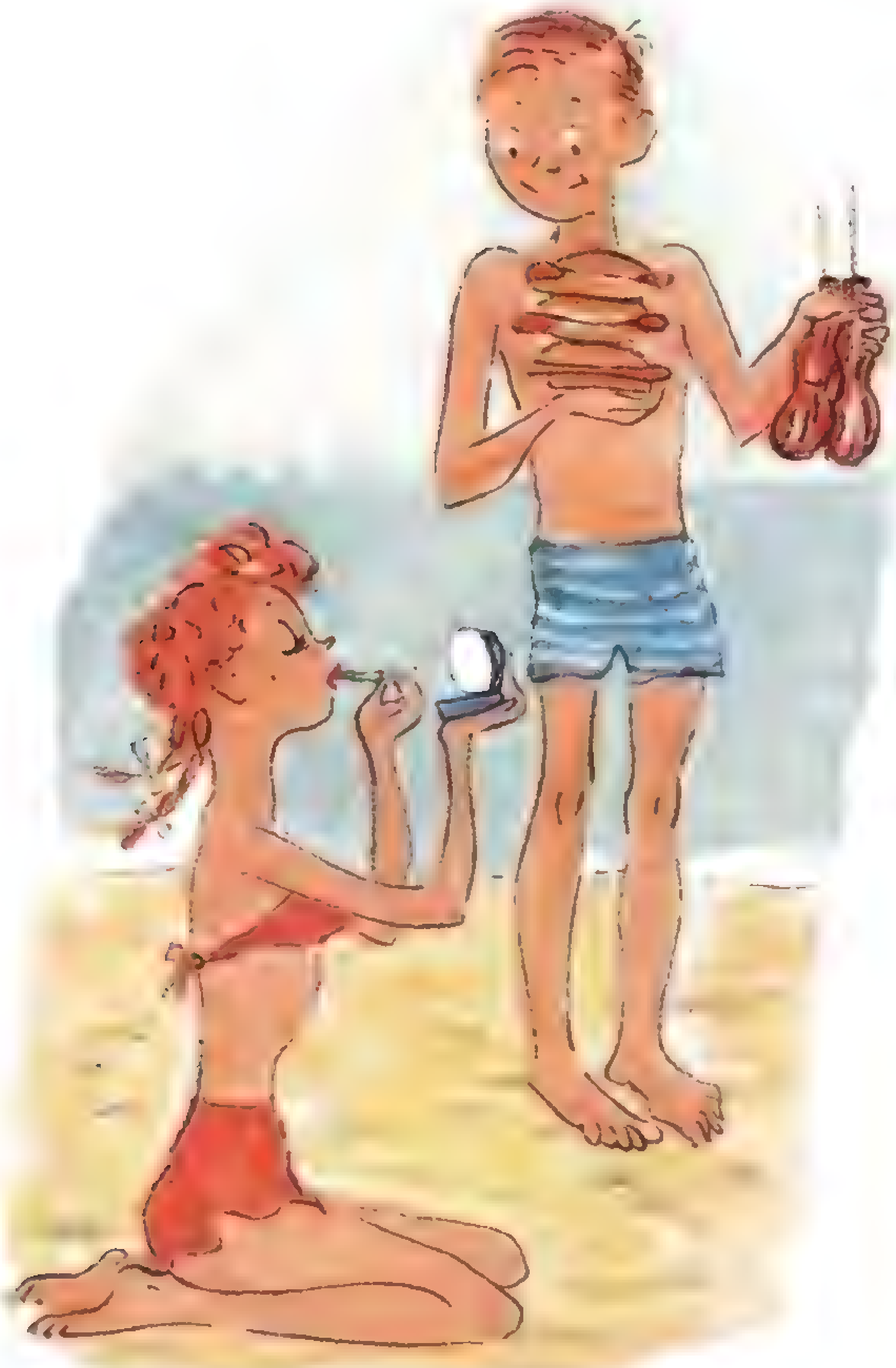




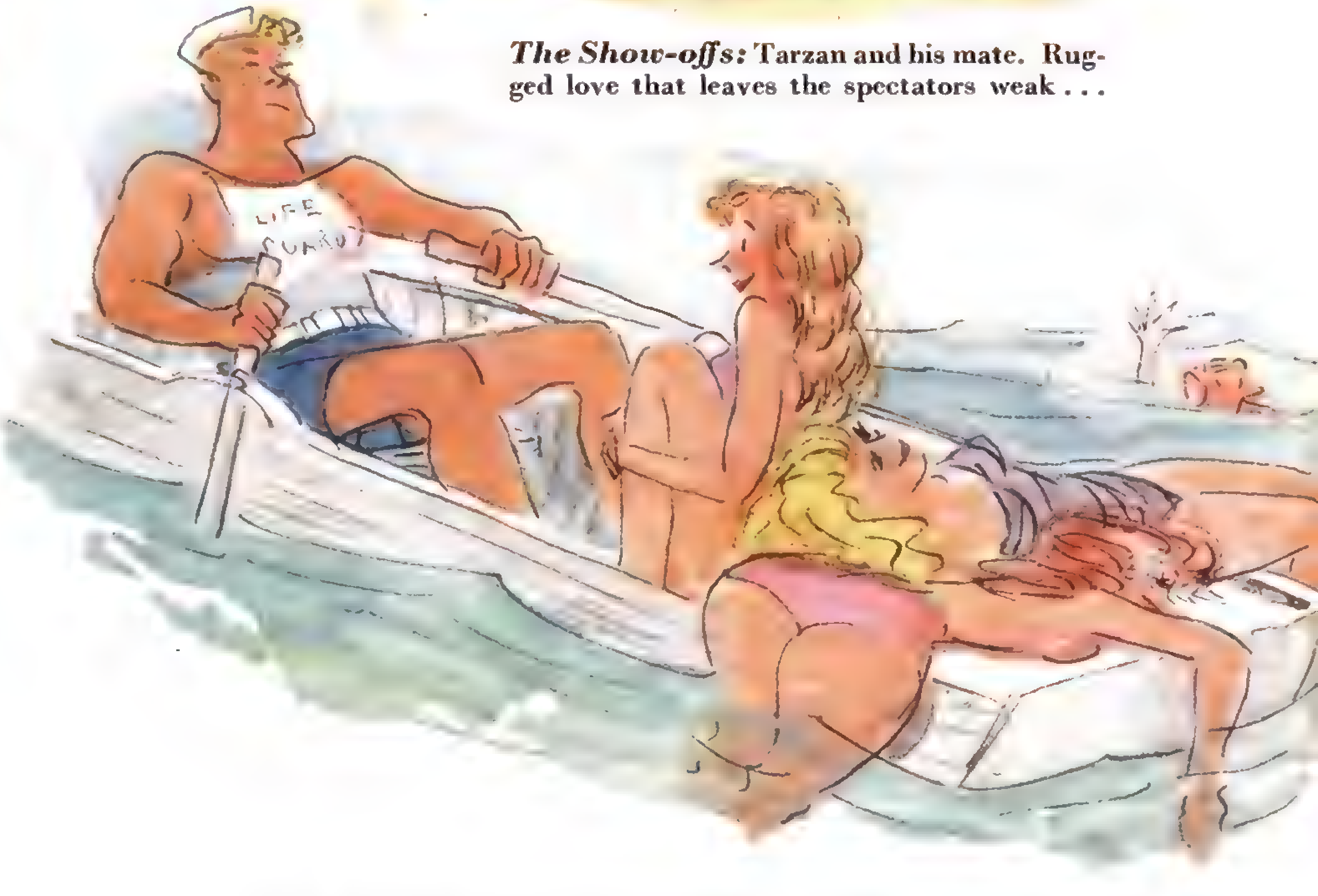
The Swimming Lesson: She so scared of the water; he so strong and authoritative; both so well aware of what they're up to . . .



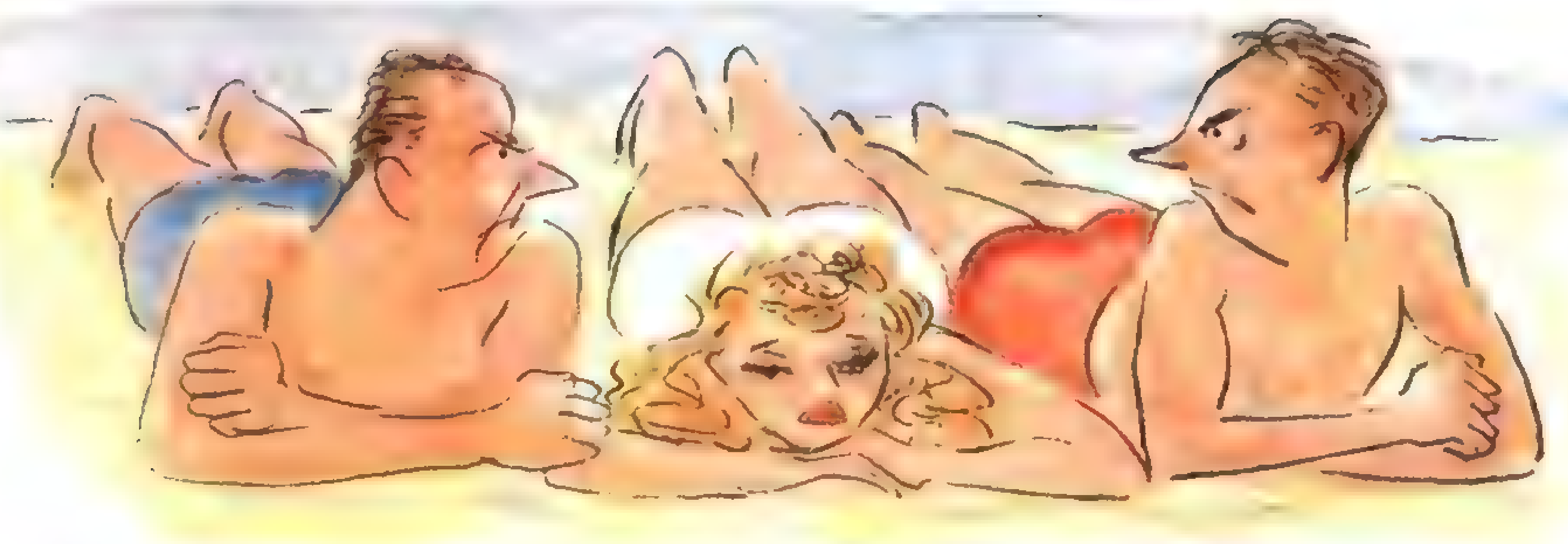
The Show-offs: Tarzan and his mate. Rugged love that leaves the spectators weak . . .



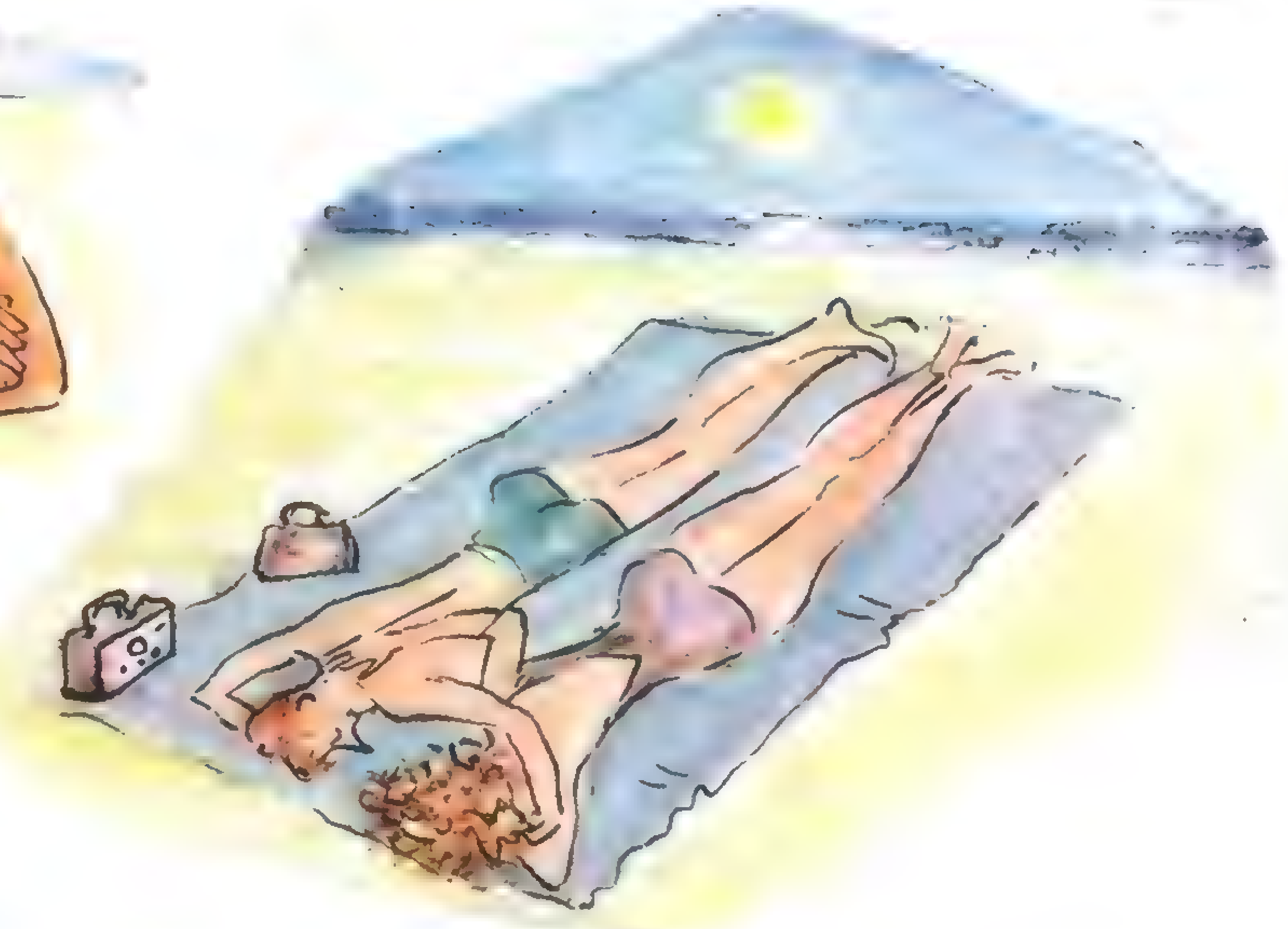
Adolescence: Love at the errand-boy stage. For her he'd make the ocean warm by building a fire under it . . .



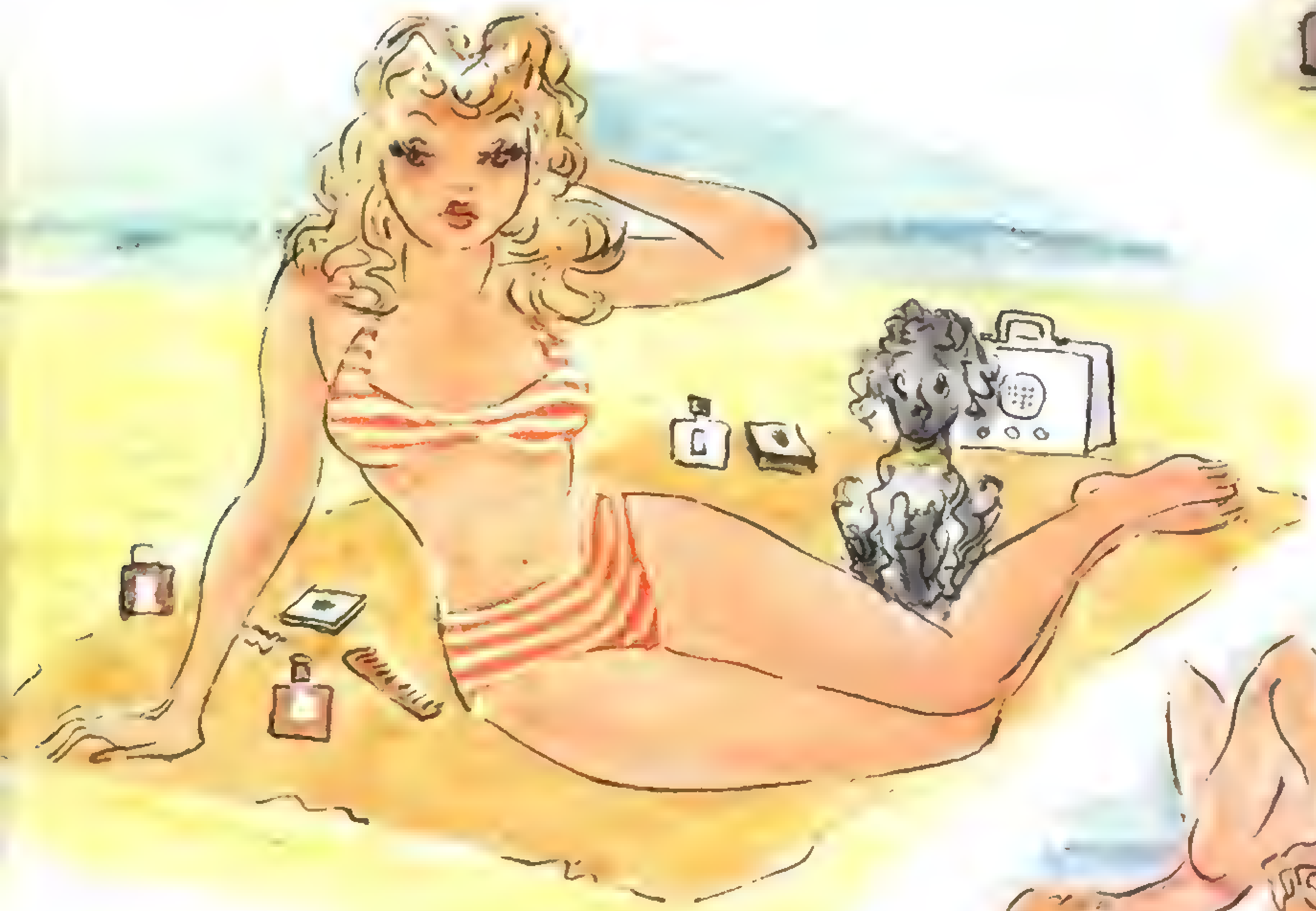
Idol Worship: Each year thousands of blondes, brunettes, platinums and redheads fight for space on the ocean floor to be rescued by Handsome Harry. Incidentally he met his wife at a mountain resort . . .



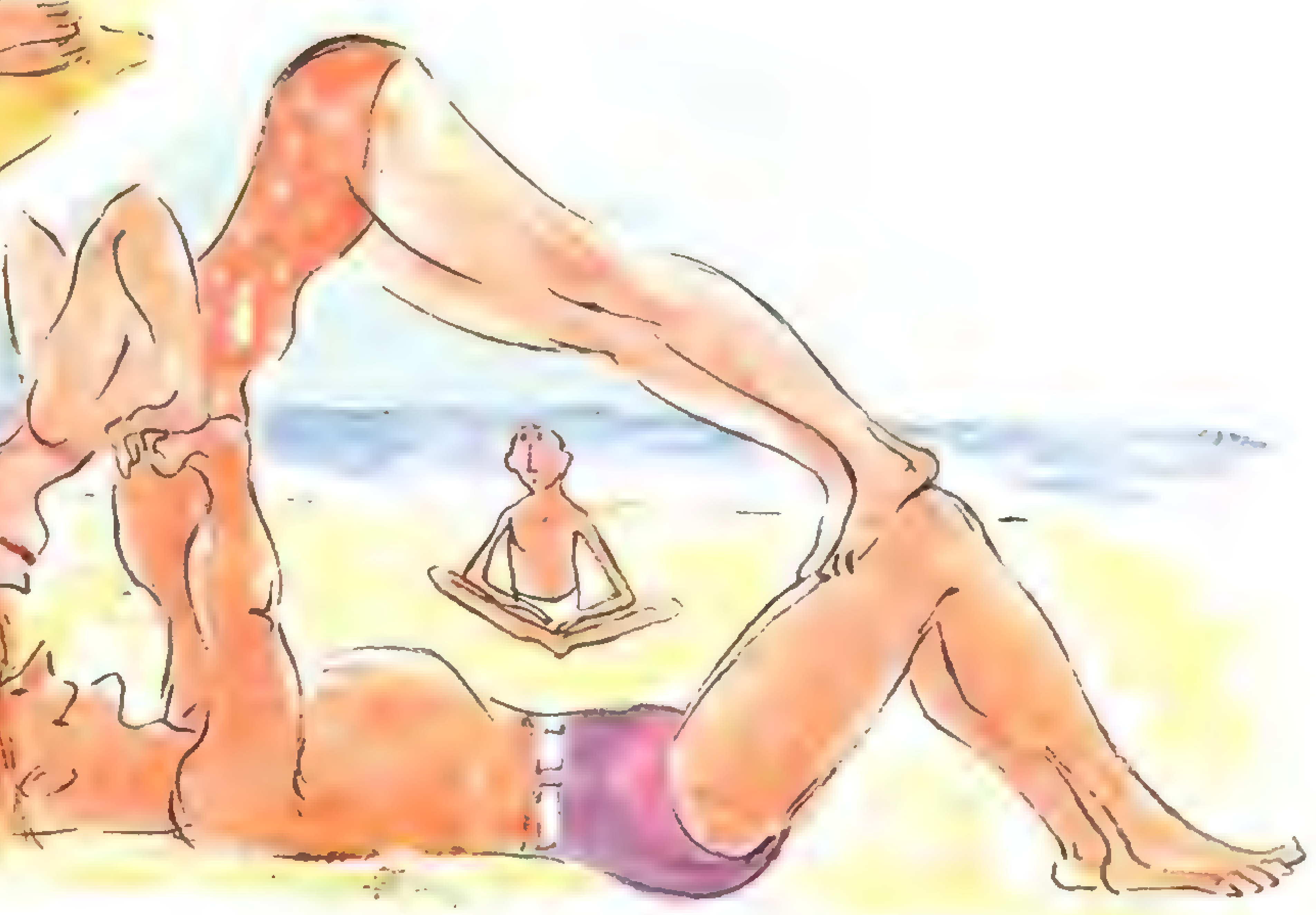
The Triangle: If looks could kill, this cutie would be alone . . .



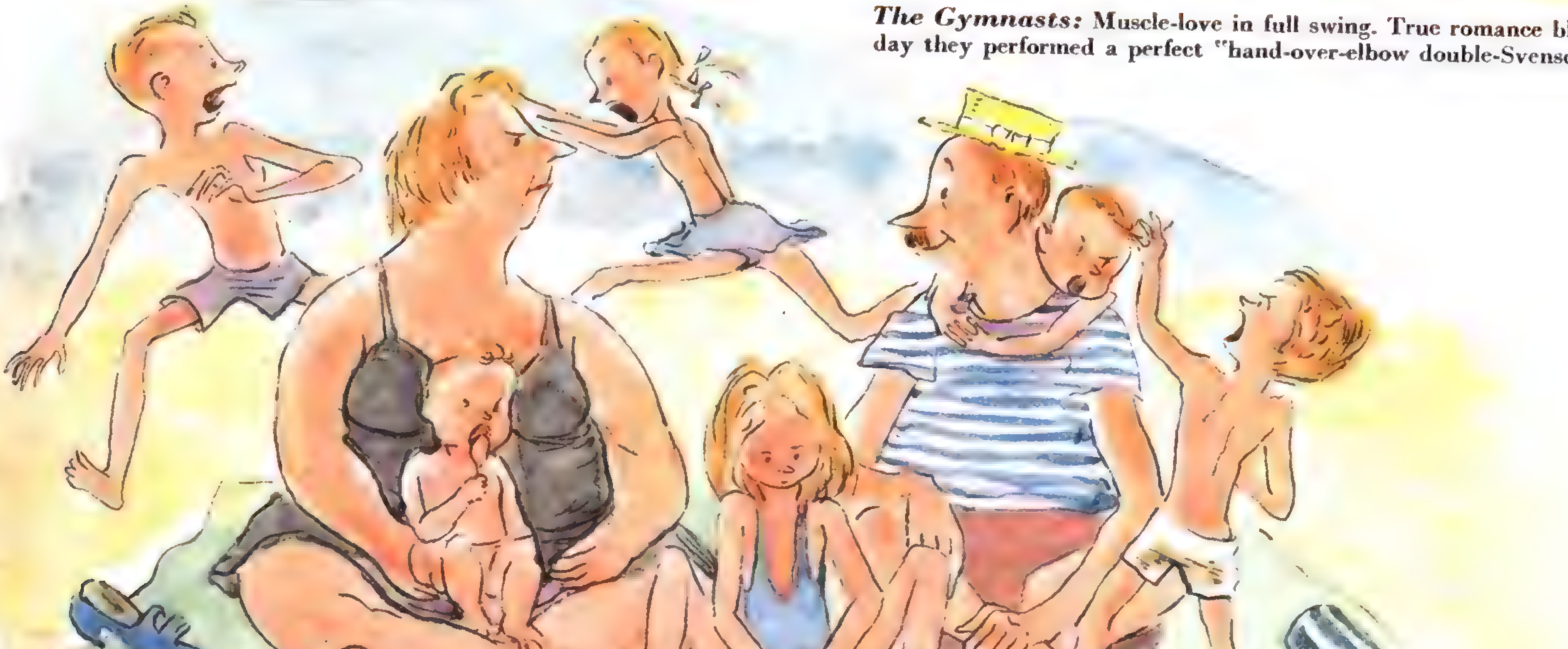
The Die-hards: They just *know* they were meant for each other and nothing but high tide will end their day . . .



The Trap: This honey-haired honey is a bigger danger to man than sunburn. She wears little more than a coat of tan and she didn't come to go swimming. Her business is you and if her hypnotic gaze singles you out, that's all brother! Go bury yourself in the sand . . .



The Gymnasts: Muscle-love in full swing. True romance blossomed the day they performed a perfect "hand-over-elbow double-Svenson twist . . ."



This Must Be Love: After each day on the beach they go home with red backs, frayed nerves, tired, crying, sunburned kids . . . but the following Sunday morning without fail finds them packing up the old family bus for another fling at the seashore . . .

Mister Genius

The stage may have lost a great actor when Elia Kazan decided he would take up the chores of a director, but one thing is certain: as a director he's right on top

An Article by
SIDNEY CARROLL

THE old-time movie director was a prima donna with puttees who sneered through his megaphone at the Broadway stage. The old-time stage director was a high and mighty gent who stayed in his own back yard and made rude remarks about the saps out West who were tinkering with the hoss operas.

But the movies have grown up a little in the last few years and the Broadway stage has grown a little older. And out of this new maturity there is coming a new race of directors. For example—men like Garson Kanin and Orson Welles. They divide allegiances between Hollywood and Broadway. They make pictures with the left hand, movies with the right. Further examples—George Kaufman and Moss Hart. They commute between East and West, they spend a good part of their lives on the transcontinental trains. One more example—Elia Kazan.

This Kazan is an intense — intensely friendly, intensely curious, intensely humorous—short, dark fellow who behaves more like a human being than a genius. Of all the new breed of amphibious creatures who can flourish in either the rarefied heights of Broadway or in the lower depths of Hollywood, he is currently the most phenomenal. He is, as of today, one of the most sought-after directors in the theatre.

They want him in Hollywood, they clamor for him on Broadway. If he yielded to the pressure from both coasts, he'd be torn apart. So he continues to play both ends of the country against the middle. The last time he left Hollywood he left a film called *Gentleman's Agreement* behind him. He came back to New York; he took very little time for renewing old friendships and revisiting old haunts. Instead he proceeded to contribute something entitled *A Streetcar Named Desire* to the season's festivities. Thus, in one year, he created the country's most highly praised motion picture (for which he received the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences) and Broadway's biggest dramatic hit (the Broadway play reviewers gave *Streetcar* seventeen out of twenty-one votes). "Fabulous" is a loose word, but it seems to fit like a halo around this astonishing fellow who continues to trail such clouds of glory across the continent.

His versatility is not only divided between movies and plays. He can leap from dramas to comedies, to musical extravaganzas, as a goat leaps from Alp to Alp. His Broadway hits include: *One Touch of Venus, The Skin of Our Teeth, Harriet, Jacobowsky and the Colonel, Deep Are the Roots, All My Sons*, and *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Add them all up and you run a long gamut.

In between plays he has made three movies. *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, Boomerang!*, and *Gentleman's Agreement*. Three hits, no errors.

Kazan was born in Constantinople of Greek parents. His father was (and still is) a rug merchant. The Kazans came to this country when Elia was four years old. It didn't take him long to become an actor. He became part of the now legendary Group Theatre which flourished so mightily in the Thirties. In its heyday the Group was the proudest group of performers on Broadway—it produced such actors as John Garfield and J. Edward Bromberg, and it discovered, among other things, a couple of playwrights named Kingsley and Odets. But too many of its members found it impossible to resist the Hollywood offers. When the Group finally disbanded, Kazan could have settled in Hollywood as an actor. He elected to return to Broadway to see what he could accomplish as a director.

Fade out. Fade in.

Kazan today is unique in the business. Any partisan of Broadway theatre knows it is foolishness to call anybody in the racket "sure-fire." The mortality rate in geniuses is too great. But Kazan's record so far has been as close to sure-fire as a man can get without being burnt to a crisp. In a few short years he has risen to the top of an extremely hazardous and unpredictable profession. He is no longer simply a director for hire, at a straight salary. When he takes a job, he gets his name in the lights along with the stars; he gets a cut out of the take; he gets his own way all the way down the line.

He is also the only top-flight director functioning today who used to be a top-flight actor. He has forever ruined the old actor's notion that a director is always a frustrated actor—the idea that "them as can, does; them as can't, teaches." Kazan has knocked that one into a cocked hat, for good. Any actor who takes direction from him must always remember that Kazan, if he felt like it, could probably do it better. If actors don't know to begin with that Kazan knows his theatre backwards and forwards, they find it out sooner or later. Then they learn to swear by him—by his taste, his instinct, his understanding. His short career is already littered with flowery tributes. A man like Tennessee Williams, who is being hailed as the most important playwright of his generation, who already had one Critics Prize play under his belt and all the theatre sense he could stand before he ever met Kazan, met him for the first time when Kazan agreed to direct *A Streetcar Named Desire*. When it was all over and done with, and the play was being hailed as a masterpiece of both writing *and* direction, Williams said something about Kazan that voiced the sentiments of a lot of people in New York and Hollywood. "I learned more about theatre from him," said the author of Broadway's biggest dramatic smash, "than I ever knew before." ⧺

"When getting out of this model, you step up!"

Elia Kazan, Esq. ⟶

THE man on the right is the lad they are all trying to be like on Broadway and Hollywood-and-Vine this season, and the vogue will probably last for many seasons to come. A triple-threat Broadway-Hollywood character who doesn't even resemble the man on your left at the nearest Neon-and-chrome Beverly Hills drive-in, he's managed to be an actor and far better than competent director on both coasts. Broadway now has his *A Streetcar Named Desire* and Hollywood beams with an Oscar for *Gentleman's Agreement*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN HARRIS

Riding the High Waves

A new water thrill for the hardy that makes skiing look very easy

You don't have to be a Johnny Weissmuller to ride the high waves in at forty-five miles an hour, but it doesn't hurt. The chances are pretty good that you're going to get a dip in the sea before you hit shore and there's nothing like knowing you can make it under your own power before you take off. But just in case you are an adventurous soul willing to take your chances on the surfboard, here are a few facts that may keep the salt water in your mouth down to a minimum. Surfboard riding was first mentioned by Captain Cook, the English explorer, way back in 1783 when he noticed the native Polynesians riding the waves on what he described as "slivers of wood." It didn't catch on as a sport in this country, though, until George Freeth brought it to the West Coast in 1900, and it became really popular when world-champion swimmer Duke P. Kahanamoku gave exhibitions here in 1912.

The average surfboard is twelve feet long, twenty-three inches wide, one inch at the nose and four inches at the stern, which makes it large enough to deter the faint-at-heart right there. It weighs about 100 pounds. The board comes in hollow and solid types and the West Coast, where surf riding is much more popular than in the East, favors the solid board. The hollow board is lighter, however, and is good for the whole family if you go in for that sort of thing—being able to carry as many as twenty-three people piled on top of each other and hanging on to the sides. Usually, only one person rides the board at a time for greater speed, which, as we mentioned earlier, can be a neat forty-five miles an hour, depending on surf conditions.

If you're still interested, here's how the ride is made: You paddle out where the waves begin to build up, ride in on the shoulder and get an extra push when the wave breaks, then riding in on the kick from the white water. It sounds simple, doesn't it? If you're as good as Gad Center, the aforementioned Duke P. Kahanamoku, or Tom Blake, you might manage to break the edge of the present record of about a mile established by those men. If you're just an average rider, however, you'll have to settle for a probable 200 yards on the ride.

The method of riding the wave is fairly universal among experts: he zigzags and does what is known as "sliding" the wave. He paddles with the wave until he feels it catch and then stands up in a sliding motion from a prone position. He stands in the exact center of the board with his feet apart for balance: one foot points down the board and the other is horizontal, or across. Most of the modern boards have fins of metal or wood which act as a rudder and, while the experts can ride in lying down on the board, most of them do it standing up, leaving the stomach ride to the nouveaux—or greenhorns. ##

Caught in the deep swell of Pacific combers, the surfboard riders at the far right glide in

KODACHROME BY ARDEAN MILLER, III

Chips off the Old Block

Like Father, Like Son—or great-great-grandson—and listing some internationally known names to prove it

Herbert Hoover, Jr., son of the 30th President of the United States, attended Stanford University and Harvard: is a well-known engineer

Will Rogers, Jr., son of the famous humorist of stage, screen and letters, attended Stanford University: publisher of Beverly Hills *Citizen*

Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr., son of famous journalist and policy consultant, attended Princeton, is tops in CBS television sports direction

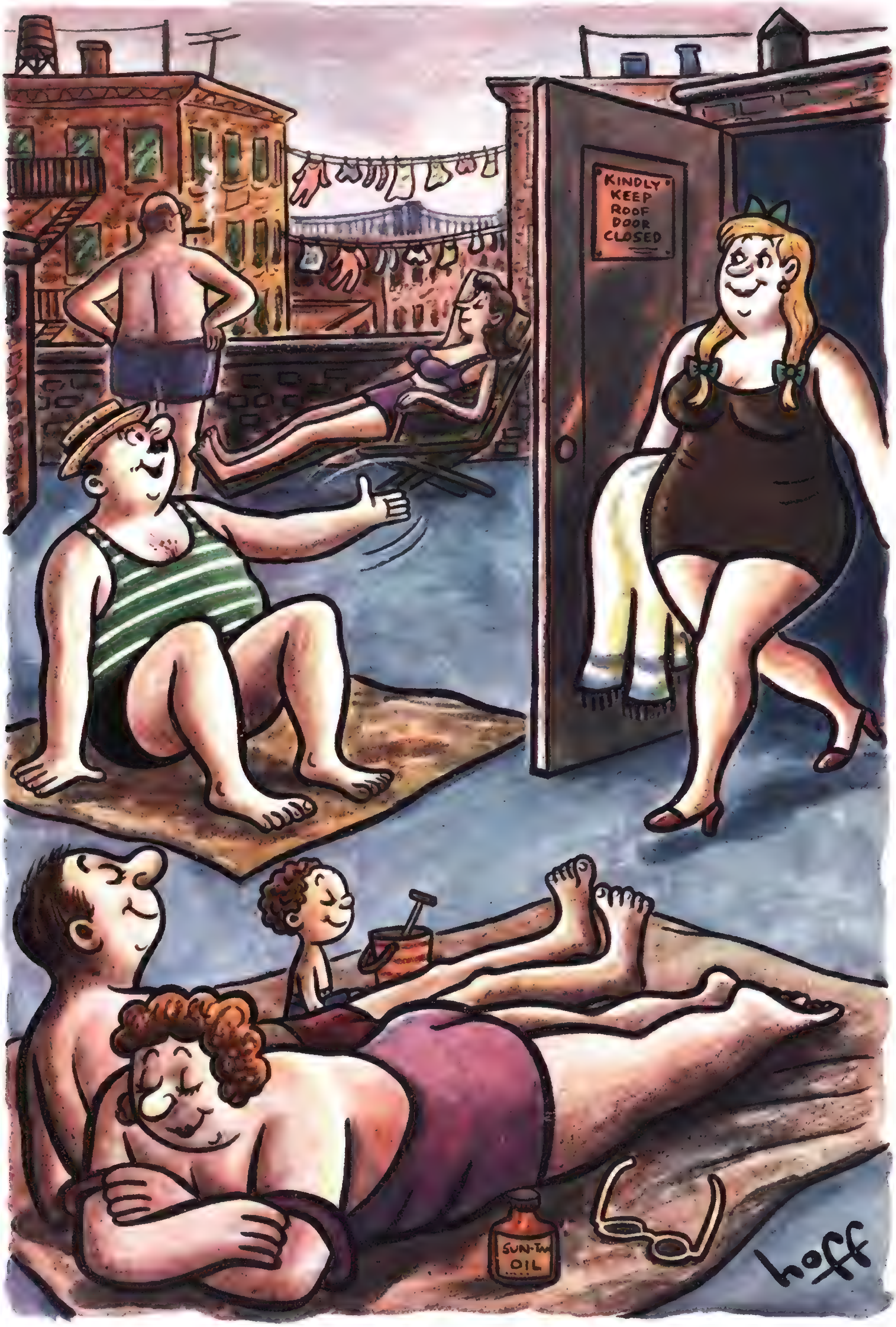
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., son of famous actor, has the old man's dash and athletic ability and is best known as a writer and screen idol

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Jr., great-great-grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, is youngest president of Belmont, Pimlico

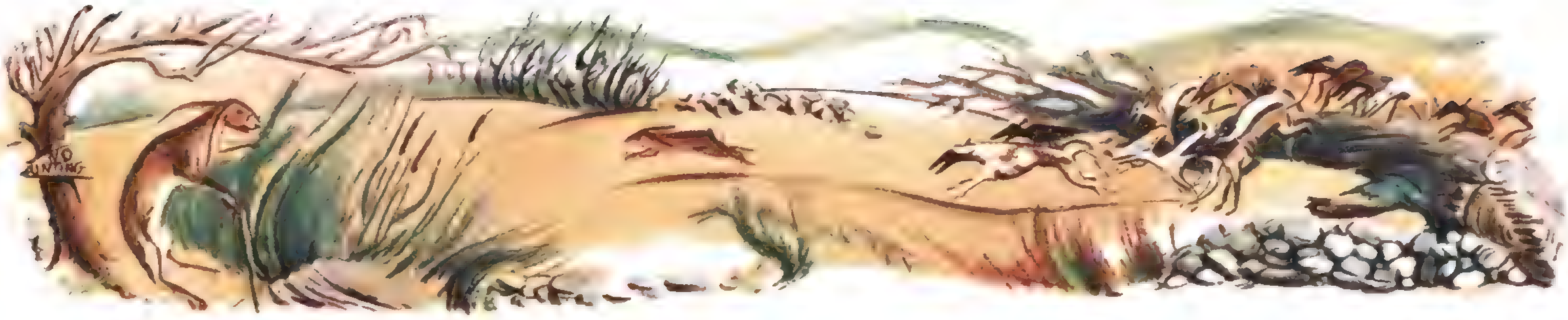
John F. Kennedy, son of former Ambassador to Great Britain, Joseph Kennedy, is Democratic Congressman from Massachusetts' 11th District

John Lardner, son of famous humorist Ring W. Lardner, attended Harvard, has written for many magazines: does column for *Newsweek*

Henry Ford, II, grandson of the man who put America on wheels, now occupies the chair behind the Number One desk at Ford Motor Company


KINDLY KEEP ROOF DOOR CLOSED
SUN-TAN OIL
hoff

"Welcome to the Brooklyn Riviera, Mrs. Finnegan!"



The Fable of the Rapid Rabbits

In which the rodent Sylvilagus floridanus makes an attempt to escape its classic role with results which are grim, grizzly and superlatively gruesome

by JOHN HENRY

Once upon a time, Peter the 724th, King of the Rabbits, called all his Dukes and Earls and Knights (there are no Baron Rabbits) to the Royal Hutch for a conference.

"The problem confronting us," said Peter to the assembled Peerage, "is one of prestige. For years we Rabbits have been the butt of many cruel and savage jokes concerning our breeding habits and proclivity. Several months ago, I, by Royal Decree, authorized a Board of Inquiry to investigate the entire matter and recommend corrective action. The report of their investigations and recommendations is at hand."

This announcement came as a surprise to the assemblage. Most of them had expected a feast and day of celebration such as had been held a short time ago when they had met to receive the news of the birth of Peter's first son. So bountiful had been the feast that the celebration lasted almost to the date of the birth of his second son. But it was apparent that this meeting was to be no fiesta. The Lords were worried.

"First," Peter continued, "the Board of Inquiry finds after an examination of 7682 jokes, smart sayings and cartoons that the other animals build their harebrained humor on the false impression that, just because we Rabbits complete the gestation cycle in a short time, all our love life is keyed to the same tempo. Introduction, seduction and reproduction are said to follow each other in such rapid succession that it is a wise Rabbit indeed who knows his own father. The jokesmiths infer that the time lapse between salutation and consummation is merely a matter of seconds.

"After my first reading of the Report, I determined to discover for myself the truth of the matter. Disguised as a peasant, I moved incognito amongst my Rabbits either to verify or refute the implications contained in such charges. I wish I could report to you that such humor is baseless, but, alas, such is not the truth. We Rabbits really do seduce too fast.

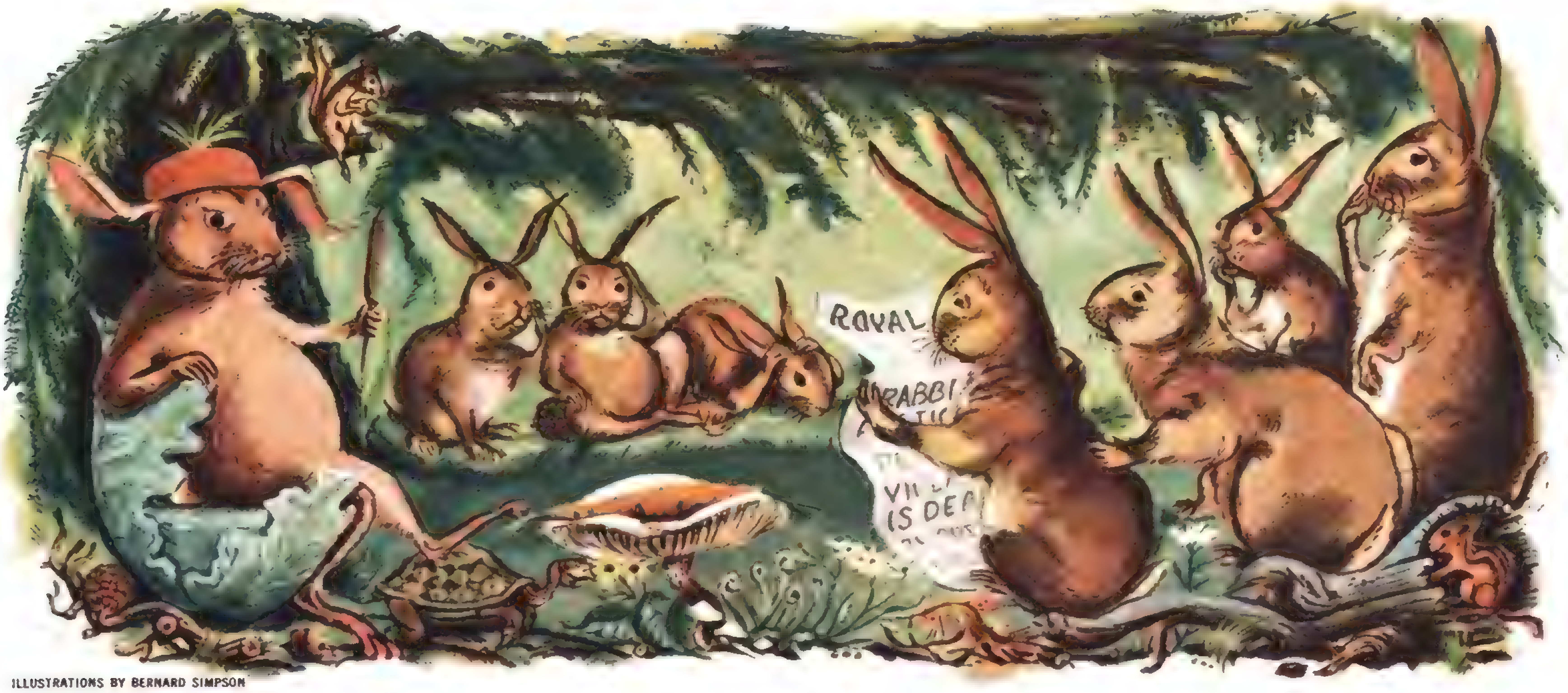
"If we are to escape the scorn and derision of the entire animal kingdom, we must begin to emulate the humans who, quite often, do not even attempt seduction until hours after an introduction. 'Slow Love' must become our watchword.

"So, I do hereby issue this Royal Decree. Love-making henceforth must proceed at a more leisurely pace. The penalty for violation, Gentlemen, is Death." And on that sober note, Peter the 724th dismissed his Lords.

The Lords returned to their estates and spread the word of the King's Decree amongst the populace. No one could understand it. Just how slow was "more leisurely?" How rapid a pace could be maintained legally? To these questions and many more like them, the Peerage had no answer. They could quote only the Decree.

The result was tragic. The commoners, in mortal fear of the hangman, reduced their love-making to such a slow pace that it was practically lost. The birth of each new baby Rabbit always brought a visit from the King's Investigators who wanted to know how long the parents had known each other, how long they had consorted and countless other facts, the procuring of which became such an unpleasant experience that big Rabbits just simply quit having little Rabbits. Within a span of two generations, the population was reduced by half. The army was manned by feeble old bucks who were no longer a match for the hounds who hunted the pasture every spring and so the kingdom was wiped out.

Moral: Whenever a government begins to mess around with that sort of thing, the country has gone to the dogs. ###



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD SIMPSON

The News Is Very Cold

Surely it was a scoop to make newspaper history when Mittendorf produced a forest in a single summer but Greedee, the *Chronicle*'s publisher, had a devious plan

A Story by

TOMMY O'SHANE

When I heard about Johannes Mittendorf's astounding crop of trees, I rushed right up to tell Mr. Greedee, the publisher of the *Chronicle*. "Let us keep this a little secret between us," he said. "Tomorrow we'll go up there, but let's not write a story about it until we probe a little deeper."

As a newspaperman with eighteen months' experience, I couldn't understand holding back the scoop of a lifetime.

I uncovered Johannes' experiments by accident when I was driving along Sinclair Lake. For more than a mile and a half along the west side of the lake, and a half-mile deep, trees were growing where trees hadn't been just three months before.

They were a kind of spruce, and planted row on row, like corn, only further apart.

I found Johannes in his shack. He's a character everybody's been laughing at since he first showed up in town four years ago.

Well, it turned out he'd planted the trees in the spring, and now they were at least sixty feet high, with thick trunks.

"They have shallow roots like the water mahogany of the Pacific islands," Johannes said. "I combined water mahogany with spruce." He tapped his greyed noggin. "How I make them grow so fast is a matter I keep only in my own head. But the timber is no good," Johannes said sadly. "It is not strong."

"It's not good for anything?" I cried.

"Wood pulp maybe," Johannes replied.

Maybe you don't know it, but wood pulp is ivory right now. It's at least $100 a ton, and you have to marry the paper-mill owner's ugliest daughter to get it.

"My idea is to harvest the trees every autumn, like wheat, and plant the same acreage in spring," Johannes declared.

The next morning Mr. Greedee gave old Johannes the come-to-me-my-love routine and I could see why he wanted it kept a secret. First he tried to buy Johannes' idea but Johannes didn't bite. Finally Mr. Greedee asked to buy the land and the trees already grown, strictly for his own use. There was enough timber for pulp to last the *Chronicle* 300 years and I figured Mr. Greedee was going to do some grey marketing.

They started haggling at $10,000, but Johannes wouldn't go for less than $30,000. He said the land itself was worth $20,000.

Mr. Greedee bought out Johannes, who said he was going to Philadelphia to work on a harder annual that would do for building.

On Friday, besides my usual 25 bucks, I got another $25 in a special envelope. A note with it urged me not to mention the story or my raise, due to the jealousy that arises in newspaper offices, when talent is demonstrated.

Mr. Greedee took me out to watch the harvesting, which was done with bulldozers. The thin roots tore out easily and then the trees would topple with a crash. A crew dropped the logs into the lake and powerboats towed them to the Hendersonville paper mill, part of which Mr. Greedee owns.

One morning Mr. Greedee bragged that he'd save thousands of dollars by making his own newsprint. More, he had let the mills know that he wasn't contracting for any more paper now.

When he looked at me he saw he'd overdone his spiel. That Friday I found I was making $100 per, which is the diamond-studded gravy train in Monroe County.

Everything went okay till the Hendersonville mill started making the paper. They tried six dozen kinds of chemical solutions, but the paper came out black.

That Friday I went back to $25 per. Not a guy to take it lying down, I went to Mr. Greedee with a new approach. "Try white ink," I said.

Mr. Greedee decided to attempt my scheme. The boys in the pressroom had fits, but as nobody wanted to lose his job, nobody laughed. Mr. Greedee told them not to mention the experiment to anyone.

Pop Edgar and his gang rigged up an old Goss rotary and filled the fountains with white ink. The cylinders looked like they'd been whitewashed.

Mr. Greedee got a jaundiced look when he saw the papers and I started scanning the help-wanted ads. The paper mills had no paper for us, they said. Meanwhile, our supply kept dwindling.

A week later Pop came up to see me, clutching a copy of the special paper we'd run off on the old Goss. The paper was white and the type black, just like a standard paper!

Pop calculated that the paper was one of a big pile they'd run off to use up the remains of that roll of black paper. They'd cleaned out the whitewash and had put in perfectly good black ink. Naturally, when the papers came off the press they were pitch black and no use to anybody. So Pop had them stacked in the garage. It gets freezing cold in the garage. Pop said the chill air had frozen the black paper white!

Mr. Greedee listened wearily when Pop and I went in to see him. "All right," he instructed Pop. "Send a roll over to Hoffman's Cold Storage and we'll see what happens."

Pop rigged up the old Goss again with black paper and black ink, and took the black newspapers to the refrigerated storage building and left them there. In two hours, the cold and chemical action of the black ink turned the paper white all over, except where the type showed—a regular newspaper again!

Mr. Greedee made Pop repeat the process over and over. Then, very neatly, Mr. Greedee rented the entire cold-storage plant. He sent a memo from his office to the newsroom that press time would be shoved forward two hours. With the time he gained that way, Mr. Greedee ordered the papers put into cold storage so that they're white on delivery.

However, if the *Chronicle* gets too warm in somebody's home, they have to put the paper into the icebox for an hour or so until it freezes white enough to read again. All the people in Monroe County have been advised by the *Chronicle* to use the icebox if the paper turns black.

But don't worry about reading any of my stuff in that crazy newspaper.

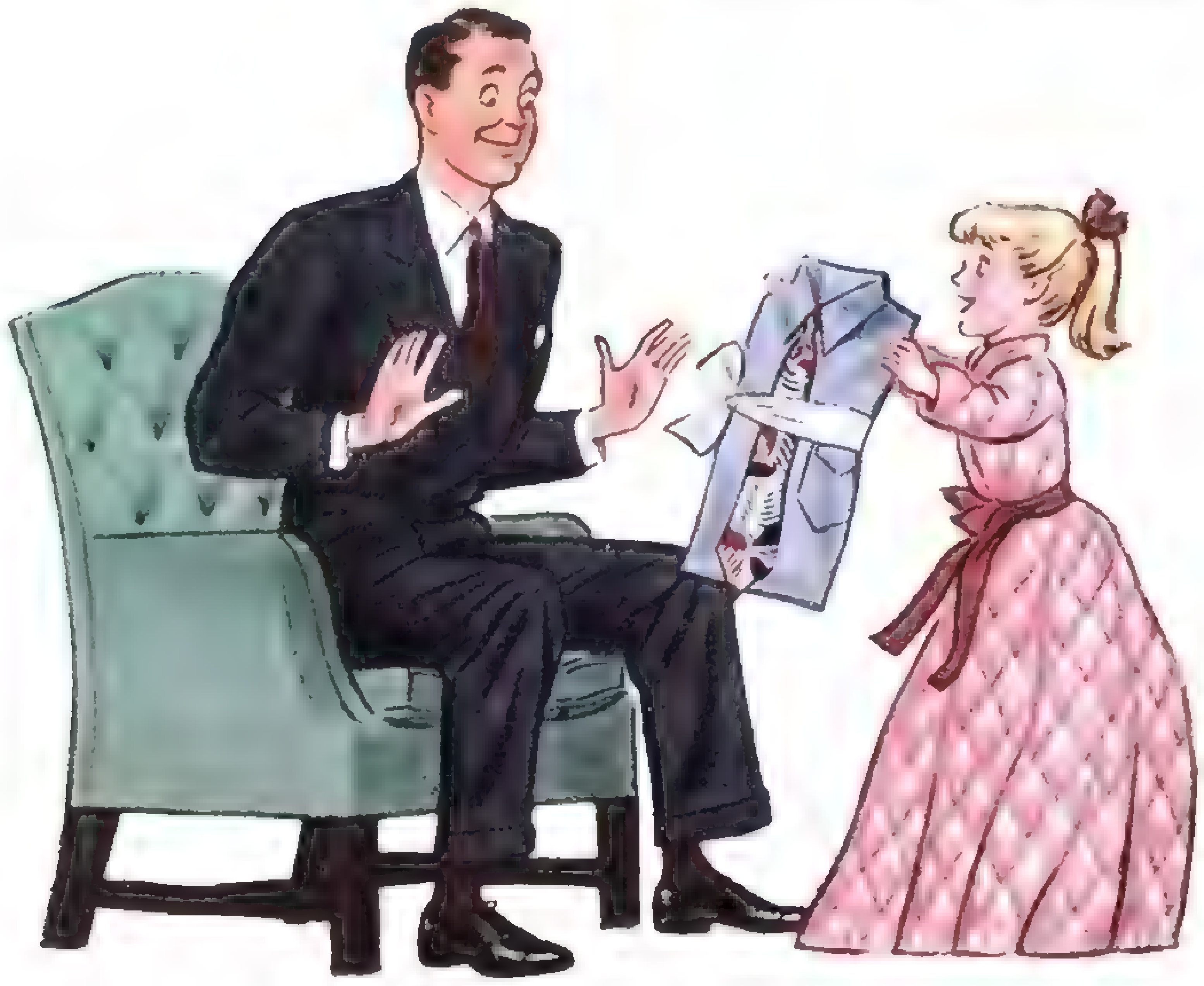
Friday I found another special envelope sticking in my typewriter. It had a sheet of black copy paper in it. I took it over to the storage plant and waited for it to freeze white. You can imagine what the note said. What I mean is, do you know anybody that needs a very experienced reporter? ##

TRUANT OFFICER
GEO. RECKAS

"I've just discovered it costs the tax-payers about nine dollars a day to keep me in school, and I'm not one to accept charity"

For a cool, cool Father's Day... give Dad...

Arrow Arazephyrs !



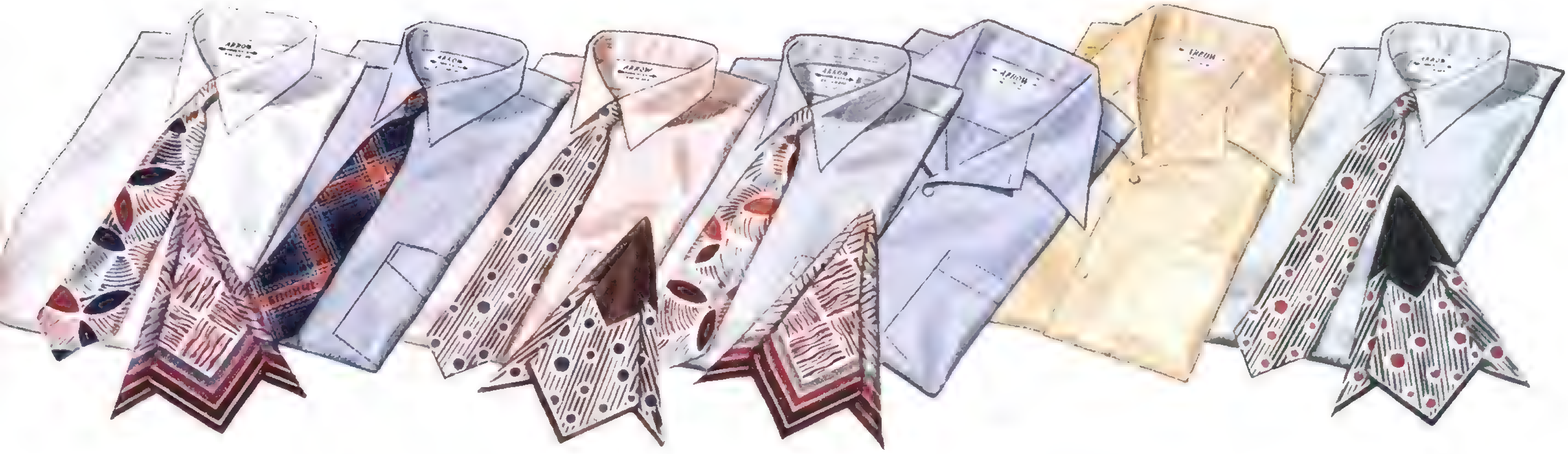
WHAT an ensemble for Dad!

Arazephyr broadcloth shirts (regular or sports model) are *extra*-cool because of the thousands of tiny "windows" which let cool breezes in, *extra*-handsome because of the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't stripe which we cooked up for this notable occasion!

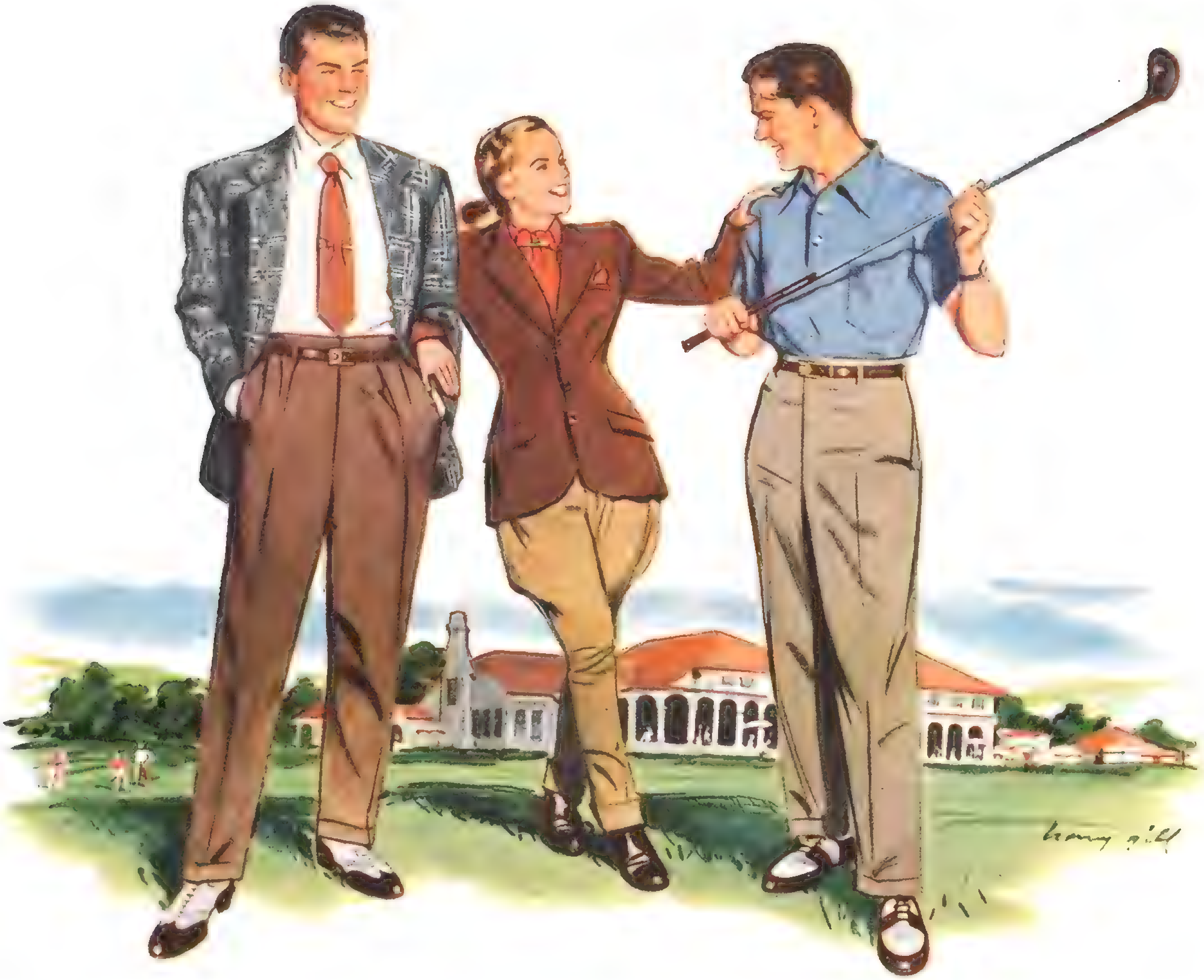
The regular shirts come in white, blue, gray, tan, and green. Sports shirts—shortsleeved for comfort—in blue, tan, yellow, green and white. ALL: $3.50 each.

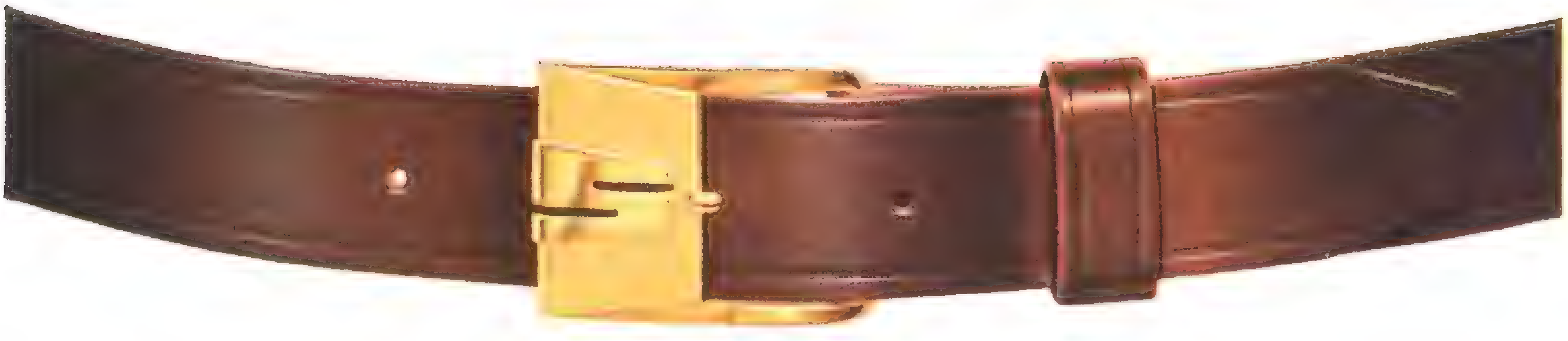
THESE SHIRTS all boast the famous Arrow Collar...front buttons anchored by our patented lock stitch...and the Sanforized trademark, meaning: *this fabric can't shrink more than 1%.*

THE TIES ($1 & $1.50 each) and the HANDKERCHIEFS (65¢ each) were *designed specifically* to harmonize and highlight the Arrow Arazephyr Shirts. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



Look for the ARROW TRADE-MARK **ARROW** *"ARAZEPHYR" Shirts • Ties*
Handkerchiefs • Sports Shirts





Smart Way to get *Around* a Man

Smart indeed—this belt and buckle by SWANK. The handsome, gleaming tongue buckle carries a new, hand-crafted pierced initial. A popular and personal gift that's sure to please. Shell Cordovan $5.00. Hand-boarded Cowhide $3.50.

Always look for the name SWANK
on all our products

Don't forget Father's Day—June 20th

Men prefer
SWANK

SWANK — ® Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

Sail into Dad's Heart

ON FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 20TH

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
Lather Shaving Cream
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Old Spice
Brushless Shaving Cream
SHULTON
Spice

EARLY AMERICAN
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FOR MEN

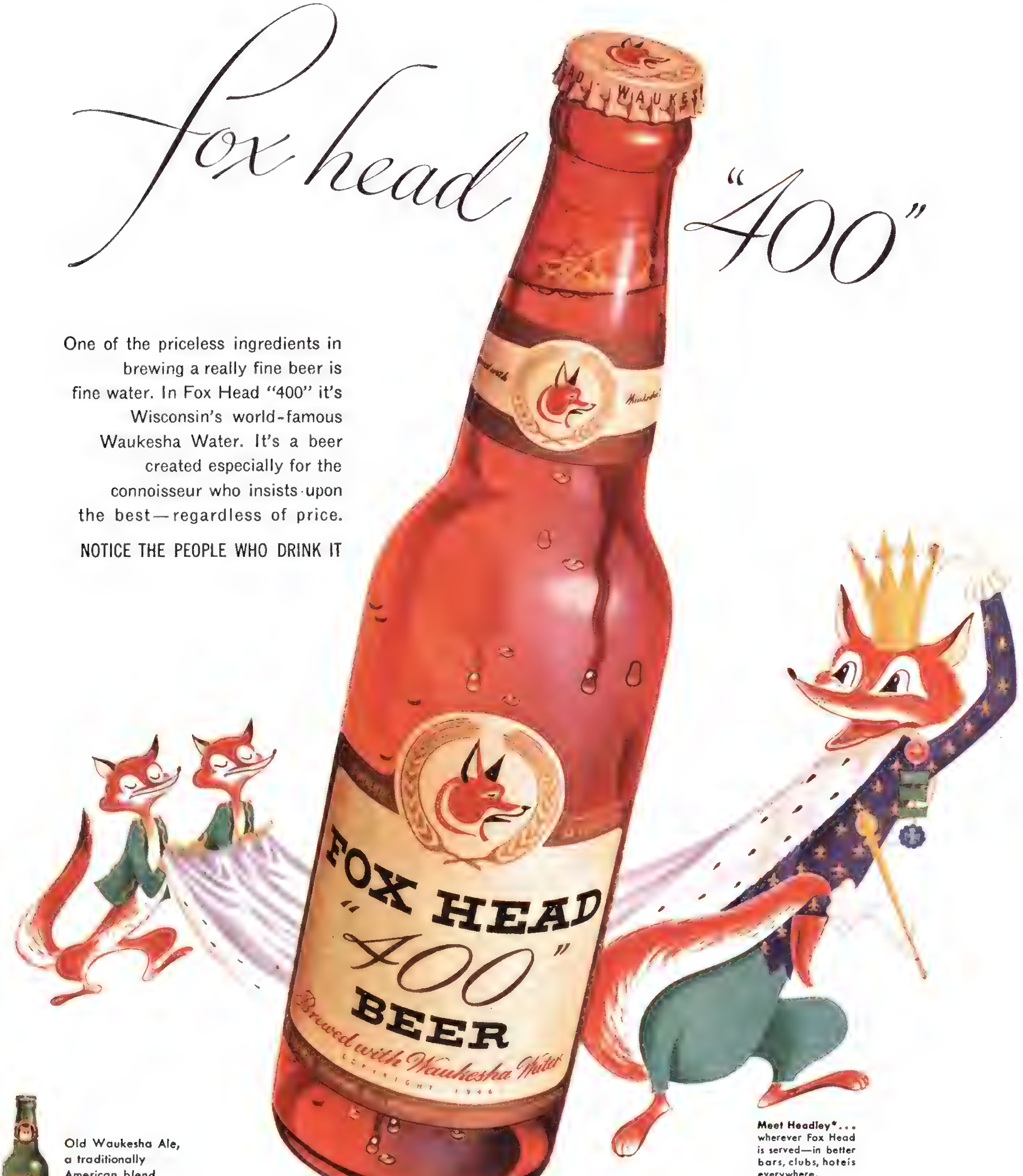
SINGLE ITEMS: Lather Cream .60 Brushless Cream .60 Talcum .75 After Shave Lotion and Cologne—Each in two sizes, 1.00* and 1.75* Shave Mug 1.00 Shave Stick .75*

GIFT SETS:* Grooming Luxury 6.00 Mug-Lotion-Talcum 3.00 Mug-Lotion 2.25 Large Lotion-Brushless or Lather Cream 2.50

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

*PLUS TAX

Fox head "400"


FOX HEAD
"400"
BEER
Brewed with Waukesha Water
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HEAD WAUKESHA

One of the priceless ingredients in brewing a really fine beer is fine water. In Fox Head "400" it's Wisconsin's world-famous Waukesha Water. It's a beer created especially for the connoisseur who insists upon the best—regardless of price.

NOTICE THE PEOPLE WHO DRINK IT

Meet Headley*... wherever Fox Head is served—in better bars, clubs, hotels everywhere.

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Old Waukesha Ale, a traditionally American blend—mellow yet vigorous—the ale of good taste.

Brewed with Waukesha Water

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day," I told the girl. "I didn't get any sleep on the plane last night."

Charlie got his breath, but he didn't get up. He sat in front of me and looked at me. It didn't hurt.

"Get up," I told him, "and we'll play something else. I know more damned games."

He pushed himself back along the floor for about ten feet and then stood up. He backed to the hallway door. "I'm not going to forget this," he told me.

"If you do," I said, "I'll be glad to refresh your memory."

The girl went over to him and they went out in the hallway together and I could hear whispering and then the sound of the front door opening and closing. The girl came back.

"You shouldn't have hit him," she said, but I could tell she didn't really care. "Would you like a drink?"

"If you have bourbon, I'll take bourbon and water."

She went into the kitchen and I could hear her getting the ice and fixing the drinks. I sat and waited, I didn't bother to prowl around the room; in that room it would have been a waste of time. Mr. and Mrs. Collins didn't own anything in it but the dust. She came back and handed me a glass and sat at the other end of the sofa from me; but it wasn't a very long sofa. There was a faint odor of some spicy perfume about her.

"You want to start in and just tell me about it?" I asked. "Or do I have to ask questions?"

"I don't understand."

"This room," I said. "You and Bill weren't happy, or at least you didn't get along very well. Any two people who just wanted a place to eat and sleep could live here without changing anything."

"I guess that's true," she said. She started talking and told me all about it. They'd been married when he was working for Holland in Seattle. She thought she was in love and so did he. They'd been married a year when he enlisted in the Navy to avoid the Army draft.

"The war changed him," she said.

"That's an old excuse," I told her, "and it doesn't cover as much as people think."

In her case, though, it did. Bill did SP work in Seattle for awhile and then was transferred to San Francisco. She'd worked and she didn't join him for six months; housing, and the fact that he thought he might be moved again any time. When she did they didn't see much of each other, she worked days and he worked nights. He patroled the night clubs and bars and he met entertainers and women who also patroled those spots. She knew he was playing around, but she didn't know what she could do about it, outside of leaving him, and she didn't want to do that.

"Why?" I asked.

He needed her. He always came back to her and she didn't want to hurt him.

I said: "Nuts."

Well, it was partly true. She finally admitted that in the excitement of wartime and all, she'd done some stepping herself. By the time the war ended he was pretty wrapped up in some girl singer, she didn't know who and had never seen her, but the tie was strong enough so that he didn't want to leave San Francisco. He cinched it by getting a job in the D.A.'s office. They talked about a divorce, and she made up her mind to file, but kept putting it off until, when she finally decided, he'd broken with the singer, and they forgot the divorce. They were both pretty faithful after that, until he quit and they moved down here.

"Why did he quit the D.A.'s office?" I asked.

"He got restless again," she said. "That's what I mean by his being changed. Before, we were buying a home and we didn't go out much; but during and after the war we lived in rented places and spent everything on fun. He was always talking about moving someplace else. Finally he quit and we came down here. He worked for a little agency for a month while his name was on your list for call. Then he got on steady with you. Just about that time I knew he was involved with another woman.

"I could tell the minute it started," she said. "He said it was his work that kept him out late, but I knew better. I was ready to divorce him; *really* this time, but I always put things off and I didn't seem to get a chance to talk to him about it. Now, though, I will. Want another drink?"

"Yeah."

"I'll tell you something I learned by experience about him," she said. "Women, just women for themselves, didn't interest him very long. Maybe three weeks or a month and then he was home again until a new one caught him. But if they had money and could buy him things, like that singer did, or like the one he's with now does, he'd stick around until they dropped him. But when this one drops him, he isn't going to crawl back to little Lois. I'm fed up."

"It took a long time," I said.

"Maybe. I'm lazy and there was always the idea that he'd be back if and when I wanted him. And he didn't stop my fun."

"Is Charlie fun?" I asked.

She leaned toward me and half-closed her green eyes.

"Silly," she said, her voice a soft whisper softly amplified. "Charlie's nothing. He's Bill's friend. He thinks he should protect me while Bill's away."

I kissed her. Her lips were soft and warm and busy. I didn't defend myself; it would have been wasted effort.

Two hours later I got out to the agency car and drove back to the hotel. I hadn't even had lunch.

Someday I'll write a book.

III

I ate a big steak, had whiskey and ice sent up to the room, took a hot bath, put on my pajamas and climbed into bed with Bill Collins' reports at four p.m.

An hour later the whiskey was half gone and the reports were read and I was asleep. But before I'd gone to sleep I'd decided two things. One: Bill Collins was a good detective. He knew what to look for and where to look for it. He could spot what was right and what wasn't without going through ten pages of explanations of why he spotted it. His reports were sharp, short and to the point. He used his head more than his feet

Continued on page 102

COMPLETELY HIDDEN SPRINGS

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and he saved time by not wasting it (which for a detective is no mean accomplishment).

And two: Lois Collins was, in her own way, very good also.

The phone woke me. My watch said two-thirty; my head said the whiskey couldn't have been much good, and my voice said: "Damn."

I answered the phone.

"Duke?"

I said: "Yes."

"This is Ed Kelly."

I said: "Yes?"

"They found Collins."

I said: "Tell him his wife is going to divorce him."

"He's dead."

I said:

"Are you still there?"

I said: "Yes. Where?"

"Crestview; it's in the mountains, about a hundred and fifty miles from here. I'm going up. Do you want to come?"

I said: "How did he die?"

"I don't know a damn thing about it except he's dead in Crestview. If you want to come with me I'll pick you up. Okay?"

I said: "Yes."

"All right, about twenty minutes."

Fifteen minutes later I was waiting inside the main lobby door, dressed and with almost all of the half-bottle of whiskey in my pocket. What wasn't in the bottle was in my stomach. Neither liked the arrangement.

Outside there was blackness and fog and then there was Ed's car. I went out and got in beside him and handed him the bottle. He took a big slug and I said: "This fog will be nice."

"It will be hell," he told me.

That was our conversation for the next three hours. I slept.

When I woke up we were in a town and instead of blackness and fog there was greyness and fog.

"San Berdoo," Ed said. "Let's stop for coffee."

"This isn't Crestview?"

"No. About thirty miles more."

I took a big slug out of the bottle. Ed stopped the car in front of a red Neon sign that flickered the word EAT and we got out and found the door. Two cups of spiked coffee later, things didn't seem so bad.

"They didn't say how he died?" I asked.

"They might have, Duke. About all I got out of the conversation was Collins, Agency, Dead and Crestview. The connection was bad. They said something about meeting us at the turnoff, whatever that means."

"You ever been to Crestview?"

"No, but here it is." He got a map out of his overcoat and spread it on the counter. "Here's the road." His finger traced a blue line out of San Bernardino and into the crooked lines indicating mountains. "This must be the turnoff; we seem to leave the main highway."

"Hell of a place to die," I said.

"You've been there?"

"I can tell, I've got second sight."

The counterman came over. "Going up?" he asked.

"Up?"

"Mountains," he said.

I said, "Yeah."

"Plenty of snow."

"Dandy," I said. "Isn't that just dandy, Ed?"

"I could throw up for joy. Let's get out of here, Duke."

The snow started fifteen miles later. The road was clear, but slippery in spots, and we did some sliding around on the curves. The fog was still with us, but it was more light than grey. It was snowing lazily when we got to the turnoff. There was a red jeep and three men waiting there. Ed pulled up behind them and a guy dressed in heavy woolen pants, boots, a checkered mackinaw, gloves and a hat with ear muffs came over to our car.

"You the detective fellow?" he asked. Ed told him we were.

"Just follow along behind us. The road's clear and this snow ain't going to amount to nothing. We got to pick up the sheriff."

We followed along behind for ten twisting miles. The road was just as good but not as wide as the main highway. Crestview was a collection of about twenty snow-covered buildings and a block-long main street, all huddled beside a small cold-looking lake.

"I get the feeling that Raymond Chandler set this scene," I told Ed.

"*Lady in the Lake*," he said; "but it wasn't snowing."

The sheriff was waiting in a small, dirty building. He was spitting against a big, hot, pot-bellied stove when we walked in, and his greeting to us was: "Keep the damn door closed."

He was a thin little man with mean eyes and a stubble beard. He wore the woolen shirt that seemed to be a uniform in Crestview and around his small waist there was a cartridge-studded belt and holster with a black-handled .45. He spit again and looked at Ed. I didn't count.

"You the man I called?" he asked.

"Yes," Ed told him.

"Took your time, didn't you?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Well, let's get going. Rand, you go pick up Doc; we'll meet you there."

The sheriff tucked himself into a heavy overcoat, a hat with ear muffs and gloves. He spit on the stove and then led the way out to the cars.

"You ain't got chains?" he asked Ed. Ed shook his head. "Have to ride with us then; the plow ain't cleared the lake road."

The jeep was gone and one of the guys went after the sheriff's car. It was an Army weapon's carrier painted red. We piled in and started. The road was marked by tire marks, two ruts in the snow that we followed through the town and around the lake. I figured it at about five miles. On the way the sheriff told us about finding the body.

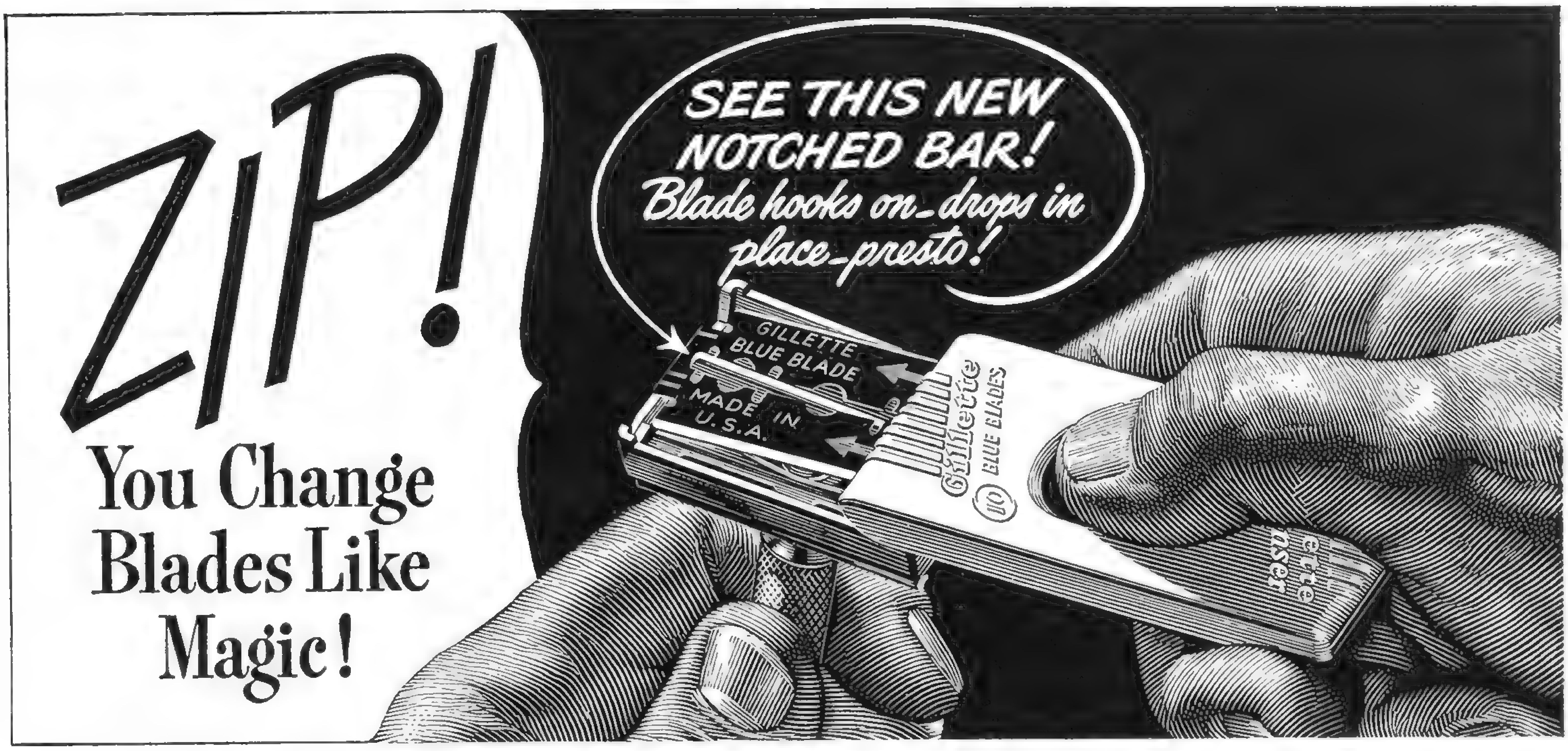
"There's only five houses on the other side of the lake," he said. "Before the war they was trying to build it up as a resort, but there was some kind of trouble about who owned the land; I guess it's still in the court. The five places was built by the real-estate outfit that was doing the developing and the five was sold before the squabble came up. There was some kind of court order given so's the company couldn't build or sell any more places. The place where we found the body is one of the five. The Bailey place. It's the first you come to on the other road."

"What place?" I asked.

"Bailey. Why?"

"Go on," I said.

Continued on page 104


SEE THIS NEW NOTCHED BAR! Blade hooks on—drops in place—presto!
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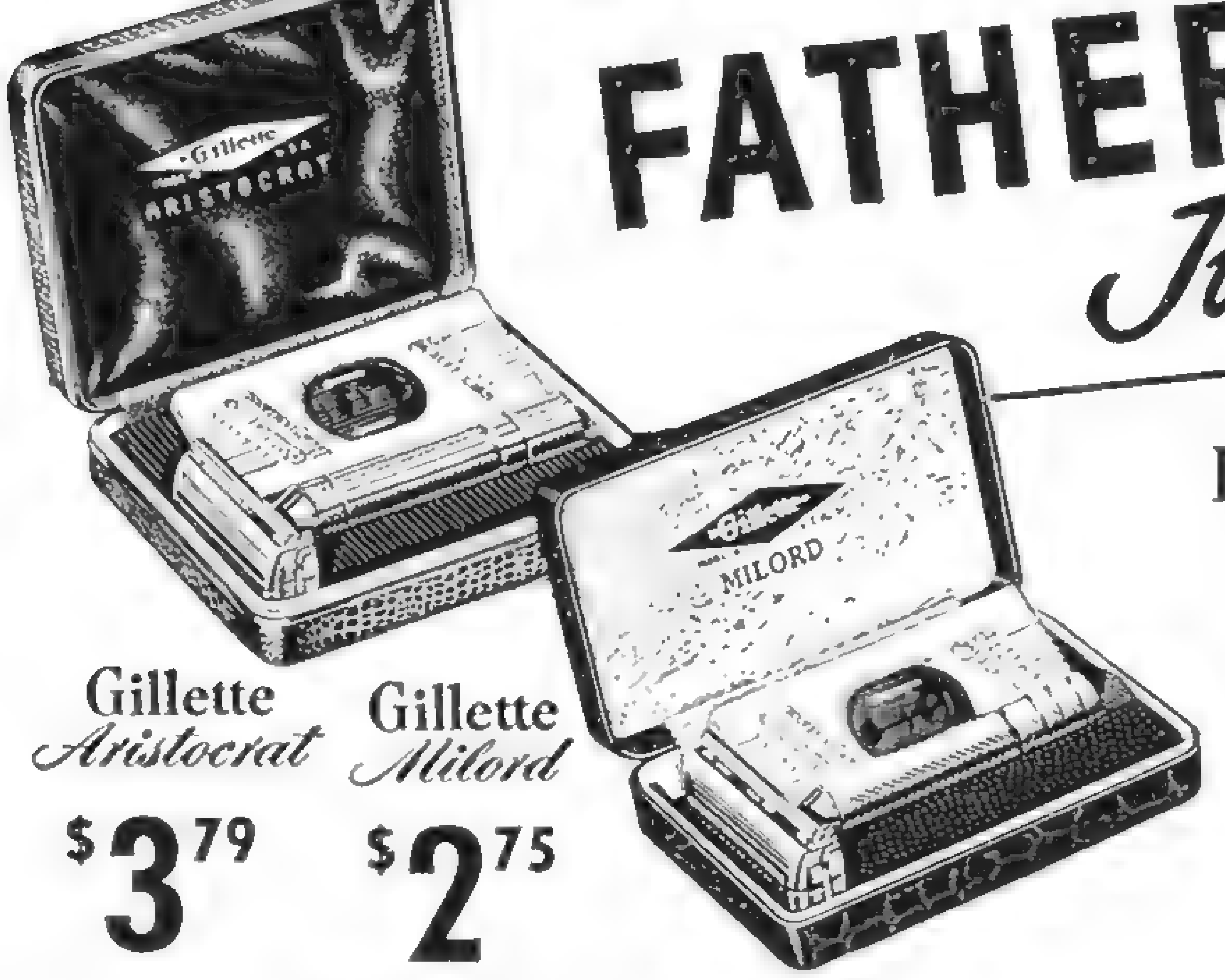
Dad will welcome any one of these razor sets

FATHER'S DAY

June 20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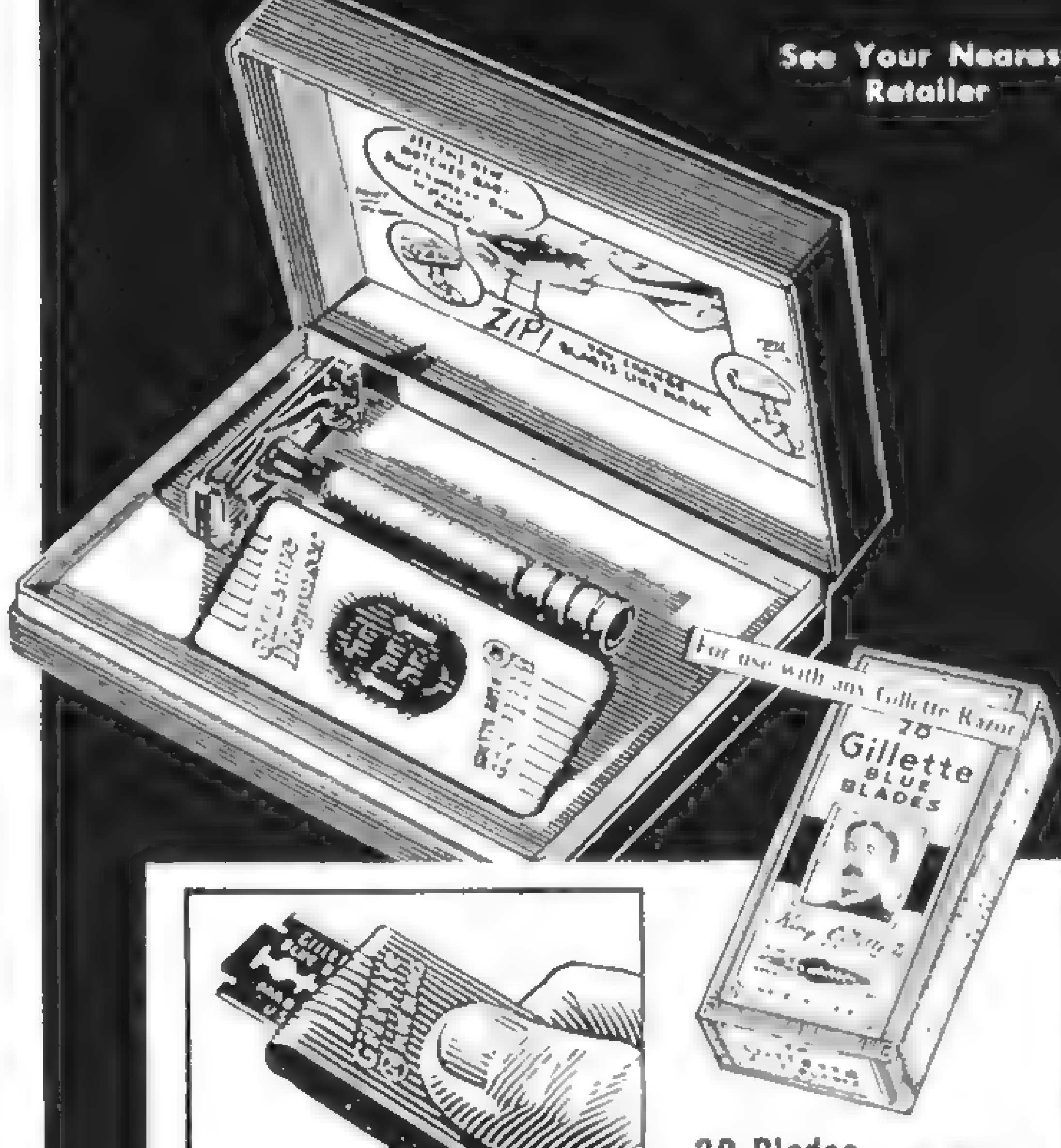
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look *SHARP!* feel *SHARP!* be *SHARP!* use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

Ed looked at me inquiringly, but I didn't take time to explain.

"Well, the other road goes out to the highway, but it's just gravel and not much good when we have weather. Best way in is through Crestview. Anyway, these five places are usually closed up in the winter, mostly because they ain't built for weather and it gets damn cold here. Summers the places are used some. But they ain't ever going to make a real summer place out of it; lake's too cold."

"The body," I suggested.

"You want to tell it?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I'm getting to the body. Joe Randell found it. He gets paid to keep an eye on the places over here, see they ain't broken into and like that. He goes over once a week. Anyway he started over about four o'clock yesterday and he got sort of sidetracked so it wasn't until about nine o'clock he got to the Bailey place."

"He really got sidetracked," I said.

"The damn fool was chasing a deer; he says he didn't get it. Anyway, when he was passing the Bailey place he flashed his light around and seen the door was open so he went in and there was the body. Then the damn fool got excited and got his car stuck in the snow and it took him almost an hour to get out and over to my place. I come over and what with one thing and another it was after midnight before I started calling you people. Seems everything happened. Doc was delivering a baby and couldn't get over, and Elsie at the phone place couldn't get through to Los Angeles for two hours because of some kind of trouble. Then you don't show up until this morning."

While the sheriff talked we'd passed several houses; they were all the same, two-storied, wooden, with high peak roofs and shuttered windows. Four were grouped together, with about two hundred yards of forested land between each one. The fifth, the one we stopped at, was beyond a turn in the road as it followed the lake shore, and was out of sight of the others. The road continued on past it, car tracks marking it for a distance of some hundred yards, and beyond that untracked snow.

"Has this side of the lake got a name?" I asked.

The sheriff said, "Lakeview."

I looked at Ed and saw he'd remembered and didn't like it.

William Collins had spent a week at Lakeview with a fraud case witness named Bailey.

IV

The front door of the Bailey place was still open and the inside was dark, with the shutters closed against the windows. The room we walked into was a long, narrow living room furnished in mail-order modern furniture. There was a large stone fireplace at one end and a bamboo-trimmed bar with two leather-covered stools at the other. The sheriff snapped on the lights. "The lights were out when Joe found the body," he said.

William Collins was sitting slumped in a one-armed chair, part of a sectional group. The white of his shirt front just above his heart was scarred by a blackened tear. Beside him, on the floor, where it could have dropped from his hand, was a .32 Police Special revolver.

"Don't touch nothing," the sheriff told us.

The body's knees touched against a coffee table, littered with two empty ash trays, two whiskey bottles, one empty and one a quarter full, a glass half-filled with colorless liquid, an empty shot glass, two packs of cigarettes, both partially full, a book of matches with three red-tipped sticks left, a gold lighter and a black leather wallet.

The Doc and his driver arrived and while he poked around I prowled the room. I didn't find anything except ashes in the fireplace. Bill's bag was on the floor near the bar, open but unpacked; his suit coat and empty shoulder holster were draped on the back of another one of the chairs.

There were two bedrooms and a bath upstairs, but they didn't look like they'd been used.

Off the living room there was a dining room and beyond that the kitchen. The dining room was untouched and there was nothing in the kitchen but a carton of groceries: canned meat, canned chili, a dozen eggs, two sticks of butter, several cans of vegetables, a bunch of green onions, a green pepper, a head of lettuce, a jar of mayonnaise, a pound of bacon, two loaves of bread, two quarts of milk, a beef roast still in its original wrapping, a bag of potatoes, a bunch of carrots, and a package of cookies. On the sink there was a half-empty quart of milk, but no glass. In the sink there was a large empty wax-paper carton with the corner torn off. It had once held twenty-five pounds of ice.

Along the side of the kitchen there was a hallway to the back door, which was locked from the inside, and off the hallway was a bedroom and a bath. The bedroom was untouched, and the bath had been used, but not disturbed. I went back to the living room.

The Doc couldn't or wouldn't say how long Bill had been a stiff. "Matter of days, though."

I suggested early Wednesday morning as the time of death.

"Possible," the Doc told me.

By a lot of indirect questions we also got the following information: The snow had started Friday afternoon and had lasted until sometime Sunday. It was the first snow of the season. The guy who found the body was positive that there had been no tracks to the front door and that the back door had been and still was locked from the inside. Bill's car was parked along the house on the highway roadside. The sheriff wouldn't let us touch it or look inside because it was piled with snow and we might disturb it. Ed Kelly recognized it as Collins'.

We'd been at the Bailey place an hour when the police squad from San Berdoo arrived. The cops shooed us out of the house

Continued on page 106

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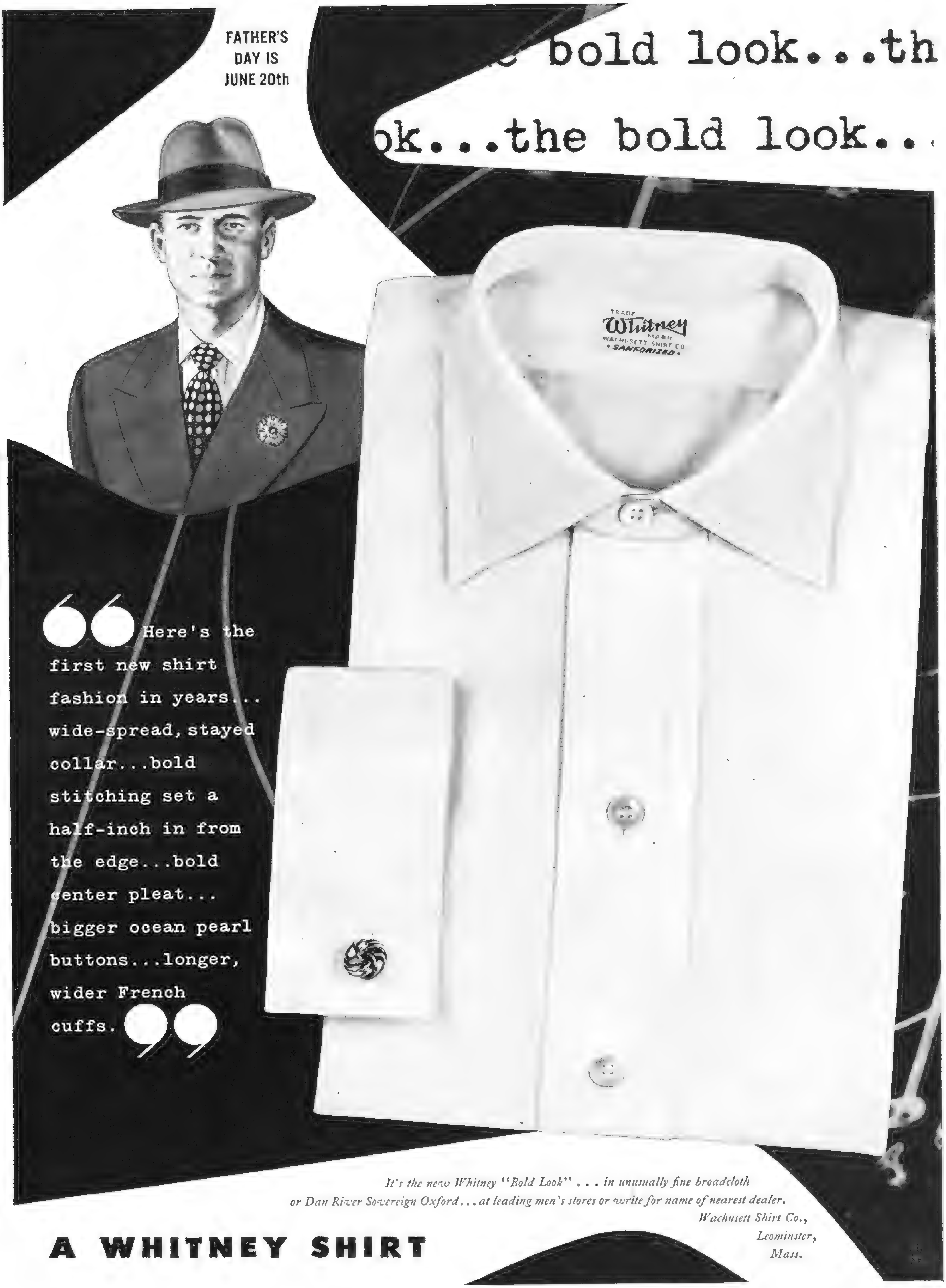

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Hot Blonde, Cold Blonde

while their men went over the place, getting fingerprints and photographs. I damn near froze. When they were through we went back.

They'd moved the body onto the floor and the chair cushion it had leaned against had been torn open, the cotton spilling out on the seat. I talked to a big, pleasant, rosy-cheeked guy who looked like he was in charge.

"Got the slug," he told me. "I'd say it came out of the gun that was beside him, but don't quote me. Ballistics will make sure. Anyway, the gun was fired recently."

"How about prints?" I asked.

"One set and some smears on the gun. Lots of them all over the rest of the joint."

"You through in here?"

"Yeah. We'll take the stiff downtown for the opening; probably know a lot more then."

I walked over to the coffee table and picked up the gold lighter. I flicked it open and rolled it; there was a spark, but the wick didn't catch. It didn't catch in three more tries so I closed it and shook it upside down and then tried it. It lit. I flicked it closed, smothering the flame.

"Any prints on it?" I asked.

"Couldn't get much, what with those ribs," the big guy told me.

"How about the match book?"

"Just smears. Why?"

"I don't know."

I looked at the match book. It advertised cigars. That didn't mean anything.

"How about the car?" I asked.

"They're working on it now."

They'd finished when I walked out and I poked around inside. I didn't find anything. It was registered to William Collins and the address was a San Francisco one. Ed Kelly came up and told me the Doc was going back to Crestview; we decided to ride with him.

The jeep was colder than Christmas in Maine and Ed and I shivered in the back seat until we got to the village. There we got some coffee and a couple of doughnuts. Ed nursed the motor of his car to life. It was still snowing lazily, like feathers falling in a closed room. We didn't talk until we got to the turnoff. There was only one shot left in the bottle; I took it. Ed didn't look like he needed it, he looked happy about something.

"The wallet on the table was Bill's," he told me.

"That figures," I said.

"Yeah. It was there on the table when the guy found the body. The sheriff opened it and got our phone number."

"So?"

"Nothing. There wasn't anything unusual in his pockets, some change, stuff like that."

"Still: so?"

"Also the guy who found it; you know the one who's paid to look after the places?"

"The deer-chaser?" Ed nodded. "He got the deer," I said. "That's what made him so late getting back to the sheriff with the news; he had to take the deer home first."

"Is that important?"

"No. Just shows my power of reasoning."

"Okay. But he saw Bailey when Collins was up there with him."

"Is that important?"

"Sure. He didn't see Collins. He saw the cabin was being used and he went over and talked to Bailey. But he didn't know Collins was at the cabin with him."

"This happened when?" I asked.

"I'm going to look it up; all the guy would say was that it was 'couple, three months ago.' "

We were out of the snow then and the fog was gone, but my feet were still cold.

"Well," I said, "it proves that it's Bailey's place."

"And it makes it open and shut."

"Keep talking, kiddo."

"All right. Bailey and Collins were up there when Bailey was laying low on that witness deal. He and Collins got chummy and Collins found out that Bailey was going to perjure his testimony."

"You got a dirty mind," I said.

"You want to hear it?"

"Go on."

"After Bailey committed perjury Collins put the pressure on him. Bailey got tired of buying silence and knocked Collins off."

"In his own cabin?" I asked.

"Sure. He'll have an alibi, but we'll crack it. It's the old double switch. You know, the guy is smart enough to know the cops wouldn't believe he could be so dumb."

"He must have inherited his dough," I said.

"I don't know if he did, and I don't know if he's got dough."

"He must have dough," I said, "to own a place like that, and he must have inherited it because if he tried that worn-out double switch he's too dumb to have earned it. What about the dame?"

"What dame?"

"The dame who was with Collins."

"Did you find anything to show a dame was with him?"

"Nothing concrete," I said.

"More of your intense reasoning?"

"Yeah. Take the groceries. A guy would buy canned meat and chili and bacon and eggs and milk and bread. He might even buy some fresh meat, like a steak or chops. A dame would think about stuff for salad and vegetables. And a dame would buy a roast, or tell the guy to."

"Oh, brother."

"There's more," I said. "There's the lighter and the book matches."

"Honest to God, Duke."

"The lighter didn't work well, it needed fuel. With a guy a lighter like that is a challenge. It was right there on the table for use, but somebody used book matches instead."

"Because the lighter didn't work; you just said it."

"It worked if you shook it upside down," I said. "A guy would do that. He'd make a lighter work if it was possible because every guy thinks he's a mechanical genius when it comes to lighters; but a dame wouldn't be bothered. She'd try it once, maybe twice, and then she'd use a match. Before our William got drunk he probably worked it for her, but afterwards she'd be on her own. Besides the matches smelled like a dame's purse."

"That's real deep stuff, Duke. We'll go a long ways on that. And how did your dame get out of the mountains?"

"She had help," I said.

"Now you got two people besides Bill up there, and all out of your little head."

Continued on page 108

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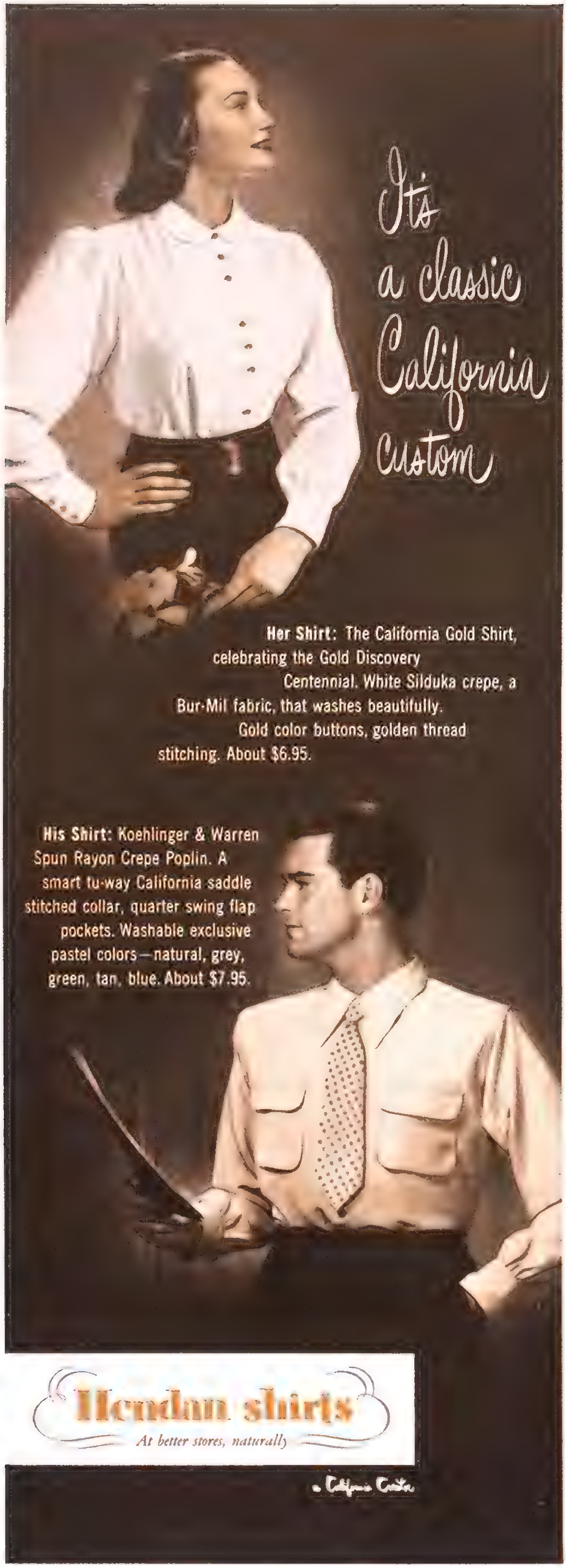

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Hot Blonde, Cold Blonde

"Yeah. She had help because I don't think a dame would drive alone at night up the mountain roads even to sleep with me." I grinned at Ed.

"So?"

"So she rode with William. Somebody drove up and got her and this dame and the somebody who helped her are smart people."

"I'll give you that."

"It takes a smart apple to be in a place any length of time and not leave some definite clue about himself, but these two almost did it. And the groceries have another angle. The dame didn't know whether she was going to stay or not; if everything went smooth, no ticket for speeding and no nosy people along the way or up there, then she wouldn't be sticking around. But if anything happened to upset the deal, she made sure she was going to eat during the vacation. They even took the register slip from the groceries, and all the milk bottles tell us is that Arden Farms put it out and that they've got places all over."

"I'll stick with Bailey. If you need a dame he's got a daughter and a wife."

"Either of them blonde?" I asked.

"I don't know. Why blonde?"

"Sort of a hunch," I said. "Bill had something real nice in the dark-haired field at home. I figure he'd go for a blonde."

Ed shook his head. "And the Old Man sent you out to do detective work. If your hunches or theories get us to first base I'll buy you a case of Scotch."

"Make it Parliament Special," I said. Then I went to sleep.

V

That afternoon I found a blonde. We got back at twelve-thirty and Ed let me off at the hotel and then went on to the office. I went up to my room, shaved, showered and put on clean clothes. I had lunch sent up and read Collins' reports again while I ate. Then I went over to the office.

"I'm getting Bailey," Ed told me. "He's in Chicago and that branch is talking to him. It'll come over teletype any time now."

"Get the husband Collins found," I said. "Arthur Longridge. He's in Kansas City, the wet one. It hasn't anything to do with the case, but the more we wash out the better. Also find out what happened to the bank messenger in that last caper Bill was on. Then you'd better send someone out to see Mrs. Collins and break the news if she doesn't know. Whoever you send can take her to San Berdoo. The cops will want her identification and our man can pump her on the way down. Have him find out about insurance and her alibi, if any."

"You know when Collins was killed?"

"Any time before it started snowing up at Lakeview," I said, "but I'd say early Wednesday morning was pretty certain. Whoever you send can get the autopsy dope from the San Berdoo people."

"You don't want to handle her?"

"I've handled her. I've got something else to do."

"Wait for the Bailey dope?"

"No. I'll pick it up later."

"You'll be wasting your time if I'm right."

"I'll probably be wasting my time anyway. I'll see you later."

The house was on Buckman Drive, a curved, tree-lined street out Beverly Hills way. It was big; two-storied Spanish in adobe-colored plaster and the lawn looked like a wide expanse of golf green. I parked and walked up to the door. It was opened by a small dark girl.

"Mrs. Carr," I said.

The girl smiled and stood aside and I walked into a wide entry hall. The girl closed the door, walked past me into the living room and I stood where I was until she came back.

"This way," she said. I followed her into the living room, through it and an arched doorway to a den or study. Mrs. Carr was standing behind a big carved desk.

She was tall, blonde, thirtyish without looking it, and, from what I could see, she had either a good figure or an expensive brassière. She was wearing a Chinese robe (it turned out to be pajamas, but the desk blocked my view at first), and her hair was piled on top of her head. Her eyes were very blue and large and she had a pair of horn-rimmed glasses in her hand. The paper spread out on the desk in front of her was a Daily *Racing Form* and she'd been busy with a pencil and notebook. The maid left me standing there, so I smiled. Mrs. Carr smiled.

"I didn't mean to interrupt you," I said. "It's about the stolen jewelry."

The blue eyes squinted a bit, but outside of that it didn't affect her. She did stall, though.

"Stolen jewelry?" she asked. A nice voice, cool and with a lot of pretended puzzlement. "You had some jewelry stolen?"

"Sit down, please." I sat down. I picked a chair to one side of the desk, a chair that gave me a full-length view of her. She stood for a minute, maybe so I could get a really good look, and then she sat down. "You're from the police?"

"No, the insurance company's agency."

"But this has all been settled. I received a check weeks ago."

"We don't close a case until we pick up the jewels," I said. "The insurance company pays off, but we keep working."

"I see. But . . ."

"Usually," I went on, "it's negative work. We circulate a description of the stuff and we keep an eye on the known fences and we let it go at that. Sooner or later the jewelry turns up; altered or broken up, but in some form."

"Has mine turned up?"

"No." I let her wait. This was the woman whose jewel loss William Collins had investigated. According to his report he'd interviewed her twice: once when her husband was with her, once alone. She'd told him a straightforward story both times and he hadn't been able to find anything phony about it. She was important to his death in the same way the missing husband from Kansas City and the bank messenger from New York were important; they were all people he'd met while working for the agency.

Also she was a blonde and I wanted a blonde in it.

And also because, while William Collins said she'd told a straightforward story about the jewel robbery, I got an odor of fish from just reading his report. It went exactly like this:

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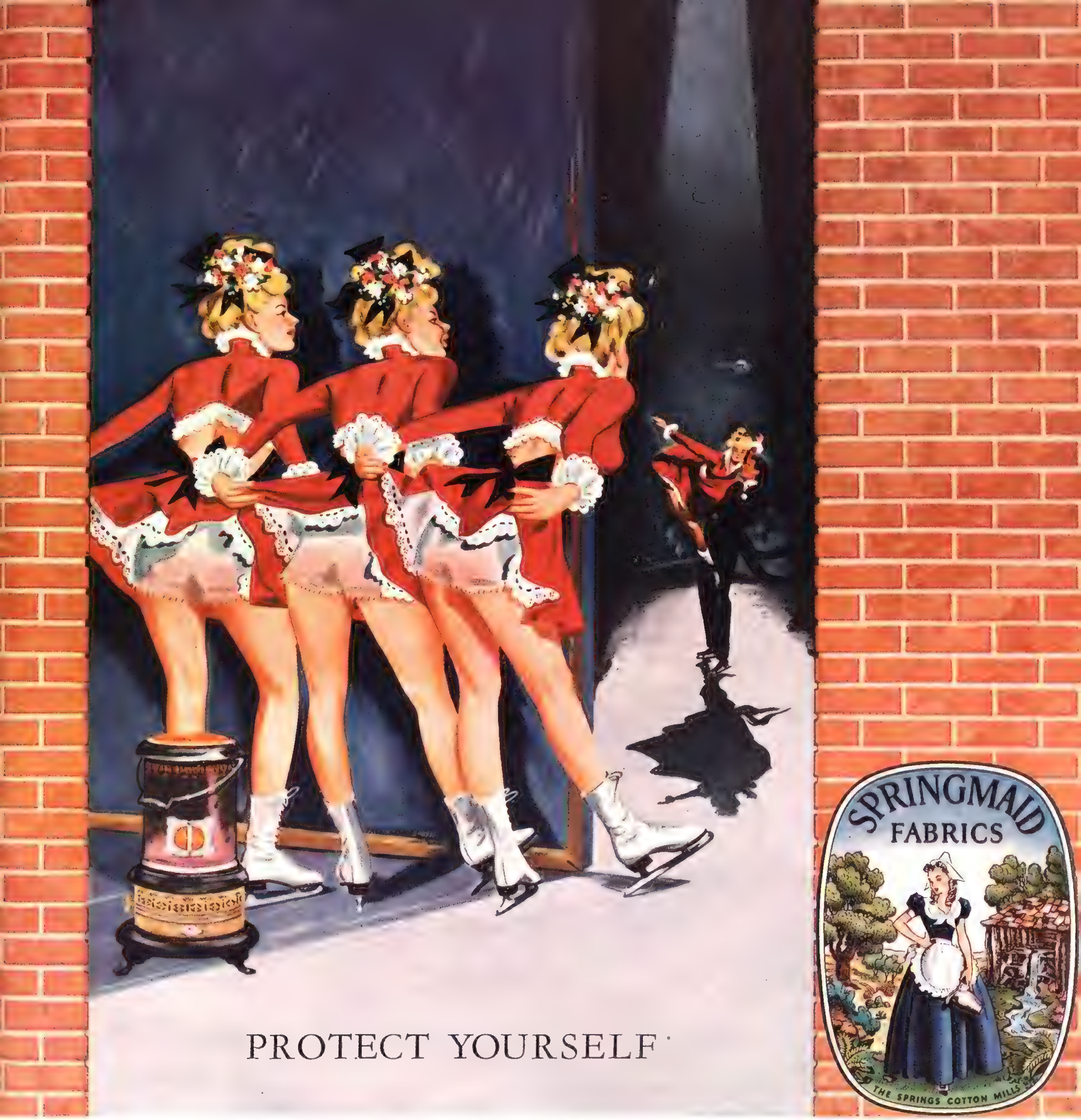

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Mrs. Carr and her husband had been out for dinner and visited several bars the night of the heist. They stopped at the Sportsman for a nightcap about one in the morning. They parked in an empty lot next to the bar and they didn't lock the car. There was no attendant at the lot (there never had been one, so that part was all right). They had one drink at the place and then started home. The spot was on the Sunset Strip, about three miles from their house. As they were driving out of the lot they noticed that the rearview mirror had been taken from the car. They discussed it while they drove and about a half mile from the bar, as they turned off Sunset and into the side street that joined with theirs, a man in the back seat stuck an automatic against Mr. Carr's neck and told both of them not to look around and to drive slowly. He told Mrs. Carr to take off the diamond pendant she was wearing. It was an eight-carat stone on a platinum chain valued at and insured for twenty-five thousand dollars. She removed it and handed it back to the man. He told Mr. Carr to stop and when the automobile was still he opened the door, told them to drive on fast, not to look around and not to turn back nor try to find him, or he'd "let lead fly." Mr. Carr drove home as quickly as possible and phoned the police who alerted the patrol cars, but they didn't pick up the robber. The robber's voice, according to Mrs. Carr, was a "sinister whisper."

That was the report and it was supposed to be the story Mrs. Carr told and her husband corroborated. And it was as phony as Hollywood snow. And an alert two-year-old should have spotted it, and a good detective on the case should have laughed at it, unless he had a reason not to. And William Collins was a good detective. And Ed Kelly didn't read very carefully.

Because Mrs. Carr, this cool blonde with the big blue eyes, told this story twice, at least, and every time she said "stuck an automatic against my husband's neck," and she shouldn't have known an automatic from a Browning sub, especially since she claimed she didn't turn around. And even if she'd seen it, she shouldn't have been able to tell whether it was an automatic or a revolver. If she told the story in her own words it might be natural to assume the man in the back seat stuck a *gun* against her husband's neck, but *automatic* was someone else's word.

She was using someone else's word because someone else wanted an automatic in the car that night. There was only one reason for that. Someone else didn't own an automatic; but someone else might have owned a .32 Police Special *revolver*.

So I let her wait. I didn't have any proof beyond my reasoning, and she'd have passed that off with an airy "well a gun of some kind," and sat back and watched me try to prove it. And I couldn't.

So I said, "Bill Collins was murdered."

I got reaction. I got widened eyes and the routine called Shocked Surprise.

She said: "Murdered!" Half question, half *Oh! no! not that!* "You should have asked, 'Who's Bill Collins?'" I told her.

"But I know," she said. "The detective, the one from the insurance people. Of course I know."

I sat and shook my head at her. "He talked to you twice, neither time for much longer than I've been here. That was about seven weeks ago. If I left now and somebody told you tomorrow morning that Duke Wallace was murdered, you'd ask, who's Duke Wallace?"

"I remember Mr. Collins."

"I'll buy that. But you don't remember him from the two times he talked over the robbery with you. Maybe if, when he was alone with you . . ."

"I don't like that implication."

"I don't either," I said. "I have a very strong feeling about you, honey. I don't think Bill walked up to you on the street and out of a hot brain flash said, 'Sweet, you've got a jewel, let's you and me rig a robbery. You can have part of the cash we get and the insurance company will foot the bill for a new jewel.' I think you and Bill were real palsy one time and I think . . ."

"*I* think that I don't have to sit here and listen to your ravings, Mr. Wallace."

"All right," I told her, "you don't. But I want to tell you what we're going to do for you. We're going to dig. We're going to find out where, when and how long ago you knew Bill. Then we're going to find out where he might have been the night the rock was lifted. Then we'll find out why you needed dough or if your husband needed it, because he could have been in the game too. Then we'll find out if Bill turned nasty and wanted a pay-off for keeping quiet; and then we'll see if you could have been in Lakeview and, if you were, we'll tie a murder rap on you. You don't have to listen to a damn word, sweetheart. I wonder what you'll order for that last meal."

VI

Mrs. Carr took a long time to think it over. I knew when she'd made up her mind and I knew I wasn't going to like the decision.

"You really don't have anything at all," she told me. "Even if you find that I knew Bill Collins before, and I don't admit that at all, but even if it were true it wouldn't prove anything."

Smart blonde. There was the big hole in my bluff.

"He was murdered, Mrs. Carr," I said.

"Martha," she said. "And I'll call you Duke?"

"Sure. Collins was murdered."

"I'm sorry. I liked him. But I don't know anything about murder . . . or jewel robberies."

"Where were you Tuesday night, the ninth?"

"Offhand, I couldn't say. It's a rather silly question for a person who doesn't keep a diary."

"Think about it, maybe you can remember."

She thought about it. "Just a week ago?" she asked. I nodded. "My husband left for New York that night," she said. "I'm trying to remember what I did. What time are you most interested in?"

"All night," I said.

"Oh. Well, I took my husband to the station; he left at seven. Then I had dinner at Lyman's downtown and then I came home

Continued on page 112

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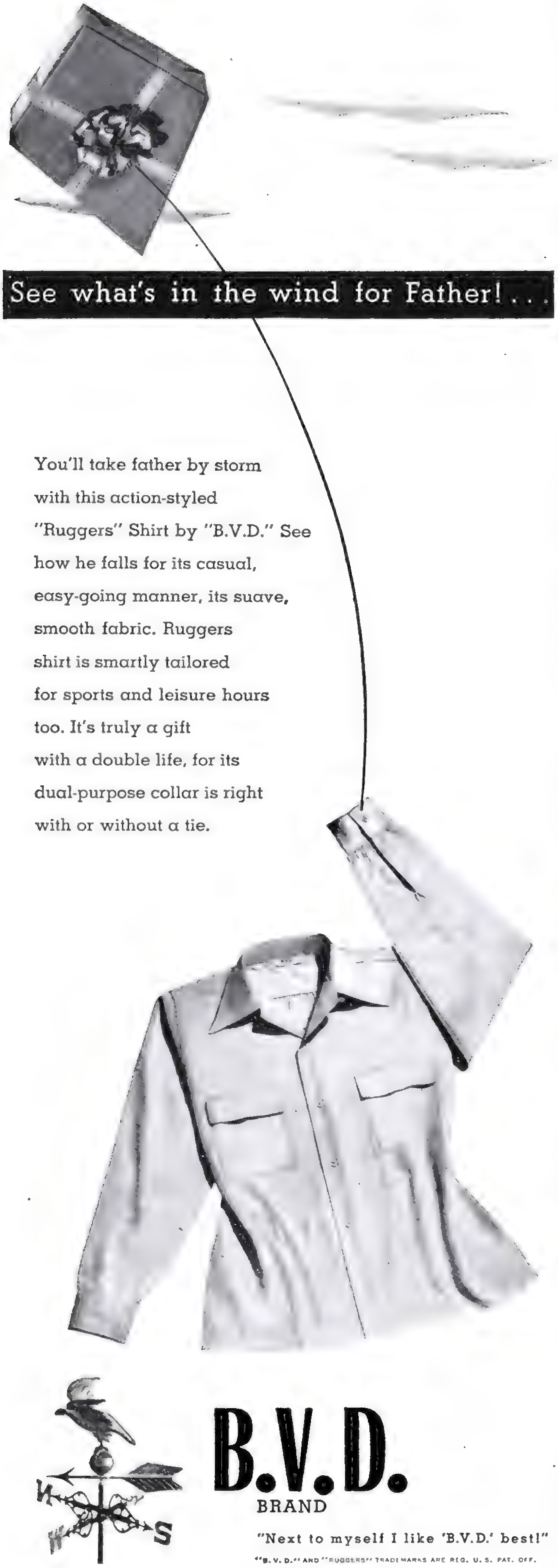

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here. I didn't go out again."

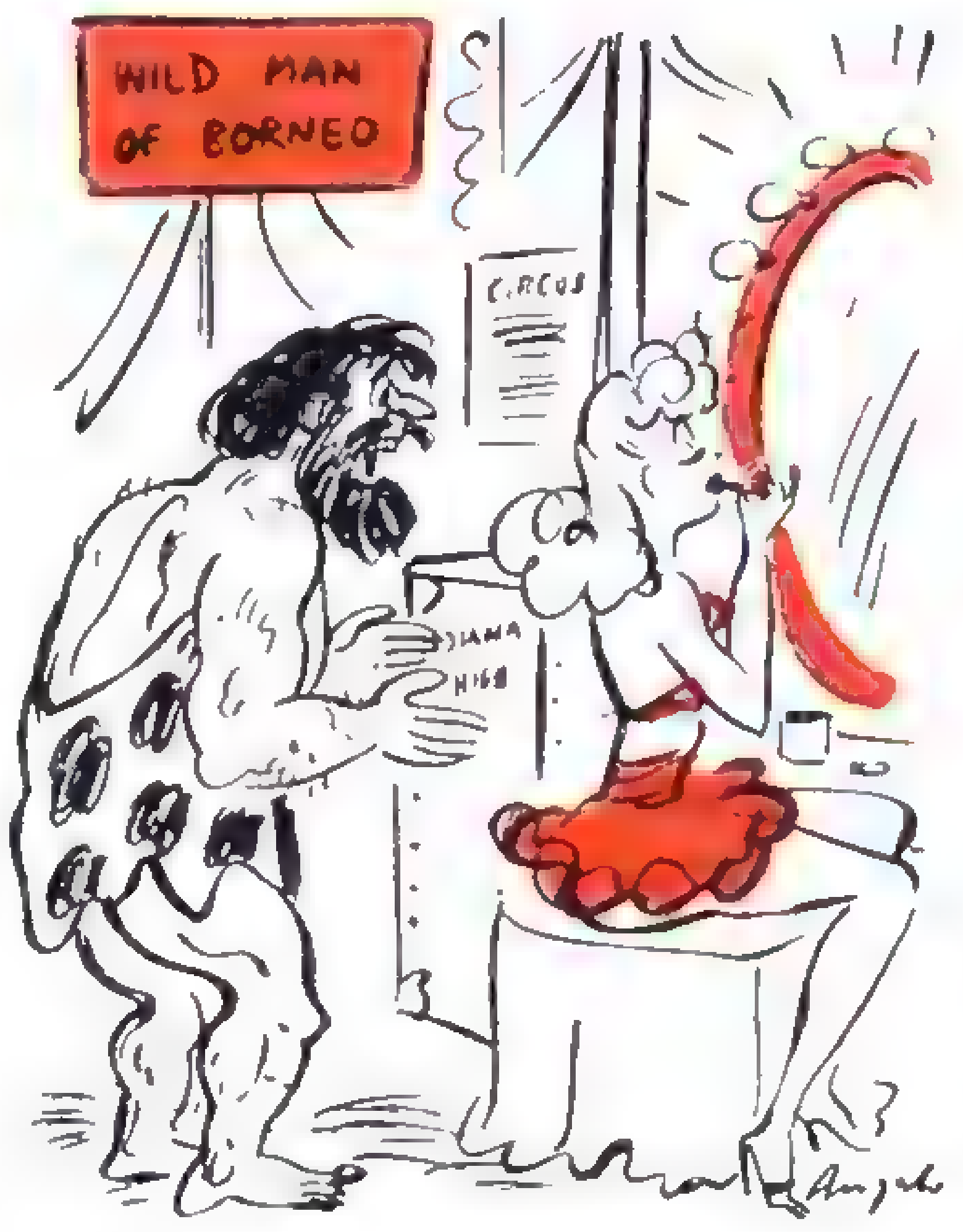
"The servants can verify it?"

"I'm afraid not. We have just the maid and a cook and both of them sleep out. They leave after dinner and as we didn't eat here that night, they left early, before we went to the station." She smiled. Now that she'd made up her mind, she was going to be friendly. It wouldn't cost her anything but effort and it might keep me from airing the fake jewel deal. I knew she wasn't afraid of my proving anything, especially with Collins out of it, but she wouldn't want any light turned on the reason behind the caper.

"So," she said, "I haven't an alibi."

"You've got everything else."

"Thank you."



"I'm wild about you, honey!"

"I didn't mean it that way. You've got motive and opportunity and you're smart enough for the part."

The big blue eyes narrowed. It was an effort to keep being friendly. But she did.

"You can't be serious, Duke. Let me fix you a drink."

"Okay. Bourbon. Is your husband back yet?"

She was on her way to a cabinet bar when she stopped and turned, looked at me, and said: "No, he's still in New York. He won't be back for ten days or so."

It was an invitation or a threat or a promise. It meant "Be nice to me and I'll be nice to you." It wasn't in the words; it was in the way she said the words and the way she'd looked at me when she said them. I may have the kind of mind that runs in those sewers, but I got it. And from it I got the idea that this blonde was willing to use her body to get things she wanted: money or attention or silence. She'd be good at it, too. She'd give a convincing performance, but it wouldn't mean a damned thing to her. And I didn't want any part of it.

I got up and walked out.

Back at the office Kelly had the teletype on Bailey.

Bailey had been in Chicago for the past month. It didn't look like he'd left. The Chicago office was double-checking, but without hope. Bailey had issued quite a statement and it boiled down to the fact that William Collins knew that the key to the Lakeview house was left hidden in a flowerpot on the front stoop. Collins had seen Mr. Bailey take it from there when they arrived and replace it when they left.

"And," Ed said, "there wasn't any trick to finding out that the Baileys were in Chicago and were going to stay there for another month or so. I got that just by calling his office and Collins could do the same."

"At least we know how Collins got in and how he knew it was safe to use the place," I said. "What about the bank messenger and the Kansas City husband?"

"Both out. The husband is home and happy in K. C., and the messenger is in the Tombs waiting trial."

"Good. How about San Berdoo?"

"Nothing, because they aren't back yet."

"Who'd you send?" I asked.

"Jim Townes. I guess the girl knew about it because the San Berdoo people called here for Collin's home address and phone while we were driving back. Jim is older and the fatherly type; he can give her some comfort."

"She won't need it," I said. "What from the Old Man?"

"Teletype. He wants a detailed report of our progress. My blundering stupidity is responsible for the death of a trusted agent. You are to call him as soon as you get this word."

"Let him stew. Trusted agent, my foot. But in a way he's right. You missed the boat, Ed."

"Sure," Ed told me. "I've got big shoulders, let me take the rap."

I told him about the Carr case and Collins' report on it.

"I'll admit I don't read all the reports," he said. "I've got too much to do and I have to trust our agents."

"You read this one," I said. "You read it when you checked Collins' cases to see if we were involved in his disappearance."

"All right, I read it. I didn't find anything wrong. Your assumptions are damned thin."

"Once you start suspecting the deal there are a hundred holes in the story," I told him. "But if you can't see them, forget it. I want to know all about Martha Carr. Everything. Get some men on it."

Ed shrugged. "Okay. You want her for the spot?"

"If she did it I want her. Check and see if the husband is in New York and if he left before Collins was killed. If he did then he's out of the jewel deal too. Look for a boy friend in that case."

"Anything else?"

"Yeah. If one report stinks they all might. Start sifting that auto-accident deal; it reads straight, but sift it anyway. And get me everything you can on Collins, what he liked, what he ate, stuff like that. His wife, too."

"Okay. Carl Lewis is in the bull pen now. He knew Collins as well as anyone in the agency."

The bull pen was a small office adjacent to the agency's main suite. It was stocked with magazines and newspapers, and operatives on call waited there for assignments. The L. A. branch had five full-time investigators and none of them spent an awful lot of time waiting around, but usually several free-lance ops killed time in our bull pen on the chance a job would come in for them.

Carl Lewis was one of our full-time ops: a small, hard, inconspicuous guy who looked like a clerk or a shoe salesman. He was alone in the bull pen.

"I didn't know Collins very

Continued on page 114

The Waxworks

A variety of folk tunes from across the sea: hot stuff and sweet dreams for the esoteric

by **HERBERT KUBLY**

The Low

In the rough-and-tumble game of hurley, twenty-one-year-old Christy Lynch from County Limerick was all-Ireland goalkeeper. He also liked to sing and, after an audition, the late great John McCormack took him on as a protégé. McCormack said: "He is the one most likely to succeed me . . . I have not heard better in a quarter of a century." When McCormack died, Christy Lynch came to America to win his fame and fortune.

In his first album (*The Minstrel Boy*, Columbia, 8 sides) ♪ Christy Lynch sings such Irish folk apocrypha as *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, *The Rose of Tralee*, *A Little Bit of Heaven*, with cello, flute and harp accompaniment. His Celtic legato is clean and sweet and very nearly as rippling as McCormack's own. Otherwise *Tales of Hoffman* or *La Bohème* are still waiting for someone to outshine McCormack's great triumphs in these operas.

In an imported album (*Napoli Canta*, Cetra-Soria, 6 sides) ♪ ♪ an Italian minstrel boy named Francesco Albanese does a better job with the sobbing dirges of unrequited love, Neapolitan style. Albanese warbles *Santa Lucia*, *Passione* and other songs of the type which were Caruso's forte with the unoperatic public.

Classics of the 12-bar melody are assembled in *Singin' the Blues* (Victor, 8 sides) ♪ by four veterans of woe. The old blues spirit is best evoked by Louis Armstrong's *Blues in the South* and Mildred Bailey's *I Don't Want to Miss Mississippi*. Jack Teagarden's *St. Louis Blues* and Ethel Water's *Careless Love* disappoint.

The fine disc work of Nat "King" Cole is continued in his trio's *Volume III* (Capitol, 6 sides) ♪ ♪. The nostalgic meanderings include *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Too Marvelous for Words*, which sound as if performed in a shaded porch on a hot day. The pretentious misnomer, *Collectors' Items* (8 sides), is given to an album which features practically every artist under contract to Capitol. Best side is *I Apologize*, with Benny Goodman's clarinet and Red Norvo's xylophone. Artists include Peggy Lee, Anita O'Day, Stan Kenton, Sonny Greer and Red Nichols.

Cretan-born Christos Vrionides is conductor of the Byzantine Singers, a rumbling male quintet of Greek vocalists. The ethnological-minded Disc Company has recorded them in Greek liturgical and folk songs (6 sides) ♪. For basso fans these records are as impressive as a volcanic eruption.

Best of the season's show albums is, rightfully, from the season's best Broadway musical, *High Button Shoes* (Victor, 8 sides) ♪ ♪. It has Nanette Fabray's incomparably roguish *Papa, Won't You Dance with Me?* and Phil Silvers' *On a Sunday by the Sea*.

The High

About Mozart's time the pianoforte replaced the harpsichord.

A stately and venerable musician, sixty-eight-year-old Wanda Landowska, has revived the harpsichord in our times. Currently Landowska plays *A Treasury of Harpsichord Music* (Victor, 12 sides) ♪ ♪. Her superbly dramatic art is heard in little masterpieces from Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Mozart and several others. With his sonata teammate, Violinist Alexander Schneider, Ralph Kirkpatrick, one of Landowska's famous pupils, plays Bach's *Six Sonatas for Harpsichord and Violin* (Columbia, 28 sides) ♪ ♪ ♪. These rarely heard sonatas are some of Bach's finest music. Kirkpatrick, a more arid harpsichordist than his teacher, also appears as soloist in an album of Scarlatti *Sonatas for Harpsichord* (Concert Hall, 6 sides) ♪ ♪.

Alexander Brailowsky has played the 170 piano pieces of Chopin in a six-concert cycle, twelve times. His legion of admirers can now buy his recording of the complete *Etudes* (Victor, 16 sides) ♪. They reveal Brailowsky as a technical wizard who lacks the poetic tenderness of Chopinists like Artur Rubinstein and Walter Gieseking.

There is more distinguished piano playing in Claudio Arrau's interpretation of *Kreisleriana* fantasies (Columbia, 9 sides) ♪ ♪ which Composer Robert Schumann dedicated to Chopin. This madcap music celebrates an eccentric fictional character, Johannes Kreisler, and Arrau's keyboard portrait is acidly satirical.

The pipe organ's detractors say it is barbaric, its partisans insist it is celestial. If you're one of the latter, you can get an album of *Organ Music* (Victor, 10 sides) ♪ ♪ played, by Virgil Fox, the finest of America's recording organists, playing the great American organ, in the John Hayes Hammond Museum in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Selections are from Mozart, Dupré, Mendelssohn, Bach. ###

Rating of Recording:

♪ = GOOD
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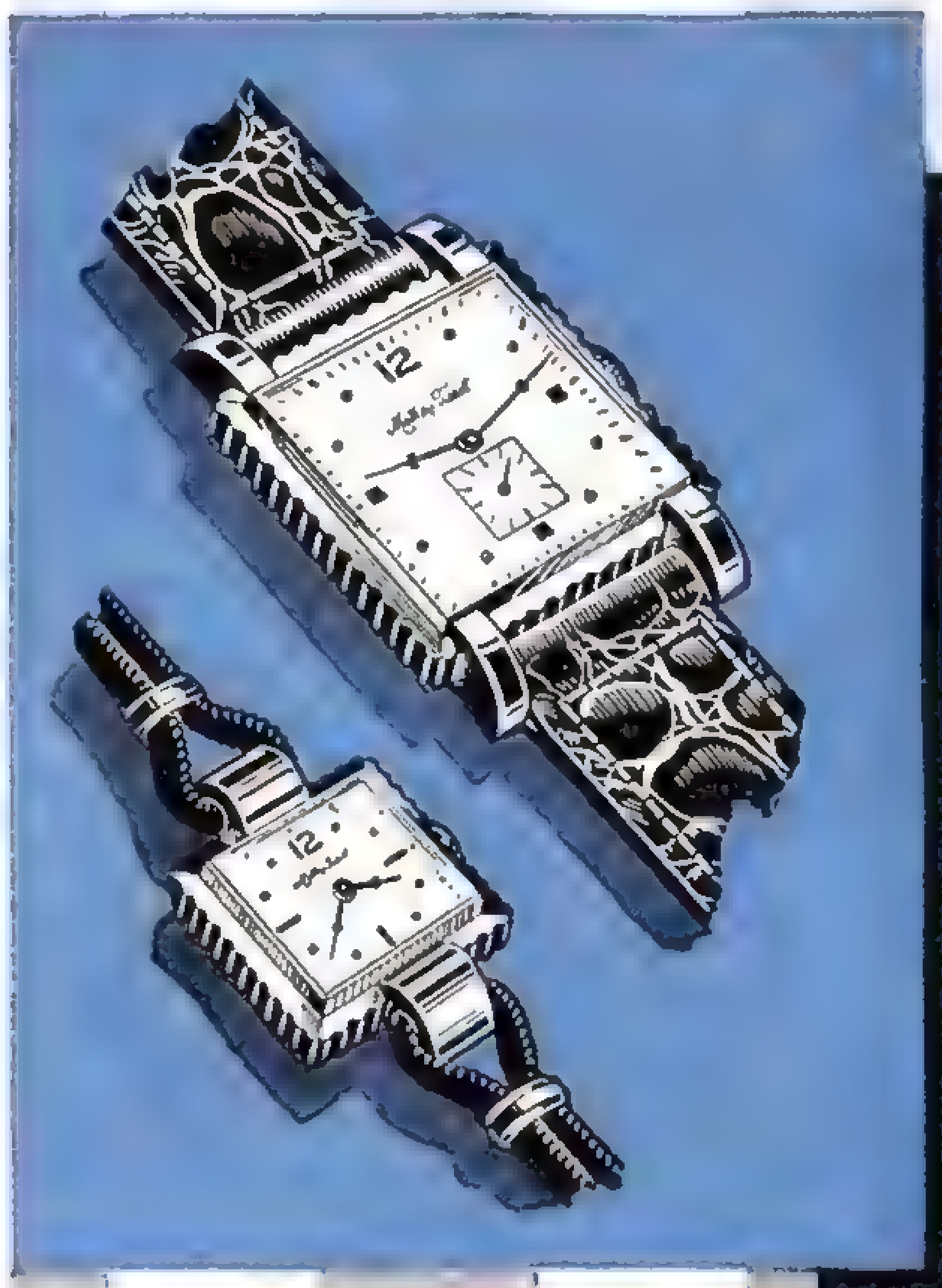

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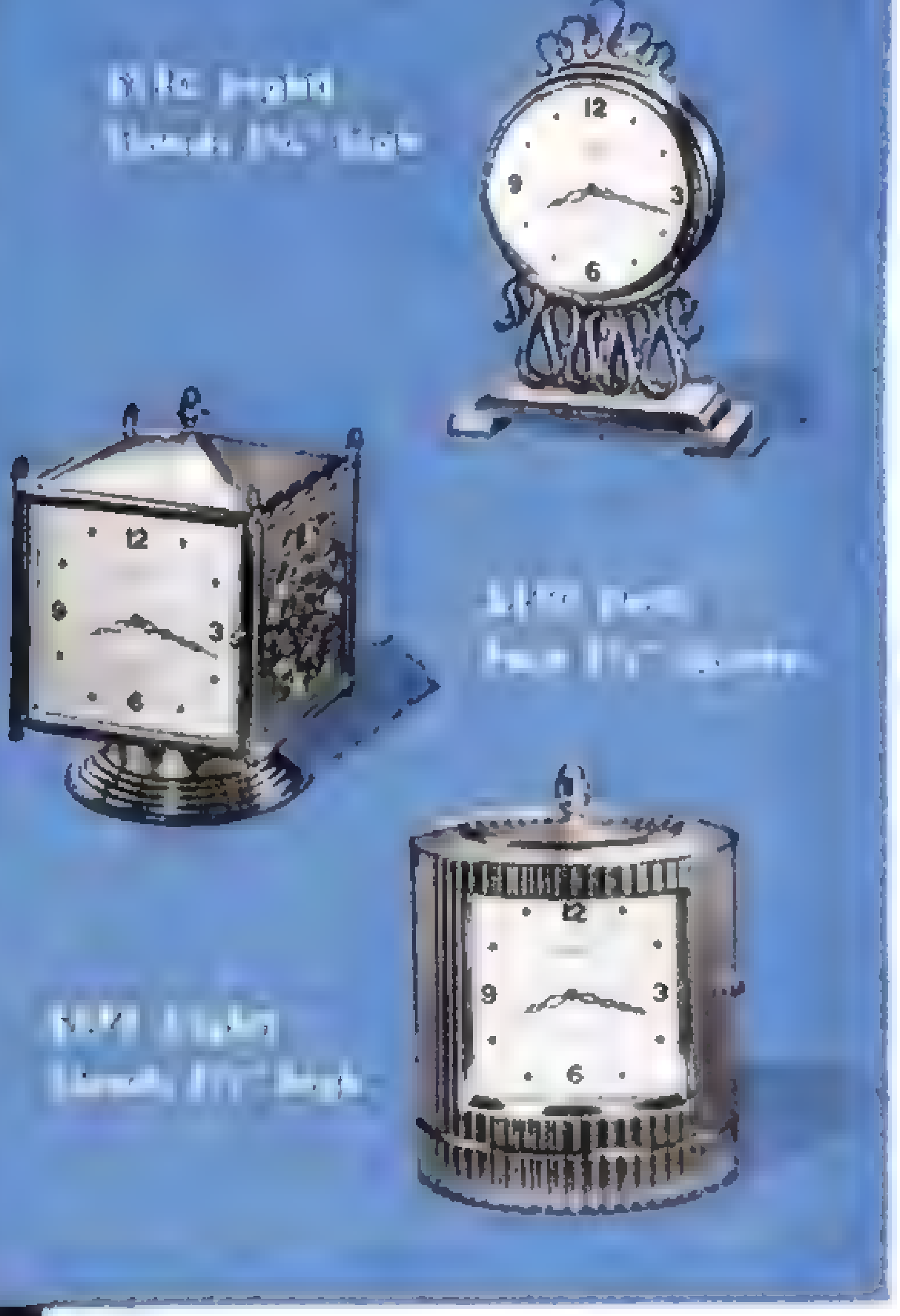

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well," he told me. "Just what I saw of him around here. I never worked a case with him."

"Who was with him on the bank-messenger stake-out?"

"It was a solo, Duke. The back was bottled up, so one man handled it. Me and Collins took the shifts; I was on when he was off. We did shoot the bull some, though. You know, I'd report a little early and he'd sit around for a while after I relieved him."

"Did you notice anything, Carl? Anything unusual about him?"

"Well . . . he drank milk."

"That's unusual?"

"No, I guess not. But I'd bring a thermos of coffee to the stake-out, and he'd bring a quart of milk. Just the difference between us, I guess."

"But nothing else?" I asked.

"Just another guy, Duke."

That's all I got out of Carl Lewis, the trained investigator. It didn't surprise me. A private detective isn't any more observant than anyone else unless he's being paid for it.

I went back to the hotel and reread Collins' report on the auto-accident case. Then I went out to Bayvilla to visit the widow who'd collected two hundred grand on a double-indemnity policy.

And she was another blonde.

VII

Bayvilla is a rich, exclusive residential beach town up the coast from Santa Monica. The address I wanted was a sprawling ranch-type house that sat alongside of a dead-end street. The front of the house overlooked the ocean from the top of a high palisade, but the ocean was just there for the view. A large swimming pool lay between the steep cliff and the house, protected from the breeze by a high blue-glass fence. There were about a dozen cars parked around—all big jobs except the one I parked behind a maroon convertible. A butler met me at the door.

He didn't ask my name or my business. He said, "Good afternoon, sir." And he ushered me down a long hallway and out of the house into a walled-in patio. There were about thirty people gathered there, all of them drinking and most of them showing it. It was a party and it looked like I was included.

A well-preserved, hand-dyed, henna-haired, slightly-more-than-lit woman grabbed my hand and said, "Darling, how *sweet*!" and dragged me, without effort, to a bar in one corner. There I said, "Bourbon and water," and got it from a white-coated bartender. The woman still had my hand.

"It's been ages," she told me. "However have you been?" She pronounced it "bean."

"So so," I said. "Are you Mrs. Fortner?" That was the widow I wanted. Mrs. Helen Fortner.

The question got me my hand back and produced a confused look. Hers, not mine. "Oh, *no*!" Henna-top peered around the patio and then pointed. "That's Helen there." She went on about how I couldn't have forgotten our meeting, but I wasn't listening. I was looking at Helen.

Helen was blonde. Helen was brown-eyed, Helen was very noticeable, and there wasn't any doubt about Helen's figure. At least the upper half.

She was wearing the New Look: a dress that hid her legs but was split down to here and held together with will power and whalebone. Helen had half-a-snootful and the will power was shirking its share of the job. Helen was one hell of a widow.

I finished my drink, smiled at henna-top, and walked over to Helen.

"Hello," I said. I was up close and I could see she was probably thirty-five, but an easy thirty-five.

She looked up at me and said: "Hello, find yourself a drink." It was a very automatic speech made before her eyes focused.

"Come on," I told her, "I'll buy you one."

Her eyes focused and she looked at me, seeing me this time. "You're pretty," she said. "Do you know me? I mean, do I know you?"

"You're going to," I told her. I hadn't touched her arm and she was walking toward the bar with me.

"As long as it's fun," she said.

The bartender was good; he fixed me a bourbon and water without asking and poured her a straight shot. She drank it without a chaser. I thought, *A lot of people, a lot of blondes drink straight shots and it doesn't make them murderers*. I pushed my glass aside.

"Let's try Scotch," I said.

"All right."

We got Scotch, mine with water, hers straight. She killed hers and made a little face.

"I really don't like Scotch," she said.

"I'll come see you tomorrow," I told her. "Will you be home?"

"All right."

"When?"

"Tomorrow? I'll wait for you."

I squeezed her hand, smiled real pretty, and left. Helen *was* one hell of a widow.

It was dark by the time I got back to the office, but Ed was still there. So was Jim Townes.

"How did the girl take it, Jim?" I asked.

"She'd been told by the time I saw her, Duke. She'd cried a little and she did it again when she saw the body. She was over it when we got back."

"Did you get anything from the San Berdoo cops?"

"Yeah. They like suicide."

"Did you think of it, Duke?" Ed asked.

"For a minute," I told him. "The front door was open, the lights were out and there were groceries, so I forgot it. You forget it, too. It's too easy. How about prints, Jim?"

"Plenty of his, the rest were smears, except the old ones. His on the gun were smeared, but there was enough to tell. The slug came from the gun and it was his gun."

"Front doorknob?" I asked.

"His outside and smears inside."

"How about the key to the place?"

"It was on the bar, had his prints on it. The stuff in the glass on the coffee table was water."

"There was a half bottle of milk," I said.

"Just his prints on it. Good clear ones. And the whiskey bottles were all smeared; they couldn't get a print off either of them."

"How about time of death?"

"Uncertain; pick your own as long as it's beyond four days. I guess that's all." Jim thought a minute. "He was pretty drunk."

"He was passed out," I said.

"They just said drunk."

"Okay. Did you get anything out of the girl?"

"She hasn't got an alibi. She was alone at home Tuesday night from about nine o'clock on. She doesn't know what insurance Collins had, but she's sure he let his G. I. policy lapse. She hopes he had enough for funeral expenses."

"We'll bury him," I said.

"Bighearted Duke."

"Yeah, it's only money. I think that's all, Jim." When he left I told Ed about Helen Fortner. "She drinks her whiskey straight," I said. "And she didn't mourn over her husband for long. But outside of that, have we got anything?"

"I've got twelve men digging on your stuff, Duke, but it's too early for reports." He paused. "You really don't like suicide?"

"No. I'll say the front door probably blew open during the snow storm; it wasn't locked; and I'll admit he had firelight; but there was somebody with him."

"If he expected to meet a dame up there, Duke," Ed said, "he might have bought the groceries, things she told him to get, and then, when she didn't show up ... I mean he was drunk and probably feeling sorry for himself ..." Ed waited. I didn't say anything. "And they didn't find prints. It's awfully hard to keep from leaving prints."

"It isn't hard if you've got gloves on," I said. "And it's logical that the dame wore gloves and she wouldn't take them off until the fire warmed the room. Then all she had to touch was her glass and maybe the whiskey bottle. When Collins passed out, she put the gloves on again and the little helper with her wore gloves the whole time. I don't like suicide because Collins wouldn't kill himself over a dame. Besides I know there was a dame with him. If I haven't proved it to you, I can't. But I know."

"You're the detective, Duke."

I felt like swinging on him because I'd spent the day running on a treadmill. A detective without confidence is as useless as an electric blanket in hell. If he doesn't believe what he senses and feels he might as well take up plastics. There's always a point in a case where I feel that I'm wasting my time with theories that couldn't locate the front end of a Studebaker at high noon. I've never been able to work up enough steam to push me through that period, and I probably never will. I was at that period now. When I added everything I knew and everything I thought and everyone I'd seen and talked to, I had a little less than I'd started with. At the start, at least, I'd believed in myself. I needed a shot in the arm. So I phoned the Old Man. Collect.

He talked for ten minutes. Every time he stopped for breath I got a word in. Five times my word was "Yes," and two times it was "No." When I hung up Ed asked, "What did he say?"

"He said that if we don't wrap this up before the cops do, we can close this branch office. He told me to solve the case. It's simple. You just use your head. You don't drink and you don't run around creating a big expense account. You take the known facts and you apply them to the problem.

"He said it was particularly important that we settle this with dispatch as we have no client to foot the bill. He said he'd be out here next Monday, and unless we'd filed it as finished by then, he'd accept our resignations."

"He'd have taken that suicide angle."

"He would have, Ed."

"You didn't tell him, though."

"I didn't tell him."

We sat and looked at each other. Finally I got up.

"If you want to get on record as believing it, Ed, you'd better phone tonight. I'm going to the hotel, or to a bar, or someplace."

I walked out.

VIII

Before I turned in that night I reread the report on the Fortner accident. It *still* sounded all right.

"On the twenty-fourth of the preceding month the Fortners had spent the evening at a club near Bayvilla called the Zombie. It was a high-class dive and they were known there. They came out of the club about one in the morning and the attendant brought their car to the entrance. Mrs. Fortner started to get into the driver's seat, saying that Fortner was too drunk to drive. He objected. She insisted and finally, failing to get her way, went back into the club and phoned for a taxi. Fortner drove off alone. He had apparently driven without incident right to the street that bordered his home; but there, instead of making the turn off into his driveway, he'd plunged through the guard rail at the end of the street and over the palisade, a drop of sixty-five feet. He was dead when removed from the car.

"Mrs. Fortner had kept the cab waiting while she had two or three drinks with some friends. The friends turned out to be two men she'd never met before. She was in the cab and on her way home about fifteen minutes after Fortner had gone over the cliff.

"The police reported that one of their patrol cars had passed Fortner, and the men had recognized the car. The police car was going the opposite way and the men said there was nothing erratic about Fortner's driving when they saw him. At that time Fortner was about four miles from his house, about half the total distance between the Zombie and the Fortner residence.

"The waiter at the Zombie said both of the Fortners had been drinking steadily all evening. The car attendant said that Fortner had 'a load on, but I've seen him worse off.'

"The Fortners had been married for seven years, it was the second marriage for both. Mr. Fortner's first wife had died in 1937, and Mrs. Fortner had divorced her first husband in Reno in 1939 after three years of marriage. At the time of the accident, Fortner had been sixty-two and Mrs. Fortner thirty-six. Mr. Fortner's estate was about a half million, not including the two hundred grand from the accident, and all but that two hundred grand was tied up in trust funds which paid Mrs. Fortner a monthly income, but denied her the principal.

"The servants, a butler and a

Continued on page 116

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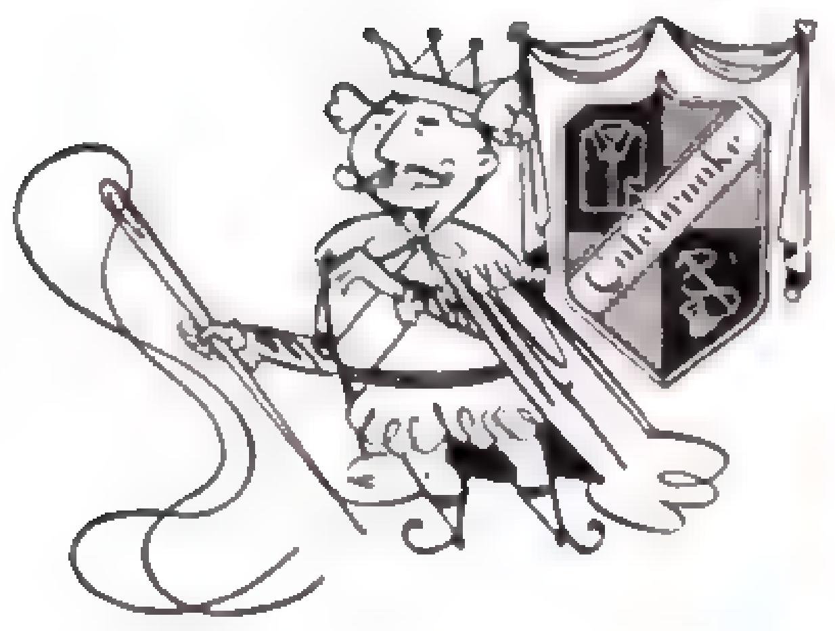

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cook, were loyal to Mrs. Fortner and claimed there had been 'no unusual quarrel between the couple.' "

William Collins' comment on the caper was: "Mrs. Fortner is a definite nymphomaniac. There have been too many men involved with her for any one to signify. Apparently Fortner was aware of this. His doctor *hinted* that for the past three years, at least, Mr. Fortner had a '*less than normal interest in sex*,' whatever that means. He may have deliberately driven over the cliff, but there is no indication of a plan to do so in his actions of the previous two or three days."

That was the report.

I went to sleep and dreamed about a cabin at Lakeview and being chased around by a nymphomaniac blonde who looked like a cross between Helen Fortner and Martha Carr. I woke up feeling worse than when I went to bed.

I got to the office at ten and the reports were coming in.

The San Francisco office came through first. They'd done a good job digging up William's activities while he was there. Most of his activities were female. But the one that interested us was the singer.

She was a Martha Dell, and she and William had been thick right up to the time she married, shortly after the war. Her husband had been a dollar-a-year man in some Government shipping agency. His name was Henry Carr.

"Like it?" I asked Ed.

"You think he took up with her again?"

"Seems logical, although I don't think it was on the old basis. Martha is too smart to take a chance. I'll see her again."

"You said she's blonde?"

"Blonde and deadly. Keep the rest of the names on tap, because if his killer doesn't come out of one of the cases, we're going to have to look among his friends."

"Yeah. Here's one we can start with. A redheaded car hop; he started shacking up with her about the time he got on with us and it was pretty steady up to a month or so ago."

"I don't think she figures. Skip her until we run out of rich dames."

"Anything else on Martha?"

"Not yet. Wait a minute. Benny is dictating a report to Mary. He's on the Carr angle."

"Hurry it up."

Ed went out to the front office and I smoked two weeds while I waited. When he came back Benny was with him. "Well?" I asked.

"On the husband," Benny said. "He is in New York now. We're checking on when he arrived. The dame ate at Lyman's. We got a waiter who remembered because she paid with a five and didn't wait for the change."

"Does she always?" I asked.

"I don't know, she m . . ."

"Find out," I said. "What did she eat?"

"What the hell, Duke," Ed said.

"What did she eat, Benny?"

"I don't know."

"Find out," I told him. He gave me a puzzled look. I couldn't help him though, I didn't even know myself. He left.

"Don't say it," I told Ed. "Anything else?"

"Yeah." Ed hesitated, embarrassed. "William had ten thousand bucks put away in the bank."

"I was wondering when you'd think about checking," I said. "What about it?"

"In a savings account, same bank as his checking. Deposits were, first, six grand, and before you ask, the date was three days after the Carr robbery. Then on the twenty-ninth of last month there was a three-grand drop, and on the third of this month there was a one grand."

"Now," I said, "we're rolling. What else?"

There was some stuff on Lois Collins that checked with the story she'd told me except there'd been more than just an occasional fling and the report had names.

"I really don't think she figures, Ed," I said. "I can't see Bill going up to Lakeview to play footie with her."

"No. How about Charlie Walsh?"

"What about him?"

"Our boys ran into him there at the Collins place. Is he in it?"

"He lives there," I said. "Better check him; it can't hurt anything."

"We got a few things, picked up in passing. He's a bartender, but he isn't working now. He's been living in that place about three weeks. He and William were friends, but I don't think it goes past the time he moved there."

"You don't *think*?"

"Well," Ed explained, "that's the way it looks. We didn't check him all the way because we didn't know if he counted."

"Check him," I said. "Partly because I don't know if he counts and partly because I'd like to know how much Lois lied to me."

"All right."

"I'm going out to dicker with Martha. Keep digging."

"What about the report to the Old Man?"

I was at the door, but I turned around. "You didn't call him?" I asked. Ed shook his head. "Let him wait," I said.

I don't know why; I started out to see Martha Carr and I ended up ringing Lois' doorbell. I got quite a reception. She was in my arms with a rush that almost pushed me off the porch. She buried her face against my coat and held on. I thought she was broken up by Bill's death and it turned out she was just glad to see me. William might have been the great lover while he operated, but his death didn't break anyone up. The case was crawling with hardhearted dames.

IX

I didn't have much to say to Lois. I didn't want the drink she offered me, so she made a pot of coffee and we each had two cups while we talked. I dropped a few of the names from her past and I honestly believe she had a hard time remembering them. The only important thing was that she hadn't known about William's bank account; at least she said she hadn't and I believed that, too. When I left she made me promise not to stay away so long. I didn't see Charlie Walsh.

Martha Carr answered the door. "You," she said, and I couldn't make up my mind just what the tone implied. But she let me in. "Did you come back for that drink?" she asked.

"No."

I sat on a love seat and she

sat across from me. She had on a white blouse and a grey skirt, and when she sat down she tucked her slim shapely legs under her. She didn't bother to fuss with the skirt; she knew it was a nice effect and she was a girl who would put a nice effect to good advantage.

"When you were singing in San Francisco," I said, "and sleeping with Bill Collins, you . . ."

"You're determined to be unpleasant," she said. "Why?"

"I'm determined to get some truth into our little talks," I told her. "Collins was murdered and while I personally don't give a damn, it reflects on the agency unless we pin the rap on someone. In my book you'll fit the part."

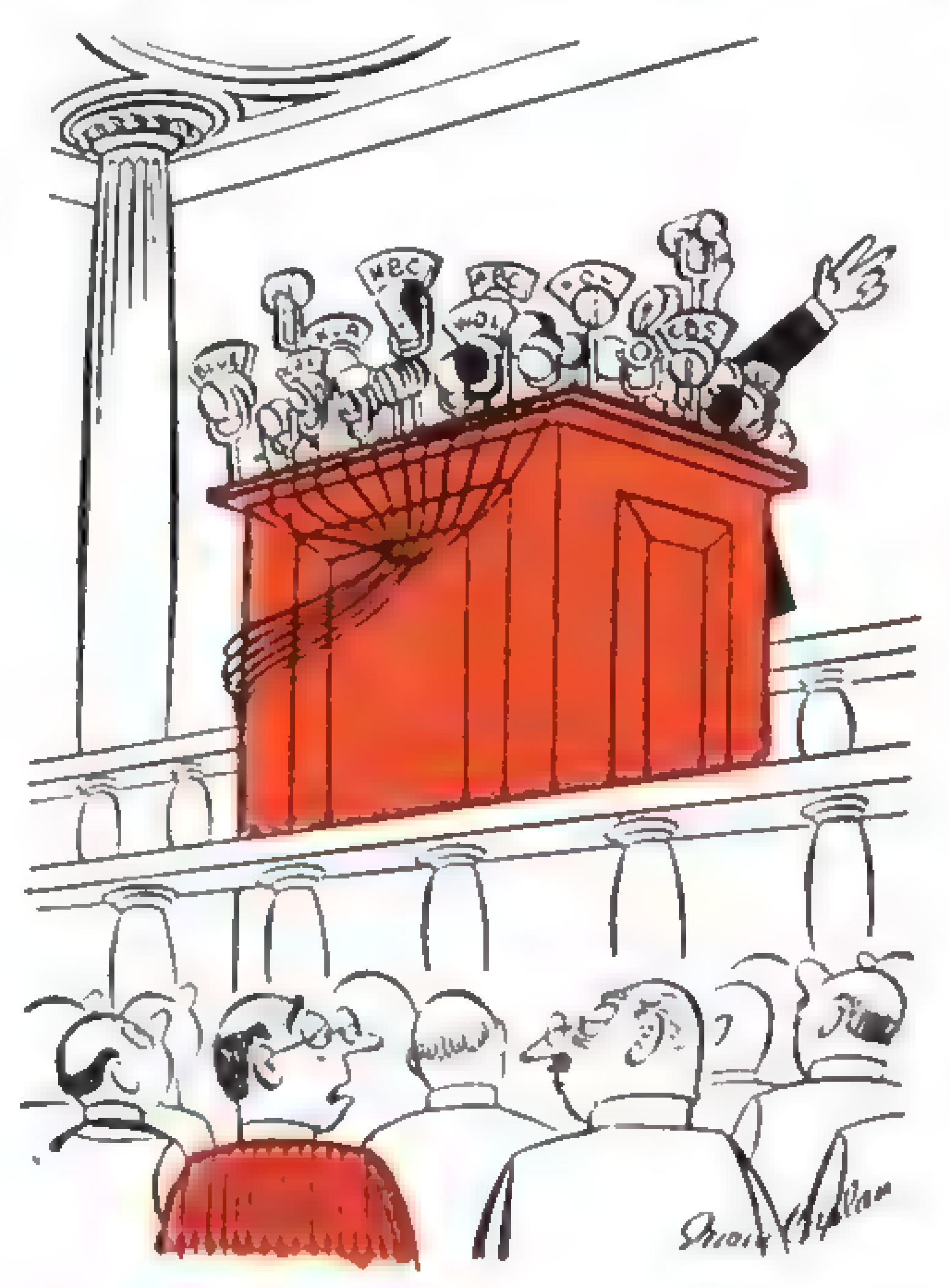
"And because I knew him in San Francisco you'll frame me?"

"No. Because you and he rigged up a jewel robbery and because he wasn't satisfied with his six thousand . . ."

"*Six* thousand?"

"He chiseled you, didn't he?"

"The dirty heel," she said. And then she said four obscene words. Her eyes narrowed and anger was in the tautness of her body. She clenched and unclenched her fists, then smiled.



"Beg pardon—could you tell me who is speaking?"

"I lost my temper, I'm sorry."

Her performance settled one thing for me. Of the dames so far involved in the caper, she was the only one with guts enough to drive up to Lakeview alone and commit a planned murder. She'd work that way, a hot flare of temper, controlled with effort, and then the cool, deadly hate that plans and figures and finally acts. She could kill, she could walk up and point a gun against a man's chest and pull the trigger and laugh. She was smart, she was careful and she was capable of anything but love. She'd give if she got, she'd play, but the rules would be hers. It would be terrible to have her love you and it would be fatal to have her hate you. Even a smart guy like Collins wouldn't have a chance; even a guy like Duke Wallace wouldn't.

I had to try, though.

"Where were we?" I asked.

"Look, Duke. You know I knew Bill in San Francisco. Whether I slept with him or not is unimportant. My husband didn't think he was marrying a virgin and he knew about my friendship with Bill. So if you think there was any blackmail . . ."

"The robbery," I said.

"Damn the robbery! You're too persistent. Suppose there was a robbery fixed up like you say. I deny it, understand, but just suppose. How does it connect me with his murder?"

"Don't you want me to give you the details of the murder, like when and where and things?"

"I don't care that about it!" she snapped her fingers.

"Maybe you know more about it than I could tell you," I said.

"You're a fool. Answer my question, how does your supposed robbery connect me with the murder."

I shrugged. "All right. You needed money. You needed a sizable amount without your husband knowing about it. Probably gambling losses; horses." It was a guess based on the *Racing Form* I'd seen on her desk. I couldn't tell whether it registered or not. "Either you found Bill or he happened along and between you, you arranged the fake robbery. He cheated you on the split, but that's incidental. You pulled it off and he covered it by investigating it."

"By chance?"

"No. We use five full-time investigators. Bill could pick a time when he was free and the other four were busy; he'd get the case, there was no chance in it."

"Go on," she told me.

"Later, I'd say about the last of last month, he put the pressure on you; more money. You paid, but . . ."

"Why would I pay?"

"Because he'd take it to your husband," I said.

"He'd expose himself, wouldn't he?"

"Just to your husband. Henry wouldn't let you go to jail. He'd give you hell, probably, but that wouldn't bother you as much as the fact that it would give him a hold over you, something to control you with. Am I boring you?" She'd yawned.

"No. Maybe. Go on with your pipe dream."

"Well, the second bite Bill tried, you paid. But that was the last; you stopped it by luring him up to Lakeview and shooting him."

She sat for a minute and then got up and walked back and forth across the room. The skirt was tight around her bottom and the hip action was interesting. I noticed how wide her shoulders were, and wished that I'd met her under other circumstances. She must have read my thoughts. She turned and stopped in front of me. I looked up into those big cool blue eyes and her smile.

"We might have been good friends, Duke," she said.

"Yeah."

"It isn't too late. You don't believe I killed him."

"I . . ."

"No." She leaned forward and kissed me, not hard, not long; it was a promise. Then she went back to her chair and sat down. "Where did I get the money, Duke?"

Smart blonde. Every time I led she trumped. Somebody smart had been in Lakeview with Bill and somebody smart was in this den with me, taking my little theories and tearing them like confetti. Somebody who used her body and her allure and her sex, which I might have handled; and her brain, which I couldn't, or at least, wasn't handling.

"Because," she said, "if I paid him I must have had money and if I had money I didn't need the

Continued on page 118

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fake robbery I was paying him to be quiet about."

I stood up. She had game and rubber. Detective Duke Wallace was retiring to recoup.

"We're still digging," I told her. "We'll check the pawnshops and maybe we'll come up with an answer to your question."

"Must you go?"

I couldn't even think of an answer and so for the second time I walked out on her. There was a decent streak in her someplace because she didn't laugh. I could forgive her a lot because of that.

I thought about it while I ate a late lunch. I knew I was right to a certain point; right up to where she paid him the first three grand. And there it went sour, because, like Martha pointed out, if she had three grand to pay, why had there been any robbery? And a pawnshop wasn't the answer. If she had trinkets to pawn that her husband wouldn't miss, again why the fake robbery?

As I drove out to the Fortners' I went over the whole deal again. I got nothing. If Bill didn't get the money, the four grand over-and-above the lion's share of the jewel heist from Martha, then he was putting the bite on someone else. And if that sounds simple just remember this: the only other big dough involved was Mrs. Fortner's. And I'd read the report Collins had made on that case three times, every time with a very suspicious eye, and it read straight. I stopped the car and phoned Ed Kelly.

"Where was Collins the night of the Fortner accident?" I asked.

"I wondered when you'd get around to that. He was here in the bull pen. I checked."

"At *night?*"

"Three of us, me, Ted Black and Collins. That was the night we were waiting for the Kassel blowoff. Collins and Black were both free and I had them waiting, and when it came it was a one-man job so I sent Black. That was at three in the morning. The next day the Fortner deal came in and Collins was still free so I put him on it. Don't ask; he wasn't out of the bull pen between ten and three and I'm the witness for it."

(Of course, we checked the Kassel deal through, but it didn't have anything to do with Collins.)

"Thanks," I said and hung up.

There was no party at the Fortner house so the butler held me at the door.

"Mrs. Fortner expects me," I said.

He didn't argue. "This way, sir." He led me to a door, first on the right of the hallway, and left me. I guess Mrs. Fortner was expecting me. The room beyond the door was her bedroom and she was in bed.

X

She wore a sheer black nightgown, but the fuzzy white bed jacket made it almost modest. And she had the bedcovers over the lower part of her body. Still she was a picture and careless about the jacket, purposely.

She wasn't sick, she wasn't even tired; she was just hungry.

She patted the edge of the bed, which meant I was to sit there, so I sat there. She didn't know me from John's other wife, maybe didn't even remember me from the day before. Just a nice, friendly and hospitable woman.

I led into it gently like you might with a child.

"Helen," I said, "do you remember Bill Collins?"

"Oh, yes. The nice man after the accident. A detective of some sort. He was so sympathetic."

"He was murdered," I said.

"What a shame."

Smart? Dumb? Indifferent? You pay your money and you take your pick. A guy is murdered. What a shame. "Now," I'd said, "we're rolling." First we've got a cool blonde who gave us "Murdered?" Shocked surprise. Second we've got a hot blonde who gave us "What a shame." Nothing; no shock, no surprise, no sorrow, no squat, no stoop, nothing. I spilled my drink; what a shame. I broke my back; what a shame. Not even what a damned shame.

And having expressed her sentiments so clearly, the hot blonde was ready for the more fundamental and basic issues.

I fought her off; I'm proud of that. I was tough, I was strong, I was firm. I'd come there to talk and we talked. I said Helen wasn't sick, but she was, mentally. She had the morals of a mink, a highly-oversexed mink; but she accepted a delay.

I told her my name and my business and we talked. We talked about the accident that killed her husband. She didn't add anything I didn't know.

"He was drunk," she said, "and I wouldn't ride with him. I wanted to drive and he wouldn't let me."

"You'd been drinking," I said.

"Yes, but not as much. I could have driven."

"Did he drink much?" I asked. "I mean, not just that night?"

"He was a sot," she said. "Disgusting. He was killing himself."

"He did it," I said. "You remember Bill Collins?"

"Oh, yes. He was nice."

"Did you know him before the accident?"

"Oh, no."

"Just afterwards?"

"Duke," she said, "I'm not a child. I remember him because he came here to investigate the accident for the insurance company. He was very understanding and I liked him. I know you have to ask these questions and I'm trying to help you, but don't treat me like a child."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"All right, dear. Is that all?"

"I'd like to know where you were the night of Tuesday, the ninth."

"I don't know, dear."

"Maybe you can remember," I said. "Think."

"I'll try. When was the ninth?"

"A week ago yesterday," I said.

"Is it terribly important?"

"Terribly," I said.

"Oh, dear." She thought. I believe she was really trying. "I just can't remember, dear." Then she brightened. "Why don't you ask Lewis?"

"Lewis?"

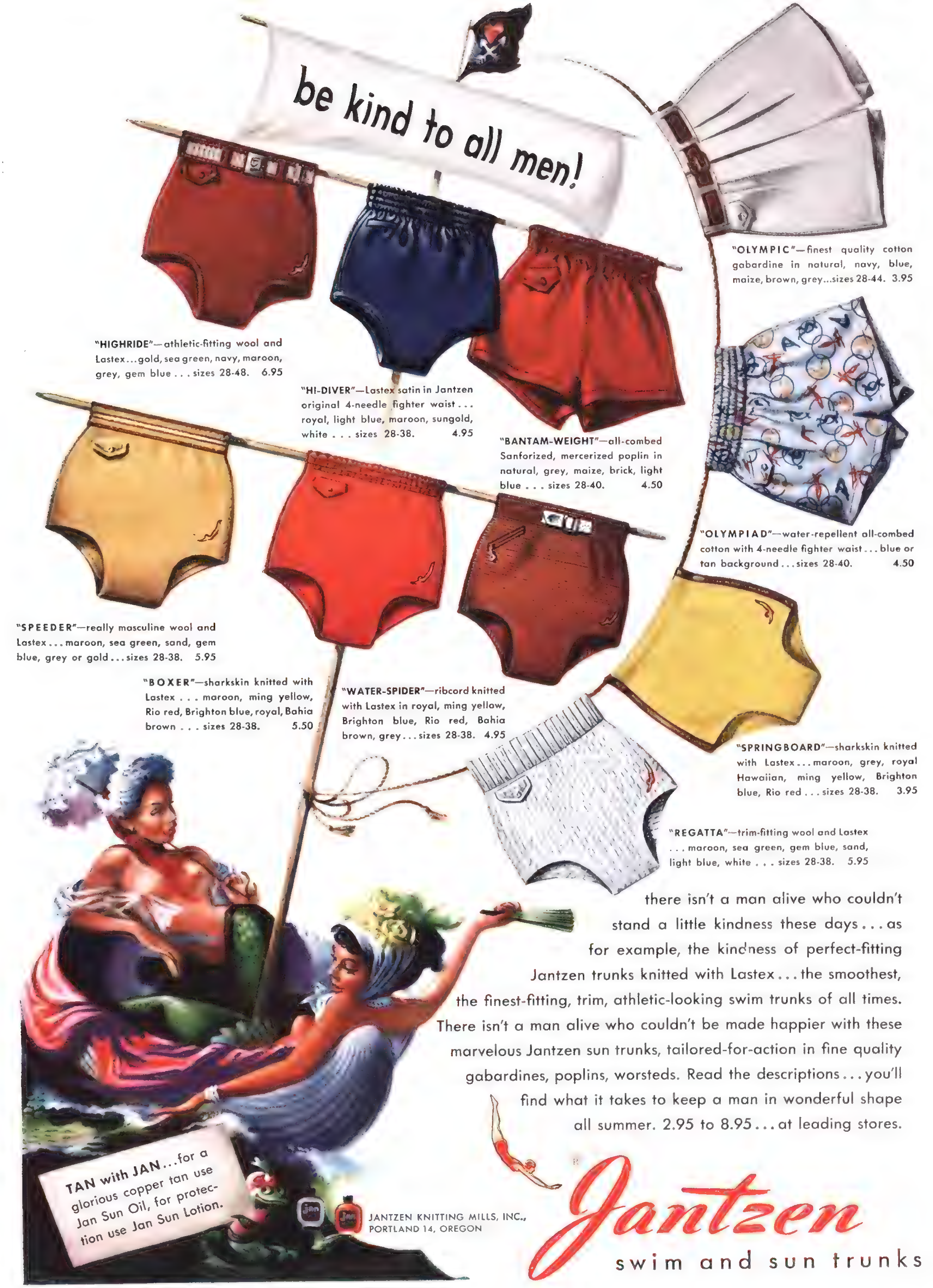
"Our butler. I'm sure he'd know. I'll get dressed and we'll ask him." She threw the covers back and started getting out of bed.

"I'll ask him," I said. I got out of the room.

Lewis was in the kitchen. I asked him about the ninth.

"I'm afraid I can't discuss Mrs. Fortner with you, sir."

Continued on page 121



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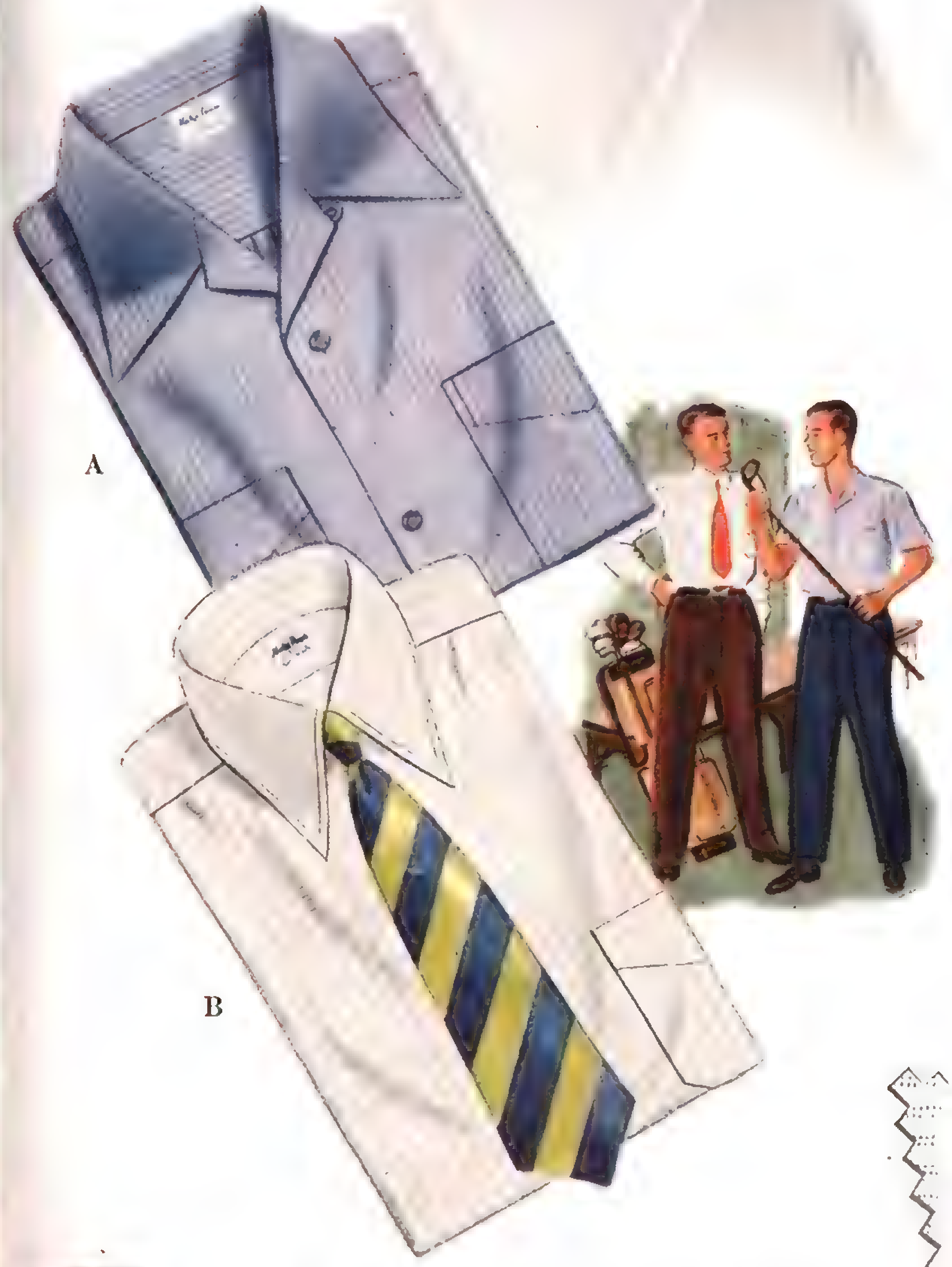

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"You can and you will," I told him. "In the first place a murder's involved; in the second place you'll either talk to me or to the cops, and in the third place Mrs. Fortner told me to ask you."

"Very well, sir." I don't know which place convinced him.

"Tuesday the ninth," I reminded him again. He referred to a notebook he took from a cabinet.

"Mrs. Fortner," he said, "dined at home that night. We served roast duck, sweet potatoes . . ."

"Was she alone?" I interrupted.

"Yes."

"You're sure?"

"Certain. She dined alone. She complained that the duck was too greasy and that the French dressing was too tart. Would you care to check?"

I looked at the notebook. There it was, written in green ink under the date of the ninth. The menu, Mrs. Fortner's complaints and praise (the sweet potatoes had been fine), the fact that dinner was for one and was served at seven-fifteen.

"You keep these for every meal?"

"Yes, sir. My wife's system; she cooks. This way we can assure variety and correct any errors."

"Okay. What about the rest of the evening?"

"I really couldn't say, sir. Mrs. Lewis and I retire to our apartment as soon as we've finished the dishes—unless, of course, there is some need for our services."

"What time did you retire that night?" I asked.

"If dinner was at seven-fifteen we were no doubt in our apartment by eight."

"That isn't in the book."

"No, sir. But I don't remember anything unusual about the evening, and that would be our routine."

"Did Mrs. Fortner go out?"

"Our apartment is on the far side, sir. I wouldn't know."

"Did she have any callers?"

"I can't be certain, sir. I don't think I admitted anyone, though."

"Why?"

"I don't answer the door when we've finished the dishes and a caller would have interrupted if he came before we'd finished. I don't remember any interruptions."

"Okay. You said 'he.'"

"Yes, sir. A figure of speech."

"But, in this case, very appropriate. A lot of men called on her?"

"I wouldn't know, sir."

"Lewis," I said, "you are going to talk. Not to me, maybe, but to some police. You'll have to be hauled down to San Bernardino, but you'll talk."

"I assure you, sir, I have nothing to talk about. Mrs. Lewis and I retire at about eight unless there is a party and we are needed. We serve breakfast at nine in the morning and during our 'off' periods we are in complete ignorance of what happens here."

"And," I said, "during your 'on' periods do you often admit strange men to Mrs. Fortner's bedroom?"

"I can remember no other occasion, sir."

"Look, Lewis, I'm ser . . ."

A voice behind me said: "Oh, *here* you are, dear. I've been looking for you."

Helen came over and linked her arm through mine.

"Did Lewis tell you what you wanted to know, dear?"

"I don't think so," I said.

"That's too bad, dear. Lewis, Duke will be staying for dinner. You will, won't you dear? Shall we have a drink? About seven, Lewis."

She led me out of the kitchen and into the living room. I let myself be led, seated, and soothed. Lewis brought a tray with whiskey, ice and water. He fixed me a bourbon and water and poured Helen a straight shot. I don't know how he knew my drink. I never did find out.

She sat close to me and her eyes fondled me and we talked. She drank one shot, no more. She didn't drink unless she was bored; I didn't bore her. She liked soft, sweet music, dancing, men, landscapes, fresh peas, men, perfume, cooking, men, clothes, Duke of York cigarettes (neither of the packages at Lakeview had been that brand), men, the races, musical comedies, men, silk sheets, soft shades of red, men, rainy days, Brenda Starr, men, Christmas, me, and men.

She disliked movies, books, modern painting, jewelry, arithmetic, football (they might hurt themselves), prize fights (same reason), dogs, cats, swing, mixed drinks, yellow, most women, alarm clocks, the radio (unless it was soft sweet music without interruption and it almost never was), politics, war (same reason as football), coffee, beer and "all this talk."

She was on my lap nibbling at my ear lobe when Lewis came into the room, coughed and announced dinner. Dinner was fried chicken, French-fried potatoes, wilted lettuce salad, fresh peas, corn bread, ice cream and coffee for me, milk for her. She ate more than I did. She told Lewis that the chicken was a little too crisp, and the salad was too salty; the potatoes and the corn bread were fine. I had a mental picture of Lewis dutifully noting the facts in his little notebook.

After dinner we adjourned to the front room and she stretched out on the davenport, seductively. I tried to get more answers, but she was uninterested. I tried to borrow money from her. I guess I was clutching at straws.

"How much, dear?" she asked.

"A couple of thousand," I said.

"Silly boy."

"Really," I said.

"If I thought you were serious I'd be angry, dear. You're not serious."

I retreated. "I'm not serious."

"I didn't think so, dear."

At eight-ten, I went into the kitchen. The dishes were done and it was empty. I looked in the notebook. The meal had been recorded. I got a large pan out of a cupboard and banged it on the sink. I waited. Nothing. I banged again. Nothing. I left the kitchen. Helen was undisturbed.

"What happened, dear?"

"Dropped a pan," I said.

"Oh. Come over here, dear."

I went over to her and kissed her hard and quick, and then stepped away before she could get a grip.

"I have to go, dear," I told her, talking fast, "I have work to do . . . I'll see you later."

I was at the door by that time.

"Later tonight?"

"No, dear," I said. "Later some other time." I was out in the hall

Continued on page 122

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and down it to the front door and into the night before she could say anything. Eat and run, that's me.

XI

The fog was rolling in as I drove back to L. A. It would catch and pass me when I stopped for traffic signals, but on a clear stretch I could pull ahead of it. We ended in a tie. There were still lights in the office. Ed was scowling over a pile of reports.

"Glad you could make it," he said.

"Damn near didn't. What's new?"

"This." He pushed the pile of papers across the desk to me.

The top report was on William Collins. He liked women, steak, Yacht Club cigarettes and a list of stuff as long as my arm. I tossed it aside.

"You asked for it," Ed reminded me; I nodded. The next was on Lois Collins. She could have been playing house with Charlie; no proof, though. I tossed it away.

Next was Charlie Walsh. There was a list of bars he'd worked at; the latest was a job at a place called The Band Wagon. He'd been fired a month ago. I looked at Ed.

"Both of your blondes are known there," he told me. "Walsh worked the day shift. When that report came in I sent our boy back for more information. Both of the blondes used to drop in there and they both knew Charlie, at least well enough to use his first name."

"Go on."

"That's all," Ed said. "They both knew him; maybe because they sometimes dropped in for a drink and he was the day bartender. We don't connect him with either of them outside the place."

"Do they still drop in there?"

"Yeah."

"Why was he fired?" I asked.

"The owner says he makes more money when Charlie isn't there. He wouldn't say that Charlie was filling his pocket, but he sells the same amount of liquor and makes more dough since Charlie left."

"Oh."

"And," Ed said, "there's a very funny thing about Charlie. He's got an apartment in Hollywood that he's still paying rent on."

"Besides the room at Collins' place?" I asked.

"Yeah. He rented the room about the twenty-eighth of last month, but kept his apartment."

"What did you get from the apartment?" I asked.

"Nothing. It's one of those places where nobody sees anything. The guy across the hall admits that he sometimes heard girlish laughter from Charlie's place, but he had his own fish to fry so it didn't mean anything to him. Charlie is a bachelor."

I thought it over. "He could fit in some place," I said.

"With which blonde?"

"I don't know. I could see Martha Carr without help on the deal, and I'll be damned if I can find any motive in the Fortner deal."

"Suppose Walsh and the Fortner woman knocked her husband off . . ."

"All right."

"And if Bill found the 'how' on the deal and cut himself in . . ."

"All right. Go on."

"Isn't that enough?" Ed asked.

"It's enough. If we can connect Charlie and Helen, and I guess the bar contact would do—she's the type to go a long way with a casual acquaintance. And if someone suggested taking the husband out of the picture and could rig a deal where she wouldn't be involved, I think she'd go along with it. She couldn't kill any man herself, but she might help if she didn't have to watch it being done. I guess her husband could be in the way, even if he was indifferent and didn't bother her too much."

"But he did," Ed said.

"What?"

"Yeah. He liked her company, he dragged her around with him on his drinking bouts. Probably just to keep her out of some guy's bed. And he was pretty close with dough where she was concerned."

"Where did you get this?"

"The boys picked it up from people who knew the Fortners. Shapes up, doesn't it?"

"Yeah," I said. "How is he on the ninth?"

"No alibi. He told the Collins dame he went to a movie."

"The boys didn't talk to him?"

"No. Want us to? Another thing, Fortner kept big amounts of cash around the house, maybe as much as four or five grand."

"Suppose that's the way it was," I said. "Skipping a couple of weak spots, of course. But suppose it worked that way. Did Bill know Charlie was in the Fortner deal? Did he know it and still get friendly with him? And why did Charlie move into the same house with Collins?"

"I'd say Bill didn't know it was Charlie and I'd say Charlie moved in to keep an eye on Bill."

"Okay," I said. "Sounds good. Charlie could have followed Fortner that night. When Fortner got out to go in the house, Charlie sapped him, stuffed him back in the car and headed it at the cliff with full throttle . . ."

Ed was shaking his head.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I'm sorry you didn't get the medical-examination report on Fortner, Duke. It was the insurance company's and I didn't have it in with Bill's report. But anyway Fortner wasn't sapped. There were no head injuries, none at all. He was crushed between the seat and the steering wheel, alive and breathing until he got crushed. Broke every bone in his chest."

"Makes it tough," I said. "You any idea how it was done?"

"No. That's the weak spot, I guess."

"It's one of them," I said. "Another is how the hell did Bill know there was something wrong with the accident, if there was?"

"I don't know that either. We've followed every move he made in his investigation and we can't find anything he didn't report. He even checked a lot of bars the Fortners frequented to check on their drinking habits, and so did we."

"What did you find?" I asked.

"Just that they both drank a lot."

"She only drinks when she's bored," I told him, "so she must have been bored when she was out with him."

"Yeah, another reason she'd go along in a deal to kill him."

"Damn it, Ed, we're supposed to be detectives. We've got four men going over the same ground Bill Collins covered and if he found something to make him suspicious about the accident, we ought to find it. If we can't find it, then there wasn't anything. I'll be damned if I'll admit Collins was that much smarter than us; he was good, but not that good."

"Maybe he ran a bluff?"

"And made it stick for four grand? Nuts."

"Okay, Duke. It's a nice theory, though."

"Uh-huh. Anything else?"

"We found where he bought the groceries."

"That's smart work, Ed."

"Not so smart," he said. "We knew they were bought at night and there aren't many markets with butcher shops open after six. It was a place in Pomona. Bill was alone, at least he was alone in the market, and the clerk couldn't say whether anyone was waiting in his car."

"Not much help."

"No. Duke, what bothers me is the fact that he left suddenly on this mountain trip. How could anyone plan a murder that way? *He* must have had the idea, because he knew about the cabin and Bailey being away."

"He could have told either of our blondes about the cabin," I said. "He'd remember a setup like that. Either of the blondes could have suggested the trip; he'd go for it, even on short notice. After all, you had him sitting around idle for two days and he was the restless type. It doesn't bother me at all. In Martha's case, Tuesday was perfect, her husband was leaving town and if she had to she could stay up at Lakeview for a few days. And Helen would go anyplace if somebody told her to go. There's something bothering me about that cabin. I don't know what, exactly, but there was something wrong about it."

"A hunch?"

"Maybe. Anyway, we can't do a damn thing about either of our blondes until we find out if Fortner's accident was kosher or not. If it wasn't, it gives Helen a motive, supposing, of course, that Bill found out it was faked. I like Charlie with her in that; somebody had to tell her what to do. At the same time it spots the four grand, and with that spotted Martha is worth considering."

"I don't follow, Duke."

"I've explained why I can't see Martha paying him the four grand. But if he got it from Helen and was bothering Martha, asking for money, she'd knock him off. He was greedy, Ed, and I don't put it past him to be bleeding both dames; or in Martha's case, at least trying. But it all hinges on the accident and what Bill found out about it."

"If he found anything we'd have found it."

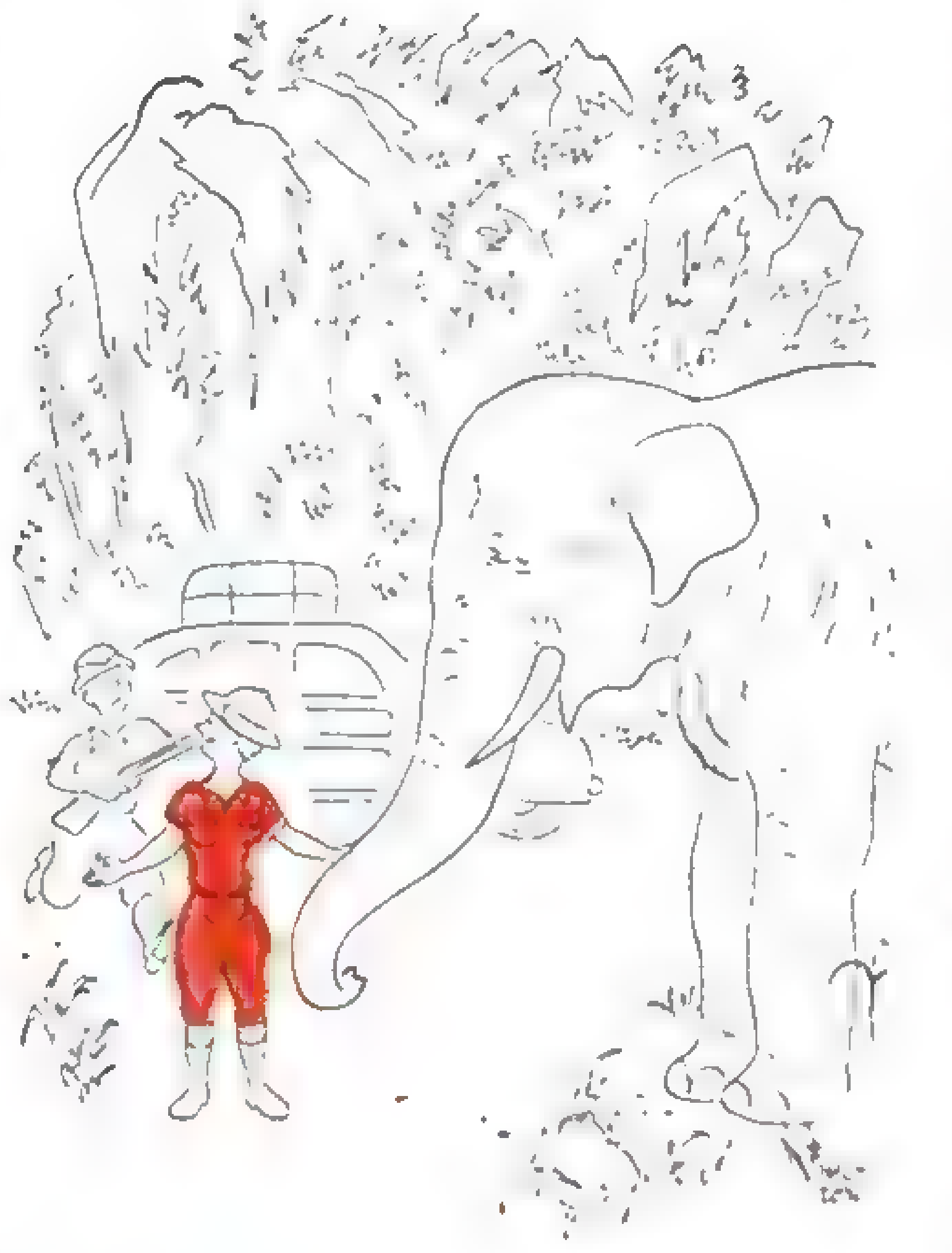
"I said that, remember."

"It's still good. Here's the stuff you asked Benny to get." Ed read from a paper, " 'Mr. Carr still isn't definitely established as arriving in New York on the train she says he took. For dinner that night Mrs. Carr had steak, baked potato, chef's salad, pastry and coffee.' Help?"

"I don't see how," I said.

"Well, you asked for it. Here's the rest. She usually tipped good. Benny had to do a hell of a lot of running around to answer the question. I hope it was worth it."

"Any answer is . . ." It hit me then, just like love at first sight; nothing and then, out of nowhere, something. "Ed," I said, "we're a couple of dumb bastards."



"It's all right, dear—he knew me when I was a Wac"

XII

I left Ed sitting with his mouth open. The fog had closed in tight and I didn't like the idea of a long drive, but it had to be done. It was longer than I figured. At Wilshire and Western a drunk ran into me and it took a half hour to get untangled and on my way again. After that I made a good steady ten miles an hour out to the Zombie.

I parked in the lot and the attandant loomed out of the fog.

"Not there, mister," he told me.

I got out of the car. The attendant was a kid of about twenty-two or so.

"I told you not there," he said.

"I want to talk to you," I said. I told him about the Fortners. He knew them and he was the one who'd brought their car around to the front of the club the night of the accident.

"She wouldn't ride with the old man," he said.

"Was he drunk?" I asked.

"I seen him worse."

"Did she ever refuse to ride with him before?"

"No."

"Ever?"

"I only know about the times I seen them," he said, "but she never pulled that before that I know about."

"And when the detective talked to you did he ask about it?"

"Which detective, Mac?"

"The private eye."

"Yeah, he asked about it, same as you're doing. He asked me if I was sure. I told him just what I told you."

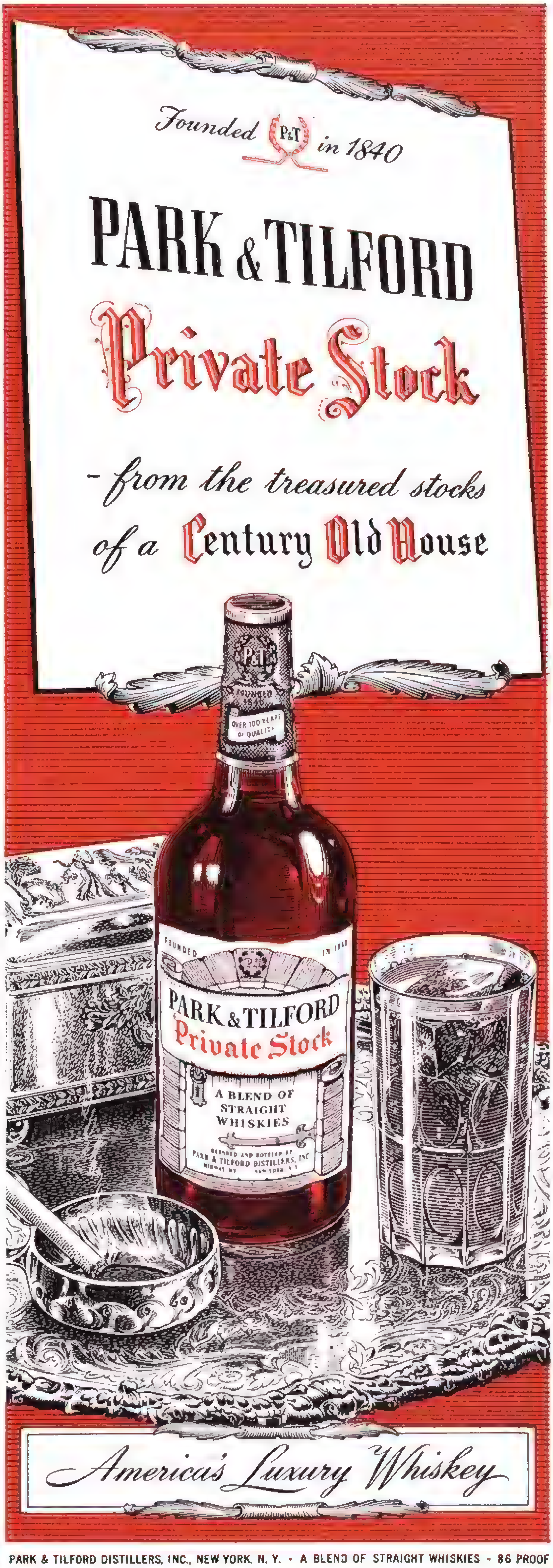
I gave him a buck and backed out of the lot. It was late and cold and foggy and I was tired. A very lush and easy blonde was within eight miles of me; a warm bed, a drink, and maybe even some sleep. I drove past the turn-off to the Fortner house and headed for The Band Wagon. I was lucky again. The manager was there and remembered.

"The private eye? Yeah, he was here and he was asking about if Mrs. Fortner ever refused to ride with the old man when he was stiff. Both of my bartenders were here because it was just at the time the shifts change."

"And you told him?" I asked.

"Huh? Oh, I told him I didn't

Continued on page 124



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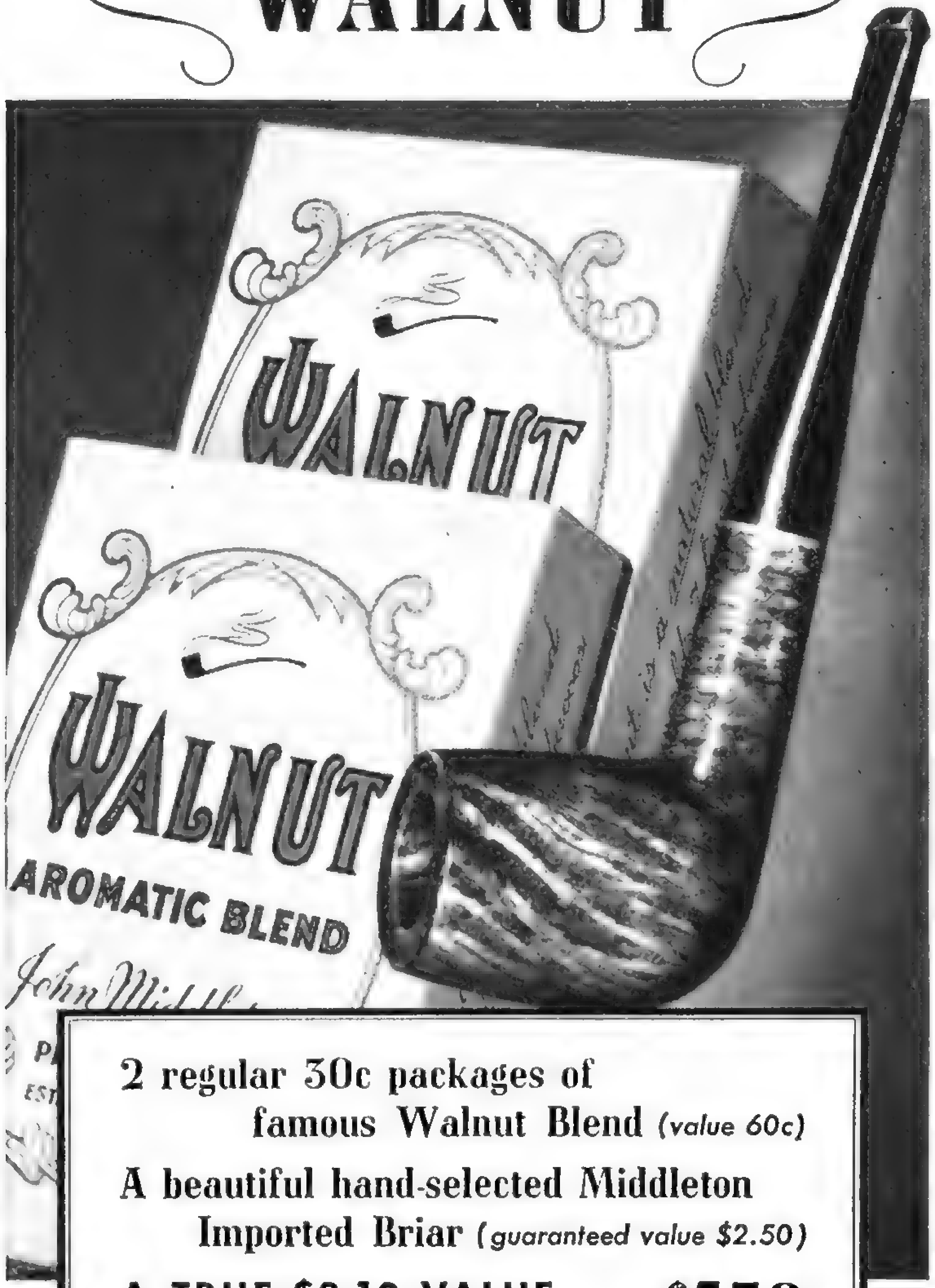

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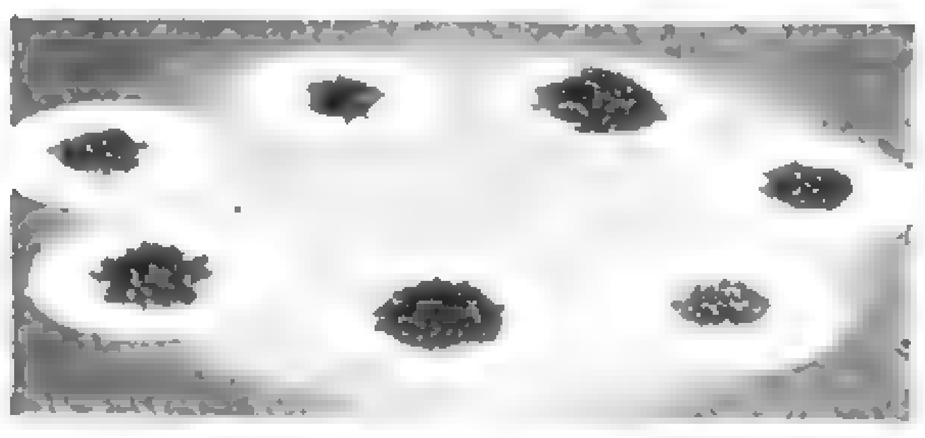

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know of any time she wouldn't ride with her husband. He was stubborn, he wouldn't let anyone get him a cab and he always drove and she always rode with him."

"Charlie Walsh was working here when the detective came around?"

"Yeah."

"You fired him?"

"Look, I'm not making any charges against Charlie. He was popular with the dames here, but I let him go. I make just as much dough and there's less liquor gone now, but I still don't say he stole from me. I just got rid of him. He didn't seem to mind."

I had a drink, the last before closing, and went out to the car again. I wanted to go to the hotel and hit the sack. Instead I drove to the Collins' place on Adams. That was another long drive and more fog and cold. I had plenty of time to think it out on the way.

It stacked up. Bill Collins' report on the Fortner accident was fine except for that one omission, an omission that a good detective wouldn't make. Helen had never objected to riding with Fortner before, even times when he was drunker than he'd been the night of the accident. That was an important point and it should have been in the report. It wasn't. There was a reason why it wasn't.

The whole thing tied Charlie into it too. He was around when Bill was doing the checking. He'd probably supplied some information and he would know that Bill had found a weak spot in the accident story. Knowing that, he'd make plans to take Bill out of the picture, especially if he knew Bill was keeping the information under his hat and bleeding Helen through it. It wasn't proof and it wouldn't hang Charlie, but I knew I had to see him.

I parked in front of the Collins' house. There was a light in Lois' apartment and it was almost three in the morning. I walked up on the porch and tapped on her door. It took her only a few minutes, and then I heard the chain lock rattle and the door opened a crack.

"Charlie?" she asked in a whisper.

"Duke," I whispered.

The door opened and I went in. The hallway was dark, lighted just faintly by the light that seeped through from the living room.

"What do you want?" she whispered.

I turned her around and pushed her gently into the living room. She was wearing a long lacy negligee and her hair was down.

"You expecting Charlie?"

"No, of course not. But I don't know anyone else who'd come here at this time."

"Oh. Is Charlie home?"

"No. At least I don't think so. His car isn't in front and I haven't heard him upstairs. What do you want?"

"Later," I said. "Where's his room?"

"Upstairs."

"How do I get there?"

"Don't make so much noise. There's an outside stairway on the side of the house. His room is the first door in the hallway."

"I'll be back," I told her.

I went outside and around to the stairway. I tiptoed up and into the hallway. The door to Charlie's room was locked. I opened it with my knife and went in. One match showed me that Charlie wasn't there and that his bed hadn't been slept in. I switched on the light and went through the room.

It was a square box, one small closet and a stand and wash basin in the corner. Two windows broke the wall opposite the door. And there wasn't anything in the dump to tell me anything I didn't know. He'd moved some of his stuff in, but not very much, and he hadn't brought anything except clothes. There was a single suitcase stuck in the closet. I turned out the light and locked the door again.

Downstairs Lois was waiting. She'd put a pot of coffee to work on the stove and we sat in the kitchen while it perked. She drank hers with sugar and cream.

"Detectives are checking on me," she said.

"Routine," I told her.

"I don't like it. Charlie says they aren't regular police. He says they're private ones, like you."

"He's smart, that Charlie."

"Why did you look in his room?"

"What were you doing up so late?" I asked.

"I couldn't sleep. I'm lonesome."

"Did you expect Charlie?"

"I told you I didn't."

"I better go," I said. "Thanks for the coffee."

"Don't go. Stay and talk to me."

"Talk?"

"Stay."

I stayed.

Lois woke me the next morning about nine. I didn't bother to clean up there. I kissed her and left. The fog was gone and the sun was out and I felt fine. Just a little tired, but fine about the case. It was in the bag. Signed, sealed and waiting for a confession.

I drove to the hotel for a shower and a clean shirt and when I got there, there was a message to call Ed. He'd called at eight that morning. I went up to my room and got the agency on the phone. Ed didn't sound cheerful.

"I don't know what you did last night, but here's a cute development. Benny brought it in before I got here this morning."

"Shall I guess?"

"You don't have to, I'll tell you. Henry Carr didn't go to New York that Tuesday night. He went to New York by plane the next day; at noon the next day."

XIII

And there it was. The case that was signed, sealed and delivered was right back between two blondes again. I called Martha Carr.

"Did you see your husband get on the train the night he left for New York?"

"Why?"

"Did you?"

"I did what I always do. I left him at the station. The train was leaving in ten minutes or so. I didn't bother to park. Now, why?"

"Does he travel a lot?"

"What's this all about?"

"Does he?" I asked.

"Yes, he travels a lot. Often. What is this all about?"

"Routine," I said.

"Well, don't bother me with it, ask him."

"I will when I see him," I said.

"You can see him at his office.

He got home this morning by plane; something about business."

"Is he there?"

"He left for his office about twenty minutes ago."

It was a neat mess. Henry being on the scene made him red hot for the spot because he might have found out that Martha was going up for a little fun and games with Bill and he could have followed them. A jealous husband makes a good murder suspect. I didn't get anyplace thinking about it, though. I looked up his business address in the phone book and then went over there.

It was a dirty grey building, skyscraper limit for L.A., and the offices of Carr, Whitmore and Davies, Shipping Agents, were on the fifth floor. The offices in fact were the fifth floor. A pert, black-eyed, pug-nosed girl at the reception desk passed me into the office of Mr. Carr's secretary. She was nice too, but she didn't do anything about it. She wore a trace of lipstick and her glasses didn't distort her blue eyes. Her figure was nicely concealed under a prim blouse and skirt; neither fitted tightly. Mr. Carr wasn't in.

"You expect him?" I asked.

"Not until after lunch. Could either of the other partners help you?"

I said no. It was eleven then. I went out of the offices and down to my car. Some more long drives, three bars, two drinks and a sandwich later I had some more information about the Fortners and Bill Collins. All three of the bars were places they drank at, the Fortners I mean. Nobody at any of the three remembered Mrs. Fortner refusing to ride with her husband when he was drunk. Several people at all three places remembered Bill Collins and the fact that he'd been around asking the same question and getting the same answers. It was one o'clock. I called Carr's office.

He wasn't in yet. He was expected about two-thirty. I called Lois. Charlie wasn't there or in his room and his car wasn't in front. I called Ed and got the address of the Hollywood apartment Charlie Walsh was paying rent on. It was a street just off Sunset Boulevard. I drove out there.

It was a typical two-story, stucco, eight-family apartment house. Charlie's name was above mailbox number four, and apartment number four was the first door to the left at the head of the stairs. I knocked. I waited. I knocked again and then there was the sound of the bolt being turned and then the door opened and Charlie was standing there.

I said: "I want to talk to you about Mrs. Fortner."

He didn't telegraph it; I didn't see it coming. He was standing with one hand on the edge of the door and he brought up his leg and planted his foot in my stomach, hard.

I remember vaguely the door slamming and I staggered down the hall to the stairs and stood holding the bannister until I was able to straighten up and then I made it down and into the street where I was sick in the gutter.

I went to my car and crawled in and sat there until I stopped shaking. I didn't go back to Charlie's apartment.

I didn't go back because the door was a solid, heavy door, and I didn't have anything but a suspicion about him. I didn't have any right to break into his place and I didn't think I'd be able to crash the door anyway. When I was able to, I smoked a cigarette. Then I drove to the closest bar and got a drink. My stomach felt sore and the drink didn't stop that.

I drove back downtown to Carr's office. He was in and if I'd state my business he might see me.

I said my business was personal and had to do with a murder investigation. I was nice to the prim cutie and I didn't lose my temper even when she raised her eyebrows and looked at me like I was way off base. I didn't figure I had any right to be tough with a woman; not after letting Charlie Walsh get away with kicking me in the belly.

Mr. Carr said he'd see me. I walked past the little gate and into a big, well-furnished office. Carr was as tall as I was, and he had about five years and twenty pounds on me. He had a pleasant face, not anything special, except that his nose was prominent and there was quite a bit of grey around his temples. He told me to sit down. I sat down.

"I don't know what possible connection I could have with a murder, Mr. . . ."

"Wallace," I said.

"Yes. Well, as I say, I don't know . . ."

"You didn't go to New York the night you went to the station," I said.

It startled him for a minute.

"I don't see . . ."

"A guy was murdered that night."

"Stop being cryptic. What 'guy' was murdered? Are you connected with the police?"

"Private agency," I told him. "The man who was murdered knew your wife."

"I saw my wife this morning," he said. "She didn't say anything about this business. Just what are you trying to get at?"

"She knew the murdered guy," I said. "She knew him before she married you. She was pretty friendly with him in San Francisco when she was singing up there. Didn't you recognize the detective who investigated the jewel robbery?"

"The detective? What in the world does that have to do with it?"

"He was the guy she was friendly with in San Francisco," I said.

"I didn't know the man. I knew she had friends there, of course. But I didn't know any of them. I don't remember her saying she'd known him before."

"She did, though, and he was the guy who was murdered."

"I don't know anything about him. I don't know why you should question me."

"Where were you when you were supposed to be on the train for New York?"

"None of your damned business." He stood up and walked around the desk. I stood up.

"Maybe," I suggested, "you found out that your wife was taking a little trip with her old friend and maybe you followed . . ."

And that was as far as I got. For the second time that day I got hurt. He didn't telegraph it either; but his was a fair blow. His fist caught me right on the side of the face and there was

Continued on page 126

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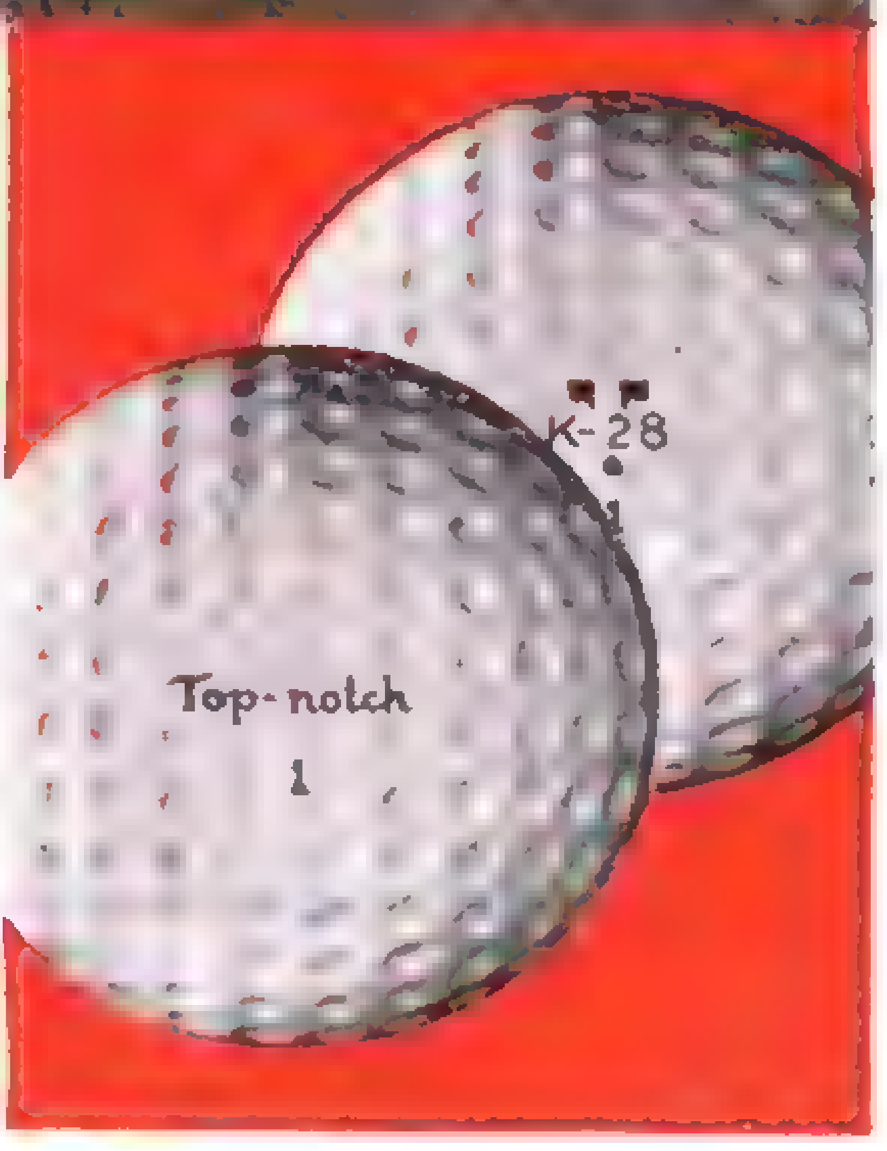


Wilson

REMEMBER THIS NAME—
IT'S IMPORTANT TO YOUR GAME.

Players mentioned are retained as members of the Wilson Advisory Staff.

plenty behind it, enough to rock me back a couple of steps and enough to make me lose my head; maybe it was because it was unexpected and probably because I'd let Charlie get away with his kick. I didn't think about it at the time; I took two steps forward and threw a right at his face that brought his guard up and then I drove a left into his paunch and that brought his arms down and then the right to the jaw put him flat on the floor.

The door to the office burst open and the prim dame dashed in with a cry like a wounded doe and rushed over to Henry and knelt down and got his head on her lap and made soothing little sounds to him until he opened his eyes. She looked up at me.

"You dirty beast," she said, "you dirty rotten thug. Get out. Get out."

"Look," I said, "he . . ."

"Get out, get out."

And then she went back to the soothing sounds and the little caressing movements with her hands against his face.

So I walked out. The prim dame didn't look like a shack job, but she did look like a woman in love. I was damn sure Henry had spent the night he should have been on the train with Miss Prim. And I was even damn surer that it hadn't been the first time . . . nor would it be the last.

XIV

After Carr, I went out to Helen Fortner's. She wasn't home.

"I want to look at the book, Lewis," I said.

"The book?"

"Menus," I said.

"Oh, yes." He led me back to the kitchen and got the book out for me. I checked back for about twenty days.

"No coffee?" I asked.

"Not for Mrs. Fortner," he said. "Mrs. Fortner doesn't drink coffee."

"I didn't think so," I said. "Did you hear me banging the pans in here last night?"

"No sir."

I told him I'd wait for Mrs. Fortner and I went into the living room and settled down. It was a long wait because she didn't come in until a little after five. She didn't expect to see me, but she wasn't displeased.

"Hello, dear," she said, "I was going to call you. I wanted to see you."

She had Lewis bring us drinks and then she went into her room and changed into something "more comfortable." It was also more revealing and less protective than street clothes. When she came back it looked like it was going to be another struggle to keep my record with her clear. It looked like it, but it wasn't . . . at first. She was anxious to talk. She had something to tell me and she had to get it out of the way before we could have fun. I knew this because I figured it first and proved it by kissing her.

I kissed her the best way I knew how, but when I came up for air I knew she was preoccupied. I knew I hadn't been kissing any wooden Indian, but she didn't respond the way the old Helen should have. She kissed back, she liked it and I could have talked her into more, but that was the trouble. She let me stop without too much of a struggle.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

"No, dear. It's just that I wasn't nice to you last night."

"Yes you were," I said.

"No, dear. You wanted money and I didn't give it to you. How much do you need, dear?"

"Did you give Bill Collins money?" I asked.

"Yes, dear. He needed it."

"Helen," I said, "I think you'd better tell me all about what happened to your husband and to Bill; all of it, dear."

"I don't know what you're talking about. My husband had an accident."

"Tell me about Charlie, Helen."

"The bartender, dear?"

"Yes."

"He's a nice boy. I haven't seen him since he left that bar though."

"You won't tell me the truth, Helen?"

"That is the truth, dear. Will you stay for dinner? I'll go tell Lewis."

While she was gone I had a chance to think it over. I knew there was one way to make her talk. I didn't want to do it, but I had to. I had to because I was sure that if I didn't we'd never break the case.

After dinner I tried other ways, but they didn't get me any place. I tried to tell her she was in danger.

She said: "Don't be silly, dear."

I tried to tell her the police would catch up with her.

She said: "I haven't done anything, dear. You're not being nice."

I tried to reason with her.

She said: "Dear, sit over here next to me."

At ten-thirty I gave up the other ways and sat next to her; and when the clock struck eleven she pulled away and said, "You have to have a nightcap and go, dear."

She mixed it. She wasn't clever about it or maybe it was because I expected it and wasn't drunk. I saw the powder go into the glass. She brought the drink over and handed it to me.

"Drink it, dear," she said, "and then you have to go."

I put the glass on the coffee table and pulled her down on my lap and kissed her. She didn't want to, but she pulled away, finally.

"Dear, drink your drink because you have to go."

Her heart wasn't in it.

"I don't want to go," I said.

"You have to, dear. Really."

"No," I said. "I'm not going."

She didn't get a chance to say anything else; my mouth was covering hers. And finally she gave up. I carried her into the bedroom and put her on the bed.

"I'll be right back," I told her.

It took me a half hour to check every door and window in the place and bolt each one. Then I went back to her room. The lights were dim and she was under the thin sheet; her outfit was even more comfortable than before.

On my way to town the next morning I stopped at a doctor's office. He agreed to do what I told him he had to.

Then I went after Charlie Walsh.

I called his Hollywood apartment, but didn't get an answer. Then I drove out to the Collins' place. I didn't take any help along. I should have, but it was a matter of pride with me. I had to take him alone. I knocked and his voice said: "Yes?"

"Open up," I said.

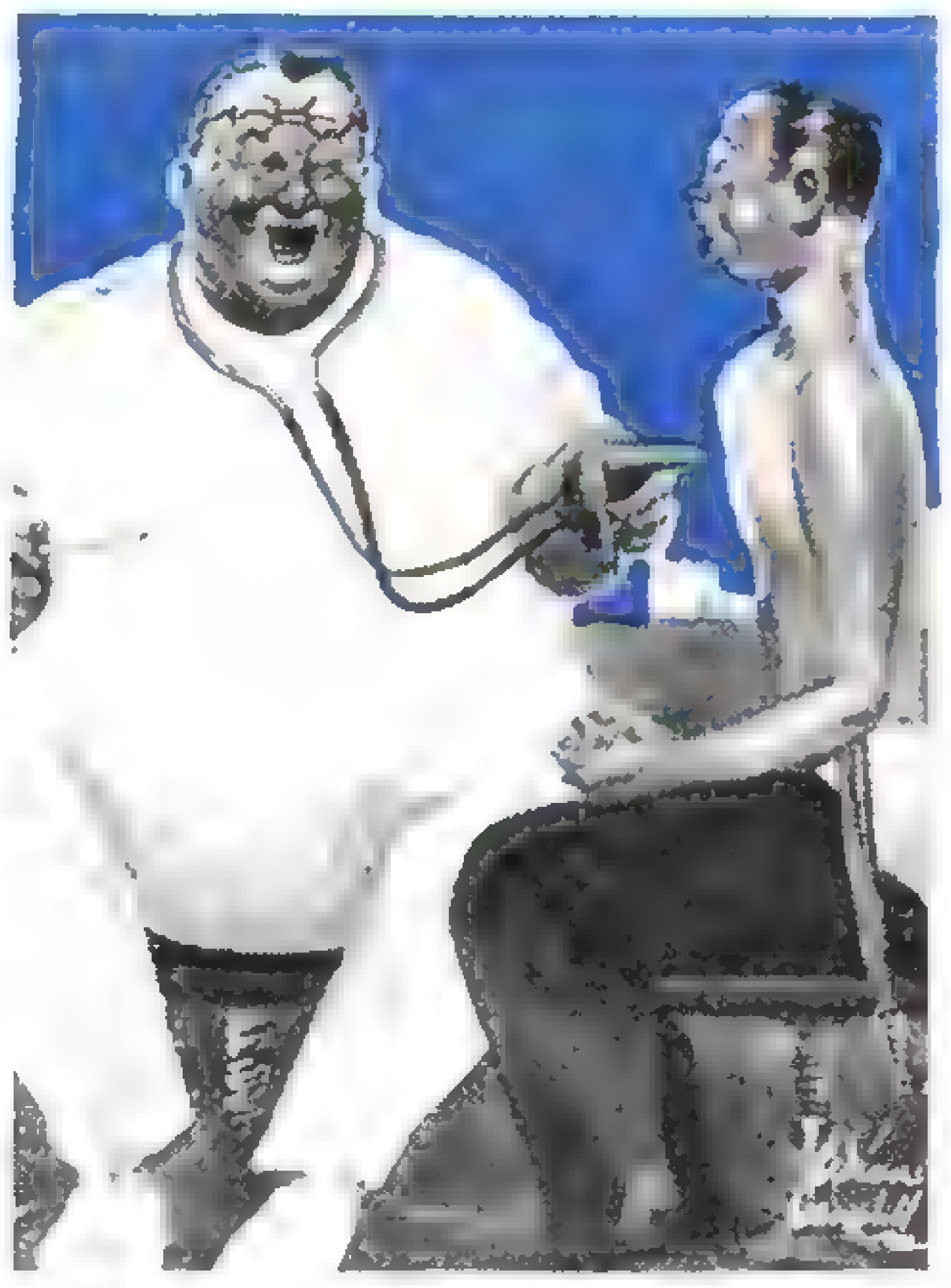
"Who is it?"

"Duke Wallace. Open up."

"Blow, peeper."

I put my shoulder against the door and pushed. I felt it give a little. I stood back and bounced against it. It creaked. I bounced against it again and the lock splintered against the wood and the door pushed open and I half stumbled through it.

Charlie was full of tricks. The bottle glanced off the side of my head and I fell to my knees half stunned. I had just enough sense to roll with the kick he planted against my ribs, and the next time he swung his leg I grabbed and hung on. He bashed at my head and the two times he connected I knew he had brass knuckles. I kept ducking as well as I could and still held his leg and finally I got on my knees and then up and that spilt him onto his back, but it broke my hold on his leg and he rolled over against the wall under the windows. I didn't rush him. He was too handy with his feet. He crouched and the sunlight glinted off the brass around his fists. He got up slowly. There was blood, hot and sticky, oozing down the back of my neck. He'd nicked me with the knucks. We stood watching each other.



"No starches, Mr. Purlbeck, ha ha—no cake, ha ha, no chocolate sundaes, ha ha—no steaks, ha ha ha ha—"

"You're going in, Charlie," I said. "Helen talked and you're going in, one way or another."

He came at me slowly, arms at his sides. I took the first swing as soon as he was in range and it was a mistake. His fist came down hard on my wrist and the heavy brass was like a club. His other fist closed my eye and the dancing stars in my head started in a wide circle. I threw a roundhouse that caught him and took half the steam out of his blow that pushed my nose against my face and started blood that ran down, salty and warm, into my mouth. He backed and aimed a kick and I managed to turn and take it on my side instead of my stomach. Then I went in. It was crazy. It was asking for it, but I went in and I got another in my bad eye and one on the mouth that shook some of my teeth loose and then I was close in and he was pounding me with hammerlike blows on my back and neck and I got two close low punches into his middle that doubled him up so his chin was against my shoulder. I got another slug into him that sent him back and then I took one in the mouth again as I went after him. I got his left arm and pulled it down and behind him while he kept hammering at me with his right, but the force behind it was weaker. I bent his arm slowly up and when it was about halfway to his neck the blows from his right stopped and he started screaming, not too high or loud at first, but louder and higher as I kept the pressure on, and his arm went up further and further until I could barely hear the crack when the shoulder joint gave. The scream then was shrill as a woman's and I laughed when it broke off and he sagged to the floor in front of me.

I was still laughing when I turned to the open door and saw Lois, blood blurred, through my open eye, her hand over her mouth and her eyes wide with terror.

I stumbled to her and put my arms around her and she screamed.

XV

Lois went down and called Ed Kelly and came back with a pan of hot water and some bandages and gently cleaned my face and head. I hadn't marked Charlie much. He was lying on the floor groaning when Ed got there. I didn't touch him and I wouldn't let Lois near him although she wanted to help him. Ed walked in, looked around and said, "Rough party."

I nodded. Charlie lookedup and said, "I want a doctor."

"You'll get the gas house," I said. He kept quiet after that, but he listened to my explanation to Ed and from it he got the idea.

"Well?" Ed asked.

"We figured right about him," I said. "He knocked off the Fortner husband. Helen put a micky in her husband's last drink that night and then refused to ride with him. The micky made the guy sick so he had to stop the car and then Charlie who'd been following in his own car closed in. He drove Fortner to the start of the dead-end street, pushed him under the wheel, left the ignition on and the motor running and the lights on and walked back to his own car. When he drove back he made sure Fortner was still under the wheel, released the brake, got into his car and shoved the Fortner buggy over the cliff. He told Helen that, anyway. She didn't know how he'd planned to do it. He told her after it was done."

"Was it dough, Duke?" Ed asked.

"On Charlie's part. But it was because Fortner was a nine-dollar bill that made Helen want him dead. That's what the doctor meant when he told Bill the guy had a less than normal interest in sex. She met Charlie in The Band Wagon and he knew a good thing when he saw one. He wanted to make it permanent."

"How about Collins?"

"Bill found the weak spot in the setup; the fact that that night was the first time Helen ever refused to ride with Fortner. So he kept it to himself with the idea of turning it into hay. He figured it was Lewis. I can see how he would, but it was a mistake. Lewis will clam up, but he wouldn't kill for Helen. When Bill told Helen what he thought and suggested he get something for keep-

Continued on page 128

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ing it quiet she laughed it off. She also told Charlie about it and Charlie liked the idea of Bill thinking Lewis had done it; that story let him out. He told Helen to give Bill the dough and Helen was so grateful to him for getting rid of her husband that she'd do anything he said. When she gave Bill the dough he was sure he was right. Charlie knew he'd have to be put out of the picture sooner or later, but that gave him time to figure a way."

"I want a doctor," Charlie said.

"Bill got restless and tired of sitting around and he decided to take a little vacation and he knew about the Bailey cabin. He asked Helen to go along. She didn't need much persuading. Charlie knew the plans, maybe Bill told him and maybe Helen did; she doesn't remember making a point of it, though. I guess Bill told Charlie and Charlie figured he'd been very smart to move in close to Bill. Now he knows it was a mistake because we wouldn't have noticed him if he hadn't. Bill didn't want Lewis to know, Helen says he was afraid Lewis might get ideas about knocking him off. Helen never told Lewis anything about her plans beyond dinner anyway so she didn't bother to tell him she was going away for a few days."

"Did she know Charlie was going up there?"

"No, at least she says she didn't. She went thinking she was going to stay a few days. Charlie figured he'd get Bill by surprise. He found Bill passed out, which was a break because that way he was able to use Bill's gun instead of his own. Besides Helen was sore at Bill for getting so drunk; that wasn't why she went up there. She was glad to see Charlie and she did just what he told her. She says he got her things together and put them in his car and told her to wait. I guess he went over the cabin and smeared everything he figured might have prints and removed all traces of Helen. Then he shot Bill; just like a sitting duck.

"Helen says she heard the shot.

"He wanted it to look like suicide so he didn't lock the door from the outside. He and Helen got back here at five."

"That all?" Ed asked.

"Yeah, except that he and Helen were together making plans yesterday afternoon. She was to try to pay me off and if that didn't work she was to give me a micky and send me home. Charlie was waiting and what happened to Fortner was supposed to happen to me. I got out of it."

"What now?"

"Get somebody to take care of Charlie and let's get out of here."

I went down to Ed's car and waited while he called a couple of ops and a doctor for Charlie. When the ops got there Ed came out and we drove back to my hotel while I told him about Helen.

"She's sick and she's crazy, Ed; she doesn't know wrong from right. I saw the family doctor and he's going to have her put away in a private mental hospital. Her lawyer will get a disposition that will sink Charlie." (It did; he took a plea and drew life on the Collins' deal. There wasn't enough eyewitness proof to do anything about the Fortner accident, but Helen Fortner's lawyer quickly withdrew the claim for insurance.)

"How come she ratted on Charlie, Duke? She was supposed to be so grateful to him and all."

"Charlie should have known there was one way to make her talk . . . for a man to make her talk, that is. Forget it. I'm not proud of it."

"I see. Okay. Then Martha Carr is out of it?"

"That part of it. I'm going to see her though. She wasn't in the cabin and I've got a good idea where her husband was. I knew she wasn't there because she drinks coffee and there wasn't any in the grocery box. Collins didn't drink it so he wouldn't bother to buy it and anyway a dame gave him the list of what to buy in Pomona. Helen doesn't drink coffee and she's the only dame in the setup who doesn't."

"But . . ."

"I know, there are holes in it, but it was something pretty positive and I figured that's what the lack of coffee in the supplies meant. It worked. I was lucky."

Ed let me off at the hotel and I took a hot bath and soaked some of the soreness out of myself. Then I went out to Martha Carr's.

I had to take a cab and I had it wait. I didn't intend to waste time. Martha opened the door and she was wearing the Chinese thing again. We went into the den.

"Don't tell me my husband did that to your face."

"Bill's murderer did it," I said.

"Then you caught him?"

"Yeah. Now we're back to the jewels."

"Oh, Duke. Can't you forget that silly idea."

"I can't," I said. "The insurance company has to have their dough back."

"No."

I told her lies. Lies like how we'd be able to dig now that the murder was out of the way and how we'd pin the robbery on her and how she'd be guilty by inference if nothing else. Finally she agreed to return the money. I agreed to fix it so the insurance company wouldn't ask questions. And she told me the whole story.

It was about what I'd figured. She and Bill had rigged it and she claimed it was his idea, but I think it was the other way around because she was the one who really needed money. Her reason was unlucky horse bets and an impatient bookie. Henry didn't like her to gamble and she didn't want to tell him. She also said she thought Bill's insistence that she say the gun was an automatic made sense, which shows she wasn't as smart as I at first thought. I didn't tell her about her husband or Miss Prim and I didn't take advantage of the soft look she offered me when she got through with the story. At that time women, especially blondes, didn't give me any urge. I left her without looking back.

I didn't call or see Lois Collins again and for the same reason.

By the time the cops got around to Helen Fortner she was tucked away in a private institution and there were plenty of mind doctors swearing she was as nutty as a fruit cake.

Nutty or not, it took me two weeks to get over a habit of waking up in a cold sweat caused by dreaming about that night I spent with her. ⧺

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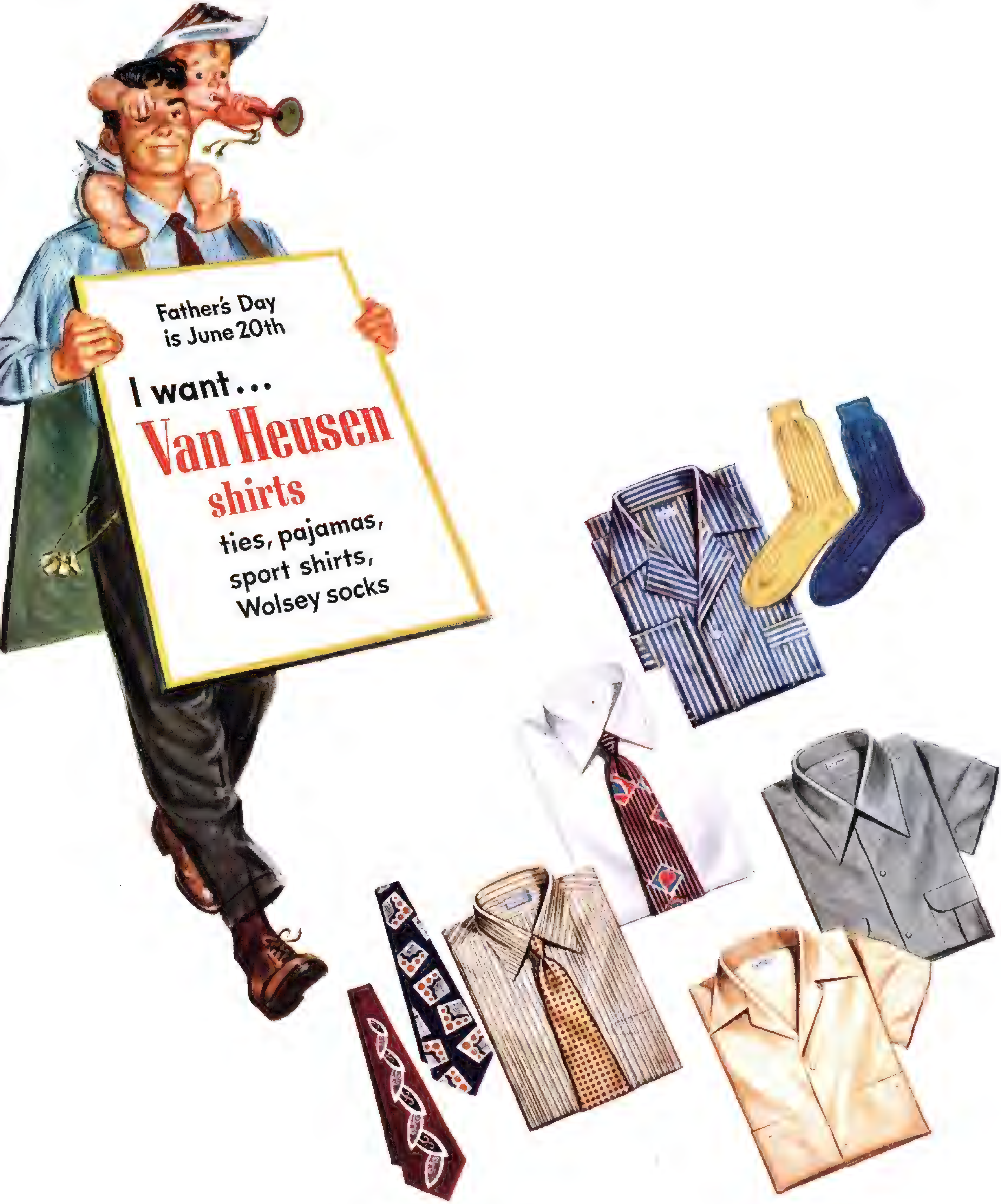
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Execution at Press Time

Continued from page 53

York *Times*, snorted: "Lucky Korman. Trust him to come up with a man from Chicago. Remember that time we crossed the river at Castelforte? Damned if the first man we hit wasn't from Chicago."

A major came in and said that it was about time and if we'd follow him he would lead us to the place. In our group were Korman, Mecklin, Bracker, Clark, Jack Begon of INS, Charlie Blosser of *Stars and Stripes*, John McNight of AP, Dale McAdoo of USIS and René Centassi of the Agence France-Presse.

We walked along a neat path to a place just a few yards from the mess hall where a rectangular pit about five feet deep, seventy-five feet long and forty feet wide had been cut into the ground. The earth was soft and showed fresh rake marks. At the far end of the pit stood an unpainted, sturdy-looking eight-by-eight post. It had a freshly scrubbed look. At the foot of a set of wooden stairs which led into the execution ground stood a gun-rack containing two rows of rifles. On both sides of the gravel walk, that ran from the pre-execution house to the pit, stood the firing squad. They were so erect and with their heads back so far that they couldn't see the condemned man when he walked between the rows. At the near end of the pit stood an honor guard of MPs, twelve of them drawn up in two lines of six, and snappily dressed in white helmets, white leggings and white gloves. On the embankment at the far end, just to one side of the stake, stood an Army newsreel cameraman.

The press lined up along a thin green-painted rail that was too wet to lean against. A layer of fog still remained in the pit and it gave the place an eerie look. A cold, nasty wind sent shivers through us.

I opened my notebook and found that the execution followed directly on the notes I had taken at the trial in Rome two months earlier. I read: "Gen. Jaynes—D. it is my duty inform you found guilty. Interpreter more nervous outwardly than D. Fumbles words as tries to say guilty, *schuldig*. Judge blinks, cocks head on side then looks prisoner in eye and says to be shot to death by musketry. D. jaw drops for instant; recovers and clicks heels, gives short bow to judges and walks back to seat."

Major Frank Lum, who was in command of operations, had a harried look. He called to a lieutenant to get the Army newsreel man out of there because it was too dangerous.

The lieutenant came back a minute later. "He says he doesn't want to leave, sir."

Major Lum glowered and said, "Okay, we'll have a double execution."

An MP officer stepped forward to the press rail. "Do any of you fellows want to step back for coffee and doughnuts after?"

It seemed almost indecent to be thinking of such small comforts at a moment like this and the answer hung back. The United Press' Ed Clark, who had been an infantryman before he became a war correspondent, said he thought it was a good idea and the press at the rail unanimously supported him.

Major Lum was looking around for the doctor and couldn't find him. "Where's Captain Lieberman?" he asked in the general direction of a group of men who were holding a bull session in the pit. Captain Lieberman was part of the group and he called back that he was all set.

It was precisely nine o'clock. "Get ready, everybody," the major warned. He turned to us. "When the prisoner comes out there'll be no smoking and no talking." A few butts were tossed to the ground. There was an embarrassed silence that lasted for a few seconds and the major told us briskly that here they come.

I looked back and saw Dostler, flanked by four men, come striding down the path toward the

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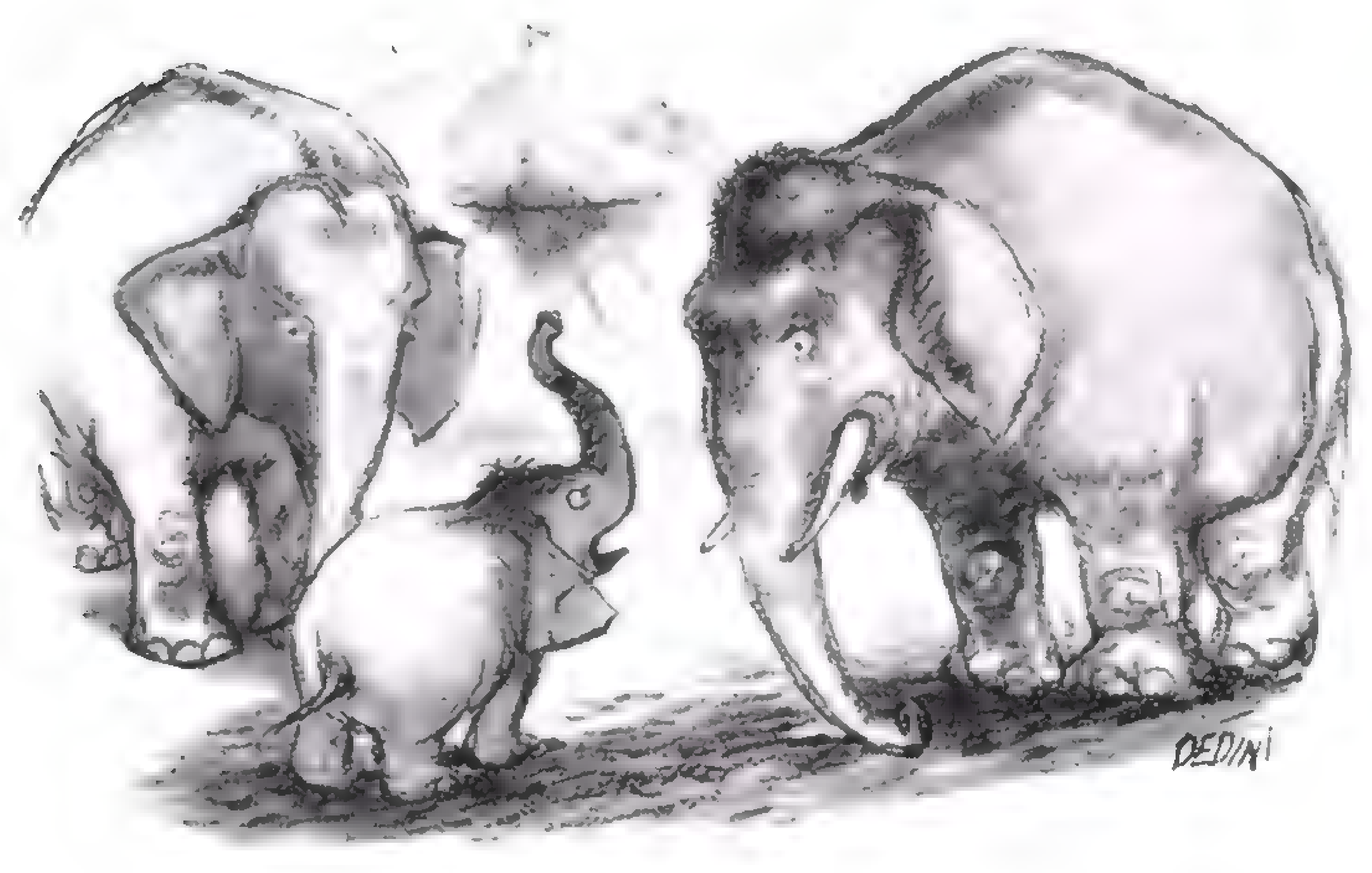

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Execution at Press Time

Continued from page 131

pit. He was dressed in the grey-green uniform of a Nazi general, the choker collar open at the throat. There were scrambled eggs on his shoulders and holes in the uniform where decorations once had been. The evening handout stated that he was shot without his decorations, but I saw on his breast the Iron Cross.

Actually, the first thing I saw when I looked back were Dostler's gleaming black boots as he half goose-stepped along in front of his escort. The cadence was so snappy as to appear almost obscene in the face of death. I would have judged it to be a final bit of Nazi arrogance and contempt for the jailers. Then I saw his face. It didn't bear out assumption. It was pasty and drawn; the jaw sagged and the mouth puckered like a man who has forgotten his false teeth. He was a man in a coma, goose-stepping automatically. His staring eyes lost their blank look when he neared the double line of soldiers between whom he was to march. He saw the correspondents and his head snapped up; the mouth closed like a vise and every muscle in the lower part of his face became taut and rigid.

On his right was a German chaplain prisoner-of-war and on his left an American chaplain. Dostler, a devout Catholic, was being prepared for his Maker in two languages. The group passed through the ranks of the firing squad and clumped down the wooden stairs. Two MP guards touched Dostler's arm lightly in a guiding movement toward the stake and he waded forward with as resolute a step as the almost ankle-deep dirt permitted. The fog in the pit had somewhat dissipated, but enough haze remained so that the people around the stake looked smaller, like seeing them through the wrong end of a telescope.

A second pair of MPs, waiting at attention on each side of the stake, spun the general around, grasped his hands and, using a thin, strong cord, tied them firmly together in the back behind the stake. Another MP looped a cord around the ankles, once just above the knees, and then tied him to the stake by looping the cord under the armpits. During this operation Lt. Luskin read the lengthy death warrant, reading off the names and serial numbers of each of the fifteen American soldiers for whose deaths he had been found guilty. Photographers knelt in front of the stake. Lenses angled upwards and flashbulbs illuminated Dostler's white face. Twice the jaw dropped and the mouth had the same toothless look, but each time he quickly snapped his jaws shut.

Major Lum moved up to the stake and asked Dostler if he had any last words and the condemned man shook his head. An MP standing behind him lifted the German officer's hat and another MP produced a black mask. As he raised it Dostler shouted what sounded to me like "*Ich liebe Deutschland.*" It had a reedy and strained quality and it must have sounded as unreal to him as it did to those who heard it.

Major Lum said, "All right, photographers," and they scurried off.

The mask dropped down to Dostler's shoulders. Captain Lieberman put a stethoscope on the prisoner's chest and located the heart. An MP pinned a white disk over it. All functionaries headed for the sides of the pit and then walked swiftly toward the rear. The instant the black mask went over Dostler's face the firing squad turned smartly and in double file went down the steps. Rifles were thrust at them as they passed the gunrack. A master sergeant gave the preliminary orders. They halted, then left-faced and the rear rank executed a half-right step while the front rank knelt. Then Lt. John Magnocavallo spoke in a voice so low it could barely be heard ten yards away.

He said: "Aim. Fire."

The rifles cracked and the firing squad, apparently without so much as a backward glance at their handiwork, left-faced, replaced the rifles in the rack and marched back up the stairs to stand smartly at attention in their original positions.

Dostler seemed to stiffen for an instant as the bullets struck him. His blouse ballooned out in the back as the exiting shots carried with them what appeared to be bits of greyish cloth. His head and shoulders went forward and he remained in that position. His head gave a few convulsive upward jerks and then he hung still. The white disk had disappeared. The silence was broken only by the clatter of feet made by the firing squad as they left the pit. General Dostler hung on the stake for a while and then Captain Lieberman stepped in front of him and placed a stethoscope against his chest.

The doctor faced the press rail and, in a voice which sounded as unreal as Dostler's, pronounced the condemned man officially

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dead. A graves-registration unit untied him from the stake and laid him on the ground. The body was rolled into a mattress cover and then laid on a stretcher.

John Mecklin said: "I wonder if we can smoke now?"

"*E vietato*," Clark responded.

"That colonel is smoking."

"Then I guess it's all right." Clark took out a cigarette and lit it. Other correspondents followed suit.

The stretcher was carried up the steps and laid down near the weapons carrier that was to cart it to a prisoner-of-war cemetery The mattress cover was undone and the head exposed. A photographer took a final photo for identification and then the body was driven away.

The press immediately swarmed around those officers who had anything to do with the execution. Milt Bracker wanted to know the name of Dostler's American chaplain and he was told that it was Captain Crimmins.

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"What is his first name?"

"Just his initials. H. B."

"How about the German chaplain?"

"His name is Gruber. First name Franz."

"What's his rank?"

"Don't know. Just that he's a PW."

A lieutenant who had been part of the twenty-four-hour-a-day guard over Dostler came to us. "I'm damn glad that's over with," he said. "He sure was a headache. Not that he gave us any trouble, but when you have an important prisoner like that you're keyed up every minute of the day. I'll be able to sleep nights now."

"Did he say anything before you took him out?"

"He told me: 'I understand the American people believe in justice. Thank them for the courtesies you have shown me.' He took the whole thing very well. When we told him that he had to go, he said all right, but his execution was not justified. He said he didn't mind being shot, but he hoped someday to have his name cleared. His only request was that we leave the handcuffs off when we marched him out. I told him he had a choice of having the mask put over his head or not and he said it didn't matter; that we should do it whatever way was routine. He had only one final request. He wanted us to take a picture of his grave and send it to his wife and daughter in Munich."

Mecklin stopped Captain Crimmins. "What was it that Dostler yelled when they put the mask on him?" he asked the captain.

"He said '*Ich liebe Deutschland*.' (I love Germany.)"

"I thought he said '*Es lebe Deutschland*' (Long live Germany)," Mecklin said.

"I'll tell you what his final words to me were," the chaplain said. "I give my life for my country and my soul to God."

"It sounds stupid to me," Mecklin said. "I mean, why should he yell I love Germany. It doesn't make sense."

An MP officer called out that coffee and doughnuts were ready. As we headed toward the mess hall Jack Begon said, "INS is going to say I love Germany." He dashed off to Naples to get out a quick story so as to catch the West Coast morning papers.

Over coffee the argument over Dostler's last words continued. Mecklin kept pressing Crimmins on whether he might not be mistaken in what he heard and the chaplain became annoyed. "I told you he said I love Germany. Now do I have to take an oath on it?"

One of the officers at the table said: "What difference does it make to Dostler?" It drew a laugh.

"Look, John, it's four against one. Why don't you give in," Bracker said.

"I'm going to say that nobody knows what he said," Mecklin said.

"Supposing I go and see Father Gruber and have him write it down," the chaplain suggested. He left the table and was gone about five minutes. When he returned he laid a paper in front of Mecklin. I read "*Es lebe Deutschland*" (Long live Germany.)

Mecklin found it hard to keep the note of triumph out of his voice. "You can't fool me," he crowed. "I studied German at Dartmouth."

As a topic of conversation the Dostler execution grew stale. A graves-registration man came in to say that burial would be at ten-thirty for those who were interested, but he drew no response. The press finished its collective coffee and went to their collective portables.

Ed Clark typed "urgentpress unipress 01102 aversa wehrmacht general anton dostler shot viatwelve man unistates firing squad smorning proexecution without trial fifteen american ohessessers north italyward march fortyfour para first german general tried etconvicted viawestern allies as warcriminal dostler died number one stockade here stolidly etsold erly covered clark." #

Continued from page 53

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Head of Whose House?

Continued from page 40

someday. More of it may be a simultaneous urge to conform and to impress by having a house like the other wives of their circles have, only fancier.

Housing is traditionally a man's lookout. When the men take it back, we can again have architecture as good for today as that of most past periods has been for its time.

The Colonial houses of early New England that Betty is copying so lovingly were fine houses. They made logical use of the materials at hand; they fitted the landscape and the climate. So did the log houses of pioneers.

But Betty's baby is a bastard. It is a shrunk-down, fancied-up version that looks something like the original, but doesn't behave like it. It takes no account of the improvements in technology during the last couple of centuries.

Its tiny-paned windows are giveaway enough. Modern methods of production and transportation make it as easy to have half a wall in one or two great sheets of glass as to break it up into a hundred panes that will obstruct the view, give half as much light, and take five times as long to clean.

The Duncan house was built by starting with house: here's a catalog, pick out the one you like best, twist it around to suit you a little better. Or: I saw the duckiest little Cape Cod today and I want one just like it. (She'd show more imagination if she was buying a hat.) Or: Boil down this acre of southern mansion to the twenty-by-forty feet you can afford . . .

Now Mike wouldn't have gone at it that way, if he'd had the courage to take over. He'd have started with people: figured out what he needed to live in comfortably at a price he could afford, and build it so.

Say you are one of the several million men who are planning new homes, or whose wives or fiancées are. Take it away from the lady and see what you can figure out, starting not from exhumed antiquity but from scratch.

Let's say you are figuring for a family of four, present or future. Traditionally that calls for a kitchen, dining room (or "nook"), living room, bathroom, two bedrooms, some closets. If you've plenty of money or credit, it's easy, but let's take a tougher case. We'll say that, like most young couples, you have to do it on $7000 to $10,000.

That kind of money means no more than 800 square feet—a box about 25 by 30 or so. Take a look at a typical stock plan of that size: lots of doors and half a dozen tiny rooms, none of them big enough to swing a kitten in.

Now suppose you forget all that. Tackle it the way you would have a couple of hundred years ago, loose in the woods with an ax (and no preconceptions), about to put up a log cabin. How will you stay within your size and dollar budget and still get a house fit for a man to live in?

Forget about rooms. First of all, you need a space to live in, so grab about half the house for it. Your kitchen equipment goes in one end or one corner of this area, but you don't shut it off entirely from the rest of the house; you merely put up enough wall so you can't see the stove and whatnot from the far end. Let this one big room serve for cooking, eating and living. You will never feel cramped in it, because it is as big as the usual living room in the kind of luxurious house few can afford to build or keep up these days.

Now to the bathroom, and why limit yourself to one? Spread yourself right out of the conventional small-house class by dividing the equipment between two bathrooms—shower in one, tub in the other. The ordinary small house today gets along without a shower, thus saving space and money at the expense of a man's comfort. Most men want showers, and I don't think it was a man who dreamed up the common overtub compromise shower.

In little more than the space ordinarily used for one bathroom, you have a two-passenger model.

Keep your sleeves rolled up; we still have some more traditional notions to tear into. The ordinary bedroom is not much good either. It is bigger than it needs to be just for sleeping but not big enough to be good for anything more. If it is warm enough to undress in at night, it is too warm to sleep in comfortably. By morning it is too cold to dress in, and it is too big to heat in a hurry.

What you need is a separate dressing room, which is strictly in the $25,000-house class just now—by traditional planning. But suppose you trim that bedroom down till it just barely holds a bed (and whatever bookcases and radio shelves you like built around the head). Space you have saved will give you a small dressing room. Put in a big $30 bathroom heater and you will dress and undress in unaccustomed comfort.

And why use up a six-by-six-foot space with a closet most of which will be inaccessible, in

Continued on page 135

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Head of Whose House?

Continued from page 134

which everything will be hard to find, and your wife's garments will crowd yours into a foot of pole? Take a wall, any wall, of the dressing room and expand it from the normal six inches or so thick to two feet. Put doors or a curtain all along the side. If self-preservation calls for it, partition your wife's half off from yours. Now there is room for all your clothes, you can get at them without groping, and you have saved a substantial number of expensive square feet. This is the trick architects like to call a storage wall.

Now about the kids' room. Is giving them an ordinary bedroom going to work? It never has very well. Put two or three children in the same room and they'll whoop it up for an hour every night before going to sleep. If they are of different sexes or quite different ages, they won't want to share a bedroom very long, and at that time the whole house becomes inadequate.

So split up the space of the second bedroom by putting bunks down the middle, one above the other but actually in different rooms. Now each child has a tiny sleeping compartment of his own. If there is only one child, the extra little room can be a play space for him, a study for you, or a guest room; or it can be all three at different times. That's what is called flexibility. You don't often find it in a small house, but that is where you really need it.

Take a look now at what you are getting, within the space and cost of the typical boxy house you have inspected dubiously in many a real-estate development and perhaps condemned as both too small and too expensive for what it gives.

Two children have separate rooms (or a bunkroom to share, plus a playroom—a luxury in any house). Besides a bedroom you have a warm dressing room and truly adequate closets. Two people can use bathroom facilities simultaneously with total privacy. The kitchen is airy and spacious because it merges into the dining room. The dining room is equally so because it blends with the living room, but it occupies only as much space as a table and chairs take up. Even this space has double use, in my experience, since it gives kids a table to play on.

Above all, you have a living room of mansion dimensions in which a crowd can spread out, because you didn't waste space on separate dining room and kitchen.

But why stop now? Let's go ahead and make that living room seem twice as big without adding anything to the house. Make one wall glass. In a cold climate, or a very hot one, use double-pane glass with sealed airspace between the sheets. Make this the south wall if you can and let the roof overhang far enough to keep out the summer sun. The low sun of winter will flood the room with light and heat, knocking quite a bit off your fuel bill.

Face that glass wall away from the street, if you're in town, and put a terrace outside. Your view or your trees, if you have any, are now visually a part of the living room. If nothing else, you can plant some shrubs or build a wall for privacy and to give yourself something to look out of. When you get to it, floodlight the yard.

Quite a house for your money, isn't it? But what will the little woman say? For one thing, don't tell her that she is getting modern architecture; she may visualize the Bijou Picture Palace, or the modernistic white freezer locker downtown, and shudder—rightfully. Tell her it is contemporary design.

She'll like the division of the kids' rooms and the bathrooms. She'll be especially fond of the storage-wall closet and the heated dressing room. She may worry about the kitchen joining the living room, but she'll feel otherwise when she finds that she is no longer out of earshot when you are in your easy chair entertaining company while she cooks.

You will probably have to make one concession about the kitchen. Provide a curtain on a track, or a slat blind, to be drawn when she wants the kitchen to be invisible. She will seldom if ever use it, judging by the experience of a number of people with houses designed this way, but she will think she is going to want it, so you might as well give it to her. It won't hurt anything and it'll give you something interesting to show your friends.

And for another kind of effective separation of kitchen and living space, put a ventilating fan over the range. That will do a better job than a kitchen door in keeping cabbage out of the living room. But what about the fussiness? What's happened to the boudoir architecture? Will she give that up entirely?

She already has. Nobody, not even a woman who has been reading too many books on interior decoration, is going to toss frilly curtains over a wall that is all window. Big rooms insist on their own clean lines. Since the house is by no stretch of nostalgia a Cape Cod job, there will be no temptation to smother the fireplace in near-genuine fixings.

As long as building costs hover above ten bucks a square foot, we are bound to build little houses. And with so small a likelihood that average people will ever again run to domestic servants, it is probably just as well.

But if men will just put their collective foot down and insist on having houses fit for them to live in, even the little houses can be good. Try it and see. ##

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Joe, the Center Fielder

Continued from page 37

are the Yankee's competitors. I never have met anyone who admires the National League more than Stoneham and he will argue this, no matter what the figures indicate. But, like all those involved in baseball, Mr. Stoneham is glib in his appreciation of Di Maggio. When Bobby Thomson came up to play center field for the Giants the majority of the journalists traveling with the Giants predicted he would be a star. They prepared singing essays which compared Thomson to the Giants who had been there before him.

I asked Mr. Stoneham one hot afternoon if he believed Thomson was going to live up to his extravagant notices.

"Sure," Stoneham was quick to tell me. "He looks more like Di Maggio than anyone I've ever seen."

Ted Williams believes diplomacy to be the coward's sanctuary. It is his philosophy that the truth should not be concealed and he ransacks other ballplayers for flaws with an honesty I have always admired. Ted discusses himself as though he were not present. Such frankness is mistaken for swell-headedness, which it is not. Williams regards himself with an esteem that is not unfounded. But he does not challenge the statement that Di Maggio is the greatest ballplayer of his age. There were some who thought that Williams should have won the most valuable-player award last season, but the baseball writers picked Di Maggio and Williams agreed with them. It is unusual for Williams to concede that a sports writer realizes what is happening on a ball field. But it pleased him that he came as close as he did.

"It took Di Maggio to beat me, didn't it?" Williams replied when a reporter asked him if he was annoyed by the results of the journalists' poll.

The figures in the records do not signify Di Maggio's worth as a Yankee. The guys on his ball club boost him with an eagerness that approaches reverence. Their confidence is not misplaced because this is a loyal member of their team and not an isolated star who shines with a selfish brilliance. Once we were sitting in a hotel lobby in Palm Beach when a she-fan from Brooklyn annoyed him with impolite references to his inability to hit Whitlow Wyatt in the Yankee-Dodger series of 1941.

"Wyatt took good care of you," taunted the woman from Brooklyn.

"He's a pretty good pitcher," Joe said.

"Pretty good," screamed the harridan. "He had your number."

"But we won the Series," Joe protested.

"But Wyatt took good care of you," the lady screeched.

"The big thing is we won the Series," Di Maggio replied. "I wasn't playing Wyatt. The Yankees were playing the Dodgers and we beat them."

When the baseball guys sit down in the off-season the conversation always comes around to Di Maggio. They will talk about what this one did and how another guy handled a certain situation, but they always reach Di Maggio no matter what league they're in. What delights the pros of the game is the way he plays fly balls and makes difficult plays appear to be simple catches.

"Di Mag should be around for another twenty years," said Garry Schumacher, who is one of the executives of the New York Giants. "He's a step miser. There is one guy who will never wear himself out running after fly balls. He's always where they're hit."

If you hear a complaint it is that Di Maggio has no color. What they mean is that Di Maggio is an even-tempered man who does not sulk or show his anger on a ball field. He never tries to showboat or make a play seem complicated. He is a ballplayer of exceptional purity and never exaggerates his skill by breaking the design of his lounging race to compel the stands to understand what he is doing. What happens to him on a ball field moves him deeply, but Di Maggio believes that frustration is a private matter and it is very seldom that he discusses any of his disappointments with reporters.

I remember being with him in the clubhouse after the sixth game of the '47 World Series when Al Gionfriddo stole his home run out of the bull pen with one of the most remarkable catches ever made. Di Maggio was poised and good-natured with the reporters who were nagging him with questions and he seemed undisturbed by the commotion the play had caused. He told them it was a fine catch and let it go at that. But after he was dressed he got into his car and drove aimlessly around the town, alone and depressed, his stomach churning painfully.

"I couldn't get it out of my mind," Joe told me later. "I must have driven for hours . . . and that's all I could think of. That was the ball game if he hadn't caught it."

It was in the same series that Clyde Sukeforth, the Brooklyn coach, went out to the pitcher's box to console Rex Barney. The bases were filled and Di Maggio was the next hitter.

"All you have to do is strike out Di Maggio and you're out of the inning," Sukeforth said.

"Is that all I have to do," the kid said dismally. "Strike out Di Maggio!"

But he did and after the game was over Di Maggio predicted a great future for the kid who had humiliated him.

"If he can get the ball over, Barney will be great," Joe said. "Bobby Feller never had more. I don't say he didn't have as much. But he never had more than Barney. If he gets control . . . there's a great pitcher."

The attitude of the gallery during the exhibition season is an indication of Di Maggio's accepted greatness. They sit back and say there's nothing like him playing ball anywhere when he gets a base hit or shags a fly ball with that swift simplicity which I have never seen duplicated on a ball field. But when he rolls out to the infield or a ball shies away from him on the hills of the bush-league parks they mock him with their laughter. They believe it is comical for him to make a wrong move. They consider themselves fortunate when he does something wrong because that seldom happens and only the unexpected is truly exciting in sports. But their rebukes are gentle and only made to inform him they will not tolerate anything but perfection from him.

The ballplayers are the same way because he must make them all feel small and unimportant when he has a bad day because he is what most of them try to be. Up in the press box on the roof of the grandstand in St. Petersburg, Florida, Red Barrett, then a right-handed pitcher with St. Louis, unintentionally revealed the way Di Maggio awes them all. Barrett raged at the official scorer for nine innings because he did not give Di Maggio an error on a ground ball that took a slanting bounce off a pebble and jumped over his shoulder.

"No wonder this guy is great," Barrett admonished. "You guys do his fielding for him."

It was a pitcher's old beef about hitters, but it was more than that. It was as though Barrett insisted that Di Maggio be handicapped for his greatness. One of the writers answered Barrett with a question:

"What do you want—special rules for Di Maggio?"

"Yes," the pitcher answered. "Then, maybe, you could get him out once in a while."

On days when the New York sports columnist is hung-over or the run is dead there is always the fast piece about the decency of the home-town sports fan. We claim he is unprejudiced and faithful beyond the others; sweet-natured even in his dislikes and cautious with his tirades. We blow the dust off the adjectives usually held out for the obits when we come down to the groveling paragraph concerning his intelligence and courtesy. But during a Yankee-Red Sox series in '46, the behavior of a spiteful minority made these accolades the falsehoods of lazy men who fill an off-day's space with lies which our critics insist is a daily occurrence. They insulted Williams and Di Maggio all through a double header with the brutality of ignorance and their monkey sounds should have banished them back to their ancestral homes in the trees. It must be admitted that Williams constantly protested to the umpires and courted the disfavor of the idiots in the seats. But Di Maggio's blank-faced patience should have been rewarded. On the Friday before, he had hit a four-run homer and broke an infielder's finger with a line drive. But, because he couldn't buy a base knock against Boston, rising above the cheers was the contemptuous sound which resembled the noises made by a herd of cows in pain. It is not my intention to make this a publicity man's handout for Di Maggio and Williams, but this was their first season out of the Army. In that crowd were guys who had tougher jobs and had done more time, but they had gone into service at the height of their careers, and they were entitled to do a little floundering. What they had then, before they were drafted, was still there, and I am only using this isolated incident to illustrate the way that both Williams and Di Maggio reacted.

"They boo me up in Boston," Williams said. "But I'm immune to that stuff now. Let them holler. Know what they are?"

"No," I said, but I suspected.

"— — — —," said Mr. Williams. "Put that in the paper. They're a lot of — — — —."

It was a charge that would be difficult to refute. But across the

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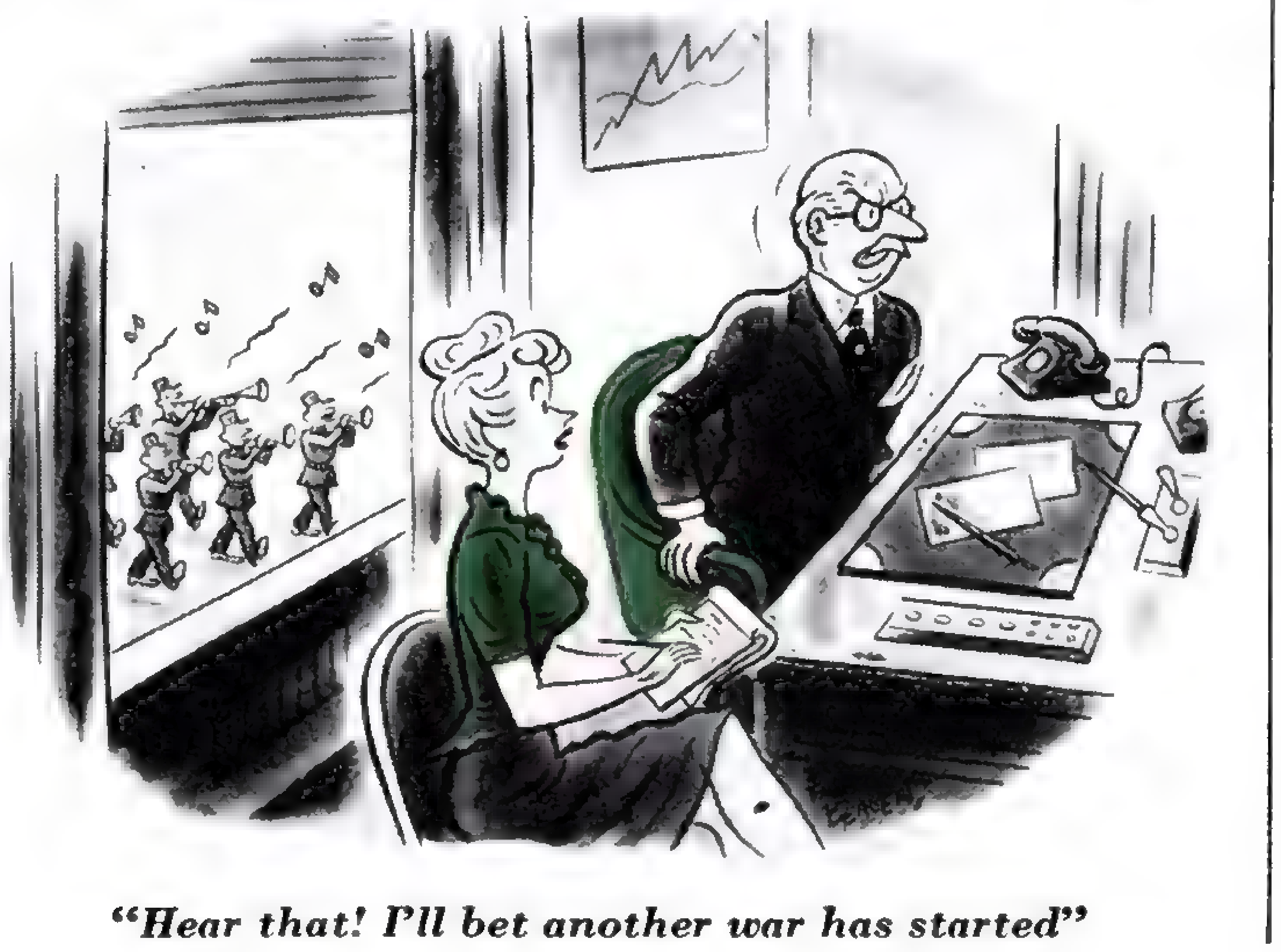

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Joe, the Center Fielder

Continued from page 137

field in the Yankee clubhouse Di Maggio sat drinking hot coffee out of a leaking container.

"They were on you today," I said.

"Yeah," Joe said. "They didn't like me."

"Does it annoy you?" I asked.

"Nobody likes it," Di Maggio answered. "But that's the way they feel and they're entitled to it. If you stop them from booing, you ought to stop them from cheering. That's part of the game."

The salaries of ballplayers are low and preposterous when you compare them with the immense sums the owners drag out of the game. It is the patronizing appraisal of some that the players are merely skilled laborers whose wage scale is way above that of other men who work with their bodies. I will concede that it does not require extraordinary intelligence to play baseball in the big leagues and many a stupid man is accepted as great by baseball standards. You work as hard laying bricks or jostling bales around with a hook if you are a longshoreman, but that is a senseless argument because you can't charge admission and get people to watch those laborers toiling at their respective jobs.

Baseball is a business where the player realizes that loyalty does not gain him the respect of the employer as it does in most trades. There are no rewards for occupational injuries and if a guy damages himself during business hours the owner does not have to accept the responsibility. It is true the ballplayer is paid for what he does. But if you break your leg going down to second base and come up a cripple, they will deal you out if they figure you don't fit into the form of the team with such a handicap. They turn you loose if you can't help them, no matter how you made yourself worthless, and doing it in the interest of the ball club does not entitle you to sympathy. So I always pull for the ballplayers who hold out for a larger salary because I consider them, as a class, to be underpaid when I figure what they make for the guys who hold the franchises. You don't have to go back further than Larry McPhail, who moved out of the Yankees with three million dollars as his end, after starting from even. I am no admirer of Mr. McPhail, but he is entitled to this enormous profit because he made the deal himself and set up an enterprise which was good for all those who invested in it. But the great wealth of the Yankees is based on what the club does on the field. Joe made them in '37, and they won the pennant because of him, and, on the basis of what he did last year, he was the poorest-paid guy in the game. Di Maggio never had to live in squalor and it would be foolish to say the Yankees were stingy with him. On forty-three thousand five hundred a year, a man doesn't have to drop by the Morris Plan to frighten up the rent money. But this is the first season he is getting close to the money made by Bob Feller and Williams and no matter what he does this year they aren't being swindled when they pay him the sixty-five G's his contract calls for.

Baseball is a game played with nine men on each side, and without the eight other guys the Yankees wouldn't have been a team in '37. But this quiet-mannered and solemn-faced guy is an inspirational athlete and there are few of them in any sport. The Yankees do as good as Joe does, and this was proved last year. He was more than the best outfielder in baseball. He risked his future as a big-leaguer because most of the season he played with a chip-boned arm and a lame leg. But he demanded that they play him. There are many who sulk when they have been misused, but Di Maggio isn't one of these. I have watched them dogging it in agitated isolation, and they pretend they have an imaginary hurt when they get a bad deal. But Di Maggio did not lag when McPhail fined him at the beginning of the season. It was a photographer's charge that caused McPhail to bite Di Maggio a hundred dollars' worth. The cameraman insisted Joe had deliberately walked away when asked to pose for a picture previously arranged. It was the first time in Di Maggio's career as a ballplayer that he had ever been reprimanded by a ball club. It troubled him, but resentment improved him. It harmed his pride and caused him to be a reckless man. It was obvious that he was a cripple because the foot dragged when he ran and he was in pain a lot of the time. But it did not tamper with his skill and despite the objections of physicians and Bucky Harris, the manager, Di Maggio was in there before the operation scar had healed. He wore a special boot most of the year, and every time he slid into a base or stopped quickly he gambled on the years to come.

The Yankees took advantage of the times in '42 to compel Di Maggio to sign at their own figure after he had a big year in '41. In that season he put a new record into the ledgers by hitting safely in fifty-six consecutive games and he turned ordinary contests into special ones with his presence, and great crowds came out to watch what is one of the shining feats of the sport. But they were drafting guys into the Army and soldiers were working for twenty-one a month and the Yankee management used that to round Joe up. But he enlisted as soon as the season was over. I see a lot of him and I have never heard him mourn for the big money he should have made in the years when the other guys were earning it. #

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Fights Out of the Ring

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"Listen, fellow, I just wanted to see what stuff you were made of. You're all right. So let's forget it. You're too little to fight me anyhow."

The Ding took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. "I didn't come out to gab," he said.

Tex shrugged, and off came his coat too.

Against the Ding, who was quick as a hornet, his towering opponent seemed ludicrously slow. Tex swung about six punches; if any had landed the Ding would probably have been propelled across the street. But none came within a foot of him. Then the Ding stepped in under those long arms and hooked a terrific wallop into Tex' stomach. Tex bent forward as if he'd been knifed. Even then Ding had to reach for Tex' chin. That punch lifted Tex right up onto the tips of his toes. He went down like a tree. The Ding rolled down his sleeves, put on his coat, and walked away.

Tex was taken to a hospital. For a while the doctors weren't sure whether he'd come around or not. He was out eleven hours—his head had probably hit the pavement when he went down. The punch had smashed his jawbone, and he never looked the same afterwards.

The best fight of the Ding's that I saw was against a former top-notch amateur boxer, a light-heavyweight. Everyone in camp had been waiting for the battle, because the light-heavyweight—let's call him Charley—who was as pugnacious as a stuck bull, had had several fights since coming on the job and had beaten every good scrapper, except the Ding. Charley started it. The Ding had just come off graveyard shift; and Charley was standing with a couple of his friends by the water hydrant where the men coming off shift stopped to wash. When the Ding came up, the light-heavyweight said, "You're the Ding, aren't you?"

The Ding, knowing what was up, said nothing. The question was repeated. Still the Ding kept quiet. The third time, the Ding said, "What's it to you?"

He finished washing and as he started to walk by, Charley grabbed him by the shoulder, spun him around, and slapped him.

The fight lasted half an hour. The Ding was hampered by his hip boots and tin pants. Also, it was winter and the ice on the ground by the hydrant made the footing bad. While he was backing away from the ice, he slipped a little and Charley caught him a good one that put him down. He got up and Charley knocked him down twice again before he got to a dry piece of ground, near the bunkhouse. Charley got careless and came in swinging hard. The Ding moved his head a little, sliding a punch over his shoulders; the next moment Charley was sprawled out on the ground, his mouth hanging open and blood spilling over his chin. Charley, who was tough enough, got up right away. The Ding put him down five more times. The fifth time Charley put his hand in his mouth, pulled out two teeth, and sat there looking at them. He threw them away and got up again. He tried using more science on the Ding, weaving in and out and feinting. Then he tried a couple of body punches, but the Ding was ready for him and caught him as nice a one-two as I've ever seen. The left landed on the jaw, the right on the nose. When the nose broke, there was a sound like stepping on a snail, only louder.

Still Charley came back for more. After a while he stepped back, panting like a dog. "You are the Ding, aren't you?" he said. He was trying to call it quits without backing down too much.

The Ding said, "You wanted to fight, didn't you? What are you waiting for?"

They went at it again. The Ding put Charley down several more times before finishing him. Then he dragged Charley over to the hydrant, turned the water on full, and left him lying under the stream.

Ordinarily the Ding finished men off with a dozen punches or less. He had no respect for size, and several men he licked outweighed him by at least forty pounds. None of today's experts of the ring match the Ding's combination of skill and guts . . .

Perhaps the most remarkable of the fighters I have known out of the ring was a man of incongruous build we'll call White. He worked on Boulder. About five-feet-eight in height, he weighed almost two hundred pounds. He was potbellied, his butt was as wide as his shoulders, and his hands looked delicate like a woman's. He was the fastest fighter I have ever seen—lightweight or heavy, in or out of the ring. He could catch flies in the air between his thumb and forefinger; and when he hit, you couldn't see his fists move. On the job, he'd take on two or three fellows at once. None of them could touch him, and he'd pull their cap beaks over their eyes before they knew what was happening. I never saw anyone land a punch on White.

I first saw him fight at a combination gambling and dance hall. One minute White was sitting drinking beer and the next he was in a fight with three fellows. One of them had challenged White over something and White, with his hands at his sides, walked to within a foot of the man. He hit him so fast the fellow went down without knowing what happened. Then his two friends jumped White. Within ten seconds the three companions were stretched out on the floor, and White sat down to finish his beer. He had

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Marked Man

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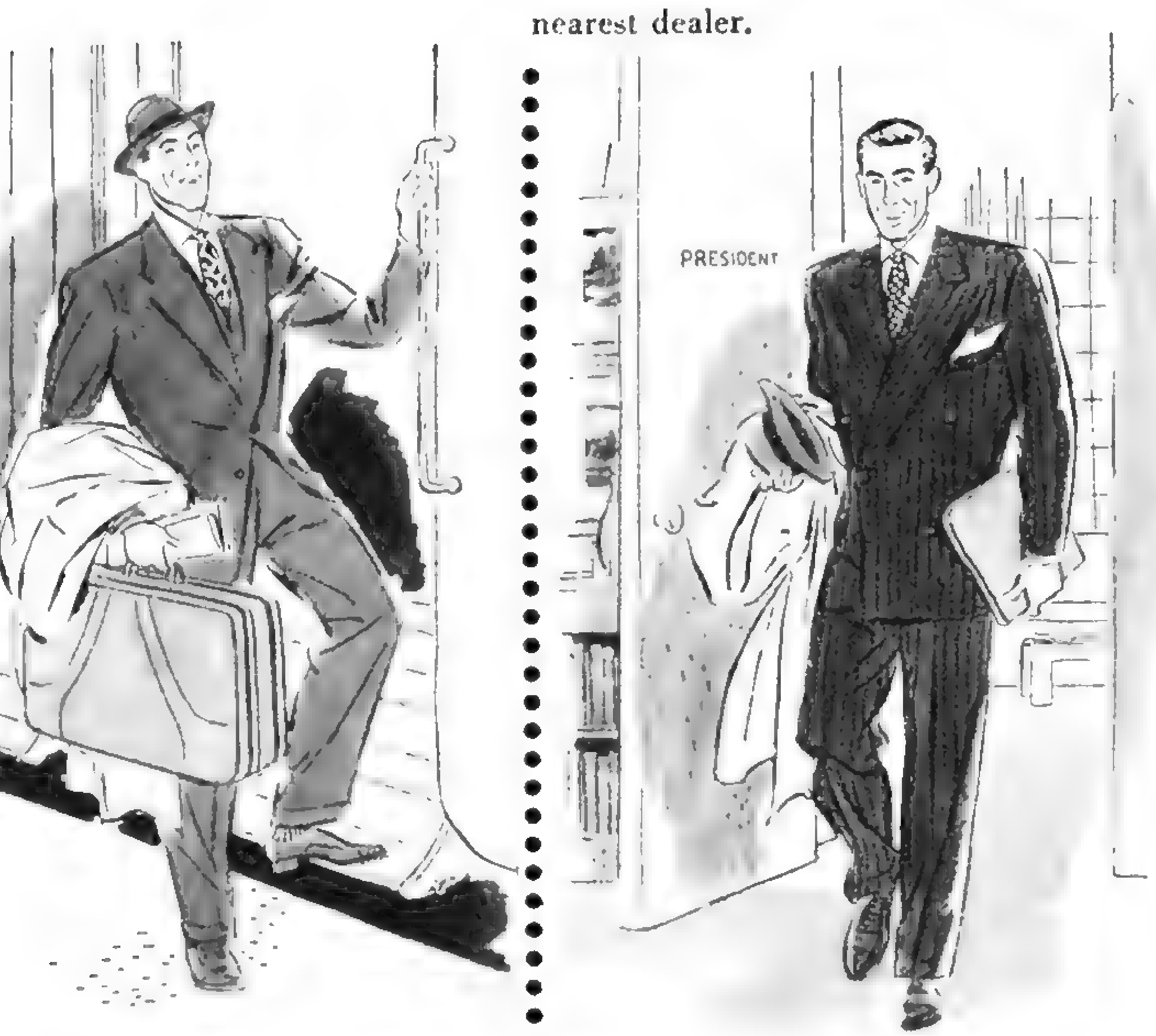

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Makers also of popular Dopp-Bilt business cases.

Fights Out of the Ring

Continued from page 139

hit each man just once.

The strongest man on the Dam was a mucker who was able to place his hand flat over a ten-inch plate and lift it off the table. More than once I saw him go up a ladder with a 400-pound water pump under one arm; and upon request he would bend three-foot drill steel across his knee. One day four men tried to move a loaded muck skip from the mouth of one of the work tunnels; they went to it with bars and two-by-fours and they couldn't budge the thing. The mucker walked over, motioned the four of them away, picked up one end of the skip and dragged it along the ground, dropping it where they wanted it.

White whipped the mucker twice, the first time at a night spot. While White was drinking at the bar a girl came up and asked him to treat her. He bought her a whiskey, and she tossed it down and asked for another. White told her to scram. She called him a cheapskate and started shouting at him, sticking her face up into his. When White gave her a shove, the mucker growled, "You can't treat no lady like that when I'm around."

At first White was so surprised he just stood there, looking at the mucker. With one great paw the mucker grasped the front of White's shirt and gave a little jerk. The whole of the shirt front came off and hung from the mucker's fist, which he now held under White's nose. It was White's best shirt, bright silk; and he was furious. He called the mucker a string of names that would put any thesaurus to shame. The mucker said, "You can't use no language like that in front of no lady when I'm around," and started lumbering toward White, his thick arms bent, ready to grab.

White knew if he got caught in those arms he'd be crushed like a lump of putty. He backed across the dance floor. Then, suddenly, he stepped in and hit the mucker four times; it was like a spurt of riveting. It was impossible to tell which punch knocked out the mucker. But when the last caught him, he slid on his back all the way across the slippery dance floor before coming to rest, spread-eagled, still clutching the torn shirt in his hand. White walked over and tried futilely to pry loose the piece of silk. He said, "Son-of-a-bitch, fifteen bucks!" spat on the floor and left.

White enjoyed fighting against any comer—friend, foe, or stranger. Once he was trying to persuade two very drunk friends who had been carousing for a week end to go back to camp with him. He had them almost persuaded when they got involved in a fight with three sailors. White's two friends started to receive a brutal pasting. White watched briefly before he joined the fracas. Within two minutes after moving in he had knocked out all three sailors. And when his friends began arguing again about going back to camp, he knocked them cold too.

"Forget Gregory Peck for a minute and have some popcorn"

There were other remarkable fighters (though none quite so picturesque as White). There was Whitey Nelson, a giant Swede, famous around Western construction jobs for the many adversaries he knocked out. There was a foreman, known as the Ape, a hirsute former college football star, who weighed two hundred thirty pounds and could lift a two-hundred-pound man over his head with ease. There was the Wobbly on Boulder who said he preferred fighting more than one man at a time "because it's better sport"; one day he caught two company men going through the stuff in his room, smacked them both through the door, went down to the superintendent's office and knocked him out too.

But of all the fighters on Boulder the most deadly was a local character—let's give him the name of Jack Lester—who stood six-two and weighed two-hundred-ten pounds. He was almost thirty when I met him; a quiet fellow who wore glasses—except, of course, when fighting.

There were dozens of small roadhouses between Boulder City and Las Vegas, and most of Lester's fights took place in them. During a free-for-all in one of these, two brawlers, probably not realizing who he was, went for Jack. One of them was a little bigger than Jack, the other almost his size. The bigger man went down first. Jack hit him three times, the last time with a right that left his ear hanging and stretched him out for twenty minutes. He hit the other man once.

During the Fourth of July celebration in 1933 a former heavyweight Army champion arrived in Las Vegas, heard about Jack, and started looking for him. He found him in a dance hall on the outskirts of town. He jostled Jack a couple of times, and finally Jack took off his glasses and laid them on the bar. The two of them went out into the street.

Word spread that Jack was in a

brawl and the dance stopped. Everyone rushed outside, some crawling through the windows. A ring of onlookers was formed on the sidewalk and the two fighters went to work. The Army man was good. He was tough and clever, and knew how to box. Jack, who was fundamentally not a boxer but a hitter, stood like John L., leaning back and holding his arms out and bent up in front of him. He was amazingly quick and he never hit unless he was sure of landing. Sometimes he would wait five minutes, but when he did hit, his whole weight shifted suddenly forward.

Like everyone who fought Jack, the Army man found him hard to reach because of Lester's unorthodox stance. He managed to land a few punches, but none hard enough to mark Jack. Then, after a few minutes, Jack let go for the first time. The Army man staggered back to the ring of the crowd. His face was split open, as if by a knife, from his hair line down past the corner of his nose. Jack waited; the Army man came back and they sparred for several minutes before Jack hit him again, in the mouth, knocking him to his knees. He stayed kneeling, as if in prayer, his head hanging and blood trickling to the sidewalk. Three cops grabbed Jack. He shook them off like flies.

The Army man got up, looking scarcely human; and they went to it again. Jack hit him twice more and it was all over.

Lester never met his match, and he had at least one good fight every two weeks. He never wasted a blow, and hit so hard that more than once he broke a man's ribs with a single punch.

Probably his best fight occurred at a roadhouse near the Dam. Lester and Tom, a young friend of his, had run out of money one night at the bar. When Tom asked for more drinks, the bartender said his credit was no good; Tom picked up a glass and threw it at a row of bottles lined up on the shelf. The bartender jumped the bar, a bouncer joined him from across the hall, and the two of them went to work on Tom. Jack came over and knocked out the bartender and the bouncer. Then a gang of fourteen waiters and bouncers headed for Tom and Jack. Jack finished off a couple right away. In the general mix-up afterwards, he hit Tom by mistake and knocked him out too. After that, he backed up to the bar and stood against it knocking out the guys one after the other as they came for him.

Tom came to, staggered outside and looked around till he found a big club. He went back in. Three men were still trying to stand up to Lester. Tom went for them with a club, but one got behind him with a bottle and knocked him out for the second time. Then Jack finished off the last ones.

When a gang of Jack's friends, who were to meet him that evening, arrived they found Jack walking out of the roadhouse with Tom over one shoulder. Tom was half-conscious but still held the club. Jack, with his free hand, was putting on his glasses.

So next time you feel like asserting that Jack Johnson, Jim Corbett or Jack Dempsey was the best of them all, don't waste your eloquence on me. I've seen the Ding, White and Lester. And I know better. ⧻

Continued from page 71

Hell on Hoofs

Continued from page 35

fourteen feet with a smash that would have pulverized a boulder. The other horse quaintly, delicately ducked one shoulder in an effeminate fashion, and lunged with his forehead horn. That caught Blackie in his right rear flank, and his scream of pain and hatred had the velocity and the decibels of an express train. He whirled and whirled again, distraught, with a gout in his side pumping blood. The bookies were now shouting hoarsely; wagers were exchanged more rapidly.

The wounded horse hurtled sideways, like a loping dog. Again he rose terrifyingly in the air, and both legs this time straightened out as he was halfway down, and deceived the other horse off his guard as he shied again effeminately to get out from under. But this time the hoofs came directly at him, as a halfback straight-arms, and caught him full in the glossy neck, threw his fine long head over sickeningly, and he crumpled one leg. The black held him down with one hoof, as a fighter measures a man against the ropes, and flailed with the terrible other. Again he flailed. And yet again the crunch sound came. There was a silence even in the heave of the horses' bellies. Again Blackie flailed, and his opponent lay down full length, softly and tiredly. Blackie reared and came swishing down, his hoofs singing in the air, and smote, and smote, and smote, and up again, and smote again, and there was then a dismemberment . . .

The little men with the ropes came running again, warily, two caught him by his neck, and took their positions at opposite points so that the horse was immovable; two others captured his hindquarters with soft cloths tied to ropes; and he was gentled, talked to softly, led away. The men were already dispersing to their carts, and there was a shamed happiness in their voices, no longer boisterous and bragging, no longer defiant, but hushed, gentle-paced and soft. The men dispersed and went their ways; the horse was led away, his head hanging very low. He would never fight again. Only as a sparring partner. His reason for being, his function was over and done, for this, the most Wagnerian of sports. ⧻

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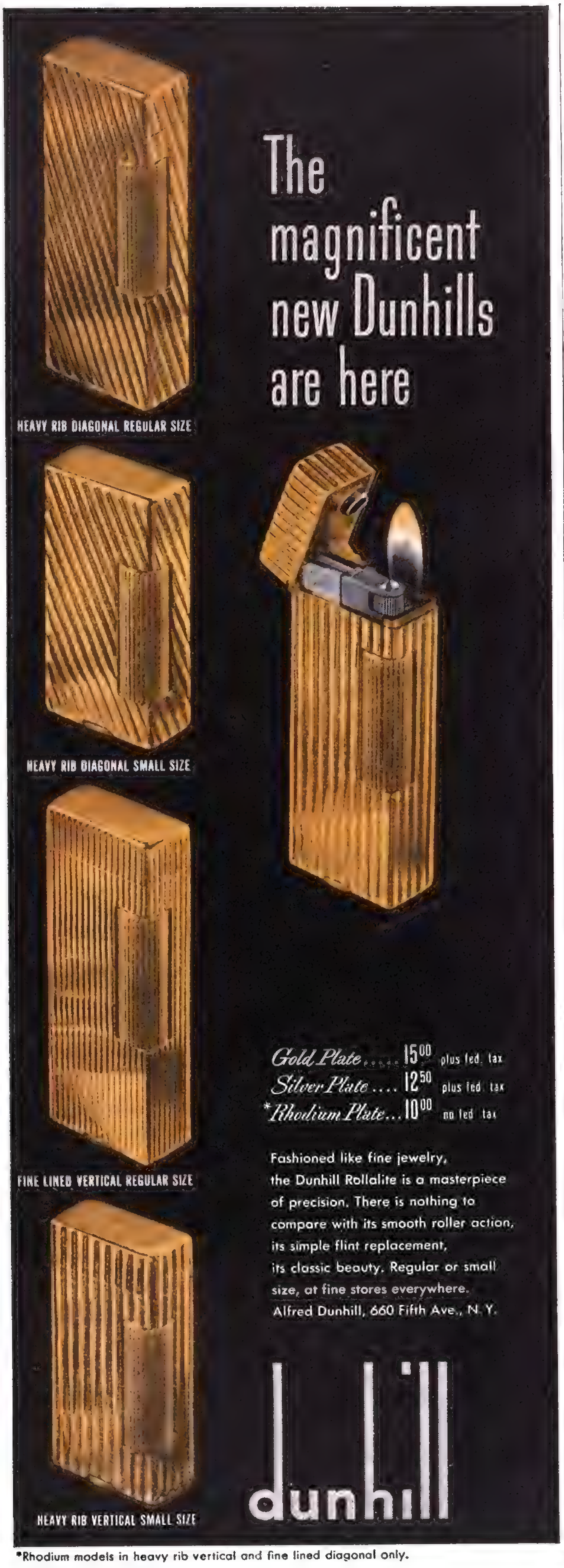
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The Queen of the Seas

Continued from page 85

and doors to seal off the upper decks, fire-resistant paint and an automatic sprinkler system in the passengers' quarters. The fire station, constantly manned, is equipped with an ingenious telltale arrangement of pipes which continuously draw air from all parts of the ship and set off a photoelectric alarm whenever smoke is detected.

Apart from her life rafts, the liner carries twenty-six Diesel-engined lifeboats, each of which holds 145 persons. Her life buoys are fitted with lights to make them visible in darkness.

Smoke from the "*Q.E.*'s" boilers is washed and filtered by 600 tons of water per hour to prevent soot particles from sprinkling the passengers' clothing. The ship's whistle is scientifically muffled. Pitched two octaves below middle A, it can be clearly heard ten miles away but is hardly audible below decks.

Despite her reliance on mechanical marvels, the *Elizabeth* preserves some of the ancient traditions of sailing-ship days. The ship's lamp trimmer still maintains a set of emergency oil lamps, which he is required to burn at least three hours each week to be sure they are in condition to replace the "*Q.E.*'s" electric navigation lights; and the able-bodied seamen still scrub the decks at night with holystones.

The "*Q.E.*" was still being completed when war came, a sitting target to Nazi bombers. Untried and untested, she slipped down the Clyde and early on March 2, 1940, dashed across the submarine-infested Atlantic for New York. She remained in New York for nine months, and in November sailed for Singapore to be fitted out for troop carrying. Sailing from Sydney, Australia, in convoy with her sister ship and the *Mauretania*, she began her career as a transport in April, 1941. From this time she was almost continuously in service, and her great, grey hull became a familiar sight in the world's main ports as well as in out-of-the-way harbors like Port Tewfik, on the Red Sea; Hobart, Tasmania; and Nukahiva, in the Marquesas.

She carried tough Australian and New Zealand divisions to the Middle East: she reinforced the armies that gathered in India. When the threat of a Jap invasion overshadowed Australia, she rushed U. S. troops to that continent. In the Summer of 1942 she hurried reinforcements to the British Eighth Army, the prelude to the great offensive that pushed the Axis out of Africa. Then, with the *Queen Mary*, she entered the service for which she was designed—crossing and recrossing the Atlantic—carrying American soldiers to Britain a division at a time. Alterations increased her troop-carrying capacity to the fantastic number of 15,600 men. G.I.s came to regard the "*Q.E.*" as America's own. One day Commodore Sir James Bisset, her wartime commander, overheard a soldier remark to his buddy, "Say, wouldn't the British like to be able to build a ship like this!" The captain promptly ordered the ship's history posted on the bulletin boards.

In one year the two "Queens" carried 320,000 uniformed Americans across the ocean. On return trips they carried British airmen to be trained in Canada, British seamen to man Lend-Lease ships, and Axis prisoners. They seldom traveled in convoys, relying on their thirty-knot speed and power of rapid maneuver to defeat the U-boats. The "*Q.E.*" on one trip outran no fewer than fifty enemy submarines. Hitler offered $200,000 and the Reich's highest honor to the U-boat crew which succeeded in sinking either of the ships, but according to German naval records only one U-boat got the "*Q.E.*" in its periscope—and then was unable to attack because it had used all its torpedoes.

Demobilized in March, 1946, the travel-stained "*Q.E.*" returned to the Clyde, where more than 2000 workmen swarmed aboard for the gigantic task of reconditioning. More than ninety per cent of her furnishings had been made before the war and stored at home and abroad. Assembled and installed at Southampton, where she went for her finishing peacetime touches, they represented a roll call of British products famed the world over—special steels from Sheffield, linen from Belfast, china and glass from the Staffordshire towns, cutlery from Sheffield and Birmingham.

Her reconversion cost almost $5,000,000 and took six months. Today the only reminder of her wartime role is her deck rails, left just as the G.I.s had carved them with names and initials.

The "*Q.E.*" is a floating luxury resort and a self-contained seaborne city of 3500 population. Her cabins and thirty-five public rooms are custom-fitted with colored and natural leathers, quilted satin walls and rare and exotic woods such as Maidon burr, pale flowery mahogany, Tulip burr, oyster aspen, Golden Amboyna burr, Queensland silky oak, and teak. All first-class cabins are equipped with air conditioning, bathrooms with hot and cold fresh and salt water, and telephones which connect by radio to the world's principal cities.

The ship's comforts include two movie theatres, three playrooms, two swimming pools, three gymnasia, a squash court, dog kennels and a Turkish bath. Three libraries contain 4000 books in fourteen languages. There are also half a dozen shops selling clothing and gewgaws, three banks, and beauty parlors and barbershops for all classes. From stem to stern there are twelve bars.

Medical facilities on the "*Q.E.*" include an operating theater, general hospital and isolation hospital, staffed by a surgeon, physician and nine nurses and orderlies. Major operations are rarely carried out during the brief crossings, however, and the main medical function on westbound voyages is to vaccinate an average of 400 reluctant passengers who have failed to comply with U. S. immigration requirements.

"The U. S. decree requiring vaccination came into force early in 1947 when the *Queen Elizabeth* was halfway to New York," recalls the "*Q.E.*'s" chief medical officer, "catching most passengers without certificates. Forewarned, we had stocked sufficient vaccine and in two days vaccinated 2780 passengers and crew members."

With more than 10,000 meals to be served every day the *Queen Elizabeth* takes on all food stocks, with the exception of fresh milk and fish, at New York for the round trip, to avoid cutting in on Britain's meager rations.

Loss of catering equipment, attributable partly to breakage due to rough weather and partly to pilfering by passengers and crew, is a big item.

With some 2200 guests checking out at once and 2200 new ones coming on board often within 36 hours, the "*Q.E.*'s" laundry problem is a housewife's nightmare. A single crossing uses 10,000 sheets, 30,000 napkins, 70,000 towels, and thousands of miscellaneous kitchen cloths, making a total of well over 135,000 items in the "*Q.E.*'s" weekly laundry list. Triplicate stocks have been provided so that a complete set can be left for laundering at Southampton and New York and picked up on the return voyage.

As a luxury resort, the "*Q.E.*" provides its own games of chance. There are nightly bingo parties and the traditional horse races, but for those who prefer to lose their money faster there is a nightly gamble on the distance the ship will make up to noon next day.

As a seagoing community, the "*Q.E.*" has had less than its share of births, deaths and marriages. Although she transported boatloads of G.I. and Canadian war brides, only one baby had been born aboard up to the end of 1947. A girl, it was of course named Elizabeth. For some time the "*Q.E.*" enjoyed a remarkable record of no passenger deaths (during her entire war service there were only three crew deaths at sea), but this was broken last July when an aged male traveler dropped dead as the ship left New York harbor. Marriages at sea are no longer permitted by British law, but even if they were Captain Ford would be reluctant to perform them. "In the days of slow sailing ships, marriages at sea might have been necessary," he says with a twinkle, "but in these days of express liners people can wait."

The *Queen Elizabeth* may be the last big luxury liner. With a waiting list for tourist-class accommodation ten times longer than first, experts agree that ships of the future may have to sacrifice glamour and grandeur to provide low-cost crossings. Vladimir Yourkevitch, who designed the *Normandie*, wants to design a 100,000-tonner that will cater to tourists at fares averaging about $100 a crossing; and French shipowners, following his lead, are considering new one-class ships, with inexpensive, cafeteria-style meals, leaving the luxury passengers to travel by air.

These future trends are not worrying the "*Q.E.*'s" owners for the present. "Air competition can handle a mere jiggerful of the tremendous volume of traffic pent up during the war years and estimated as 1,000,000 prospective transatlantic travelers," said a Cunard official recently.

With her sister ship and the reconditioned 35,677-ton *Mauretania*, and the still-unfinished 34,000-ton *Caronia*, the *Queen Elizabeth* assures Britain first place in transatlantic passenger traffic for years to come. ##

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Plot Luck, or Situations Wanted

Continued from page 78

sit down?" The crafty Oriental counters with "Don't try any funny business or I'll drill you—both of you." "Oh," sighs the Mandarin's Daughter. "You don't understand; you *won't* understand!" "I don't have to understand," snarls her enemy. "I know you for what you are, you—!" Before the Insulter can unleash the devastating word, our heroic Cavalryman leaps to his feet and (practically) down the throat of the insulter. But he is stopped by a sudden thought. Who is this mysterious interloper? The idea of vengeance is "opposed," according to the directions on *The Plot Genie*, by "lack of information." But he is momentarily baffled. The plot (to use a culinary term) boils and thickens as we approach *Obstacles to Love*.

This time the wheel stops at 146: "An imaginary kinship exists between the lovers." From now on the story threatens to run away on its own power: it almost writes itself. The half-caste produces a well-worn deck of cards and plays his trump. "You can never marry her," he sneers. "Blood will tell—and it tells you that she is your sister!" This is certainly a complication, but it isn't quite enough. The plot also demands a *Predicament*—and here it is, Number 42: "An innocent person is accused of being mentally deranged." Obviously, it is the Mandarin's Daughter, that toy of fate, whose reason has been threatened by *The Plot Genie's* ever-increasing problems, obstacles, complications, and predicaments. Poor girl, she turns color, having nowhere else to turn. As for the Cavalryman, it will take a troop of marines on horseback to reach him in time. Will he ever get out of this quicksand or quandary or quagmire by minding his p's and, especially, his q's? If he marries his sister, who is also a half-wit, will he be adding incest to injury?

Every one of these thoughts flashes through the mind of the author as he tries a new twist of the wheel which brings him to the *Crisis*. Number 135 presents this crucial situation: "About to permit an unrecognized father to be executed."

This is the writer's great opportunity. The Cavalryman and the Insulter are at each other's throats. They remove their coats and whip open their shirts. Just as the fatal blow is to be struck, the Mandarin's Daughter recognizes a strawberry mole—the family insignia—on the left shoulder blade.

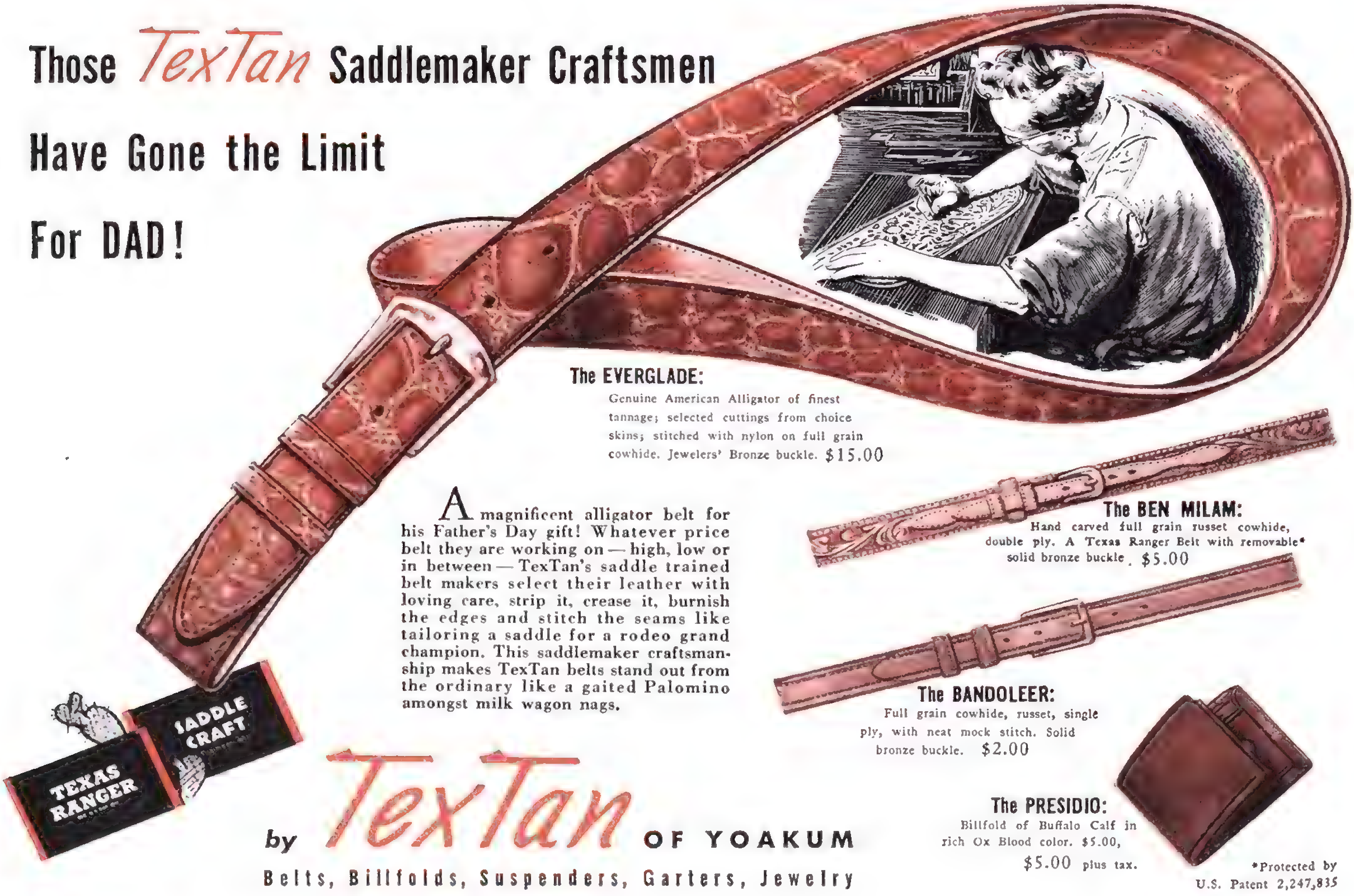
But on whose left shoulder is the strawberry mole? Can it be the man she has hated all her life? Is it the one she has just learned to love, but must now lose forever? A crisis it certainly is, but there is still more to come. To prolong the suspense just a bit longer, there is the *Climax*. If the writer is like me, he will at this point throw away the little wheel. He will feverishly scan all the solutions suggested by the Story Plotter. Here are a few surprise twists which strike me as little short of magnificent: "Wherein disaster is prevented by a riot." "Wherein a dog (or other animal) unexpectedly comes to the rescue." "Wherein it is discovered that a supposedly absent person is present." "Wherein any object which plays a part in the story develops to be other than it was thought to be." "Wherein a timid girl (such as a Mandarin's Daughter) unexpectedly wades into a fight and comes out victorious." "Wherein a tragic situation is shown to be merely a huge joke"—a solution which, like "it was all a dream," seems to be a bit unfair to the gullible reader.

My favorite solution is undoubtedly the most complicated one, and here it is, number 57: "Wherein a chain of mysterious or tragic events proves to be action staged at the instigation of a clever detective or investigator in order to discover a solution to a crime or problem."

A close application to *The Plot Genie* should make every man his own Hemingway. All that a hungry writer will have to furnish are a few active verbs, a scattering of loose adjectives and close conjunctions.

The plot that is outlined here is but a sample. You don't like it? Think you can do better? Perhaps you are right.

You might purchase the book, and turn the wheel yourself. On the theory that one good turn deserves another, all you can win is a fortune. ⌗



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*Protected by U.S. Patent 2,247,835

Challenge of Mt. Everest

Continued from page 58

against a far rock ridge. They were moving upwards, step by step, about seven hundred feet below the final peak. He watched them climb for a few moments till the clouds recurred. Even Odell did not see them again.

And so there is the mystery. That the bodies of George Mallory and Andrew Irvine lie amidst the snows of Everest is certain, but *when did mishap come to them?* Is it possible that they reached their goal and lost their lives on the descent? The only faint clue is a rusted ice-ax found nine years later by climbers of a subsequent unsuccessful expedition. This ax was found *lower* than the point at which Odell had seen the two—hence, it can be argued, they must have reached the top, since neither would be likely to continue an ascent without his ax.

But the question is no more exactly answerable than the general one so often asked—why do men attempt these things at all? To this every climber has his own reply. Mallory said he climbed mountains "because they were there"—and not in the spirit of ambition or conquest. "Have we conquered an enemy? None but ourselves," he added. Perhaps it is not without significance that the great attempts on Everest took place just after World War I, when the mood of the world was touched with remorse and expiation. That a schoolmaster and a student from the West should find death amidst the topmost pinnacles of the Himalayas linked them spiritually with the East—with countless Hindoo devotees to whom death deliberately sought on mountains had always seemed a fitting end and one for the poet's praise.

And generalizing more widely, there must be some primitive human urge that finds spiritual comfort in "up" rather than "down"; it cannot be mere chance that heaven and hell are so placed. Probably there are Freudian or Fraserian roots in this. Maybe among our ancestors of a million years ago it was the rule to hide in underground caves when wild animals threatened, but the rare fellow would climb the hills up to steep rocks or the snowline where animals could not follow. Anyhow though men would explore the bottom of the sea if they could, it is doubtful if they would get that curious élan that comes from the opposite movement.

Even to those who, like myself, have reached no higher than half the height of Everest and on peaks offering no special difficulty, there may have come the kind of occasional mountain experience easier to remember than to analyze—some momentary clairvoyance that sets the mind swinging free like a compass needle—perhaps a product of physical exhaustion giving an effect of disembodiment. But they are special moments, no more to be counted on than divine visitations to the Saint. For the main, if I were asked why I make the modest ascents accessible to me, I would answer that they offer a maximum of striving with a minimum of competition. Mingling ardors and arduousness, mountain climbing is perhaps the most enchanting way of not keeping up with the Joneses. ⧺

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

one man's meat

Being an old reader of your excellent publication, but never having written to the editor before, I was riled into writing today by Mr. C. W. Burhans, Jr.'s, superior attitude expressed in The Sound and Fury of March. Mr. C. W. Burhans evidently doesn't remember that almost any country in Europe was suffering from the war, and rations for civilians were very short, even in Belgium. It was for that reason that Allied Headquarters put out an order forbidding soldiers to eat in civilian restaurants.

Many of us were fully aware that meals could be had for a price, but just didn't feel like taking the food out of the civilian population's mouth. As for First Army combat rations, I never saw steak on the menu, but frequently C and K rations.

ERNEST K. LOEB
Cleveland, Ohio

hint for tourists

A year ago I read *Soliloquy in a London Phone Booth* with great glee, and have a few adventures of my own to add.

The nearest telephone kiosk to where we lived in Scotland had no phone in it because Yank sailors, weary of the battle with Buttons A and B, were wont to rip the instrument from the wall.

The next nearest phone kiosk had several panes of glass missing, so sleet and winds whistled about, and I learned to come prepared with a towel, to wipe rain from face and ears as I phoned.

But my great discovery, which should interest Mr. Byron Bonnheim, was how to get a call through. One day, after a futile battle with Buttons A and B, I noticed a small black unlabeled button, somewhat like a doorbell buzzer. In a spirit of research, I pressed it. Immediately an operator answered, I gave my number and presto, I was talking to the right party. Ever after, I used the anonymous black button. After living in Scotland about eight months I chanced to mention this to my Scottish in-laws. Consternation greeted my remark. It seems that is an EMERGENCY button, to be used only for calling the Police, Fire Department or an Ambulance! But the polite operators had never mentioned my error, and I had been using it as the quickest way to reach my friends!

MRS. MARY MUNN
Birmingham, Ala.

Continued on page 146

It's a FREEMAN Shoe

8.95 to 19.95 at better stores coast to coast

Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin

America's largest exclusive makers of men's fine shoes

It's a FREEMAN *shoe*

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 145

sponsor wanted

I think that you find it a strange idea to get a letter from Holland, from me, dead strange to you.

I got licenses of the General High School and the Agriculture High School. I'm a good driver, a good milker, a good farmer, with a good practice in all these jobs. Now I should like to go on with lessons of the Agriculture University, but I have no money. The American system of laboring and studying at the same time is no custom here and the only chance I've got is to emigrate to the U.S.A. or to Canada.

I should like to ask then, if there is a farmer willing to stand me the journey in dollars and if he will assure me two years work.

These conditions are asked at the American Emigration Office in Rotterdam. I'll pay back the journey price and the price of the advertisement when I have a bit of luck.

Evert Enting
Zuidlaren (Dr.) Netherlands

Editor's Note: *While Esquire's circulation among farmers is not extensive, we are betting on a long shot by publishing this appeal. Perhaps some "gentleman farmer" will trade a scholarship for an ambitious helper.*

of Centre College

I call your attention to an article published in February, 1948, Esquire written by one Stanley Frank entitled, *Ideals Bowled Over* and specifically to page 134 thereof in which you publish the following statement, viz; "The Praying Colonels were a romantic, daredevil crew that fired the imagination of the country—but Centre today is a small school of doubtful academic renown."

While you will no doubt be further enlightened as to the present and past standing of Centre academically from other sources, I know my credits obtained at Centre at the time Centre defeated Harvard were accepted for entrance into the Michigan Law School and I know that a diploma from Centre was accepted at Harvard for the Graduate School there. I also know that today, instead of being of "doubtful academic renown," Centre is a fully accredited college and a degree from there will be accepted at the University of Michigan Law School, which inquiry will develop, is a difficult law school to enter.

I understand there are schools for backward children, and that is as it should be, but for your information, Centre does not happen to fall into that category and was not in that category during the time it was in its prime so far as football is concerned. I believe you will find that the members of that winning team, as a whole, have been more than average successes in the world since they left Centre.

I wish to further advise you that at the present time, Centre is an exceptionally "tough" college scholastically, has some 550 students as against about 280 when I was there and it defeated Harvard, is well endowed, has an exceptionally fine physical setup so far as dormitories and other buildings are concerned and in most respects is so far ahead of many small colleges, so far as the physical well being of the students is concerned, that there is no comparison. My only criticism of Centre at the present time is that not enough emphasis is placed on having a good football team and it is, perhaps, a little too rough scholastically.

I believe the fact that I am a regular reader of Esquire is proof of the fact that I am fair minded; however, I have never seen any magazine print such a statement about any institution of learning.

E. G. Pailthorp
Petoskey, Michigan

Editor's Note: *It is never the intention of Esquire knowingly to belittle any institution of learning, particularly a school with Centre College's record.*

contest in brass

If Major J. S. Pirie can get that yarn accepted as the truth, of not being able to get his copies of Esquire through the post and having to cancel his order, how the blazes will the spare copies of kindhearted readers reach him?

We call it "scrounging" out here. If a major can get a letter like that published, then I demand fair equal treatment for a poor lonely lieutenant in the desert with only Esquire glamour girls pinned on his tent walls to help in his monklike existence. I have a subscription for Esquire. I receive all copies. This increases my greed for more American magazines, so if I can persuade a few of Major Pirie's fans to direct their spare copies of other American magazines to my address, I shall be very happy.

Besides my post is more reliable than his. At the same time, if any of these kind readers are stamp collectors I will let them have some of mine in exchange.

How am I doing, Major?

H. L. Lavidlette
R. P. C.
M. E. L. F. (Egypt)

battery's thanks

Way back in 1947 you published an appeal to your readers to send me old numbers of Esquire for myself and my battery in Hamburg. The response has been kindly and many back numbers and letters from your readers have arrived. I would like to thank these readers very very much indeed.

Major J. S. Pirie
Thames Ditton
Surrey

Paramount
presents
ALAN LADD
Soon to be seen in
"BEYOND GLORY"

SOME SWEATER...SOME MAN...
M-M-MMMMM...
WELGRUME

Says Paramount's lovely ROBERTA JONAY
THE PERFECT FATHER'S DAY GIFT

Whether you say dad, pop, father or even pater you'll say it better on Father's Day with a WELGRUME sweater. That better looking, better fitting sweater that'll make him well-groomed all the time. For WELGRUME sweaters are not just blocked to shape . . . but actually *knit* to shape. Or, give him WELGRUME basque shirts and WELGRUME swim trunks . . . perfect fun-in-the-sun combinations. But, whatever you give—give WELGRUME .

Give WELGRUME . . . *America's greatest sportswear value*

For name of nearest store write: PAUKER BROS., *Stylists in Men's Sportswear* • 1237 Broadway, New York City

A Study in Murder

Continued from page 60

incredible silvery blondeness, her boneless body that was slim and yet full and ripe at the same time. Angel, who was just tough enough to make a conversation or a moment in the shadows exciting, and who had come from nowhere to be caught in the orderly hysteria of life around an Air Base. Angel, who could wear a dress slashed to her white, flat tummy and manage to look like a Visiting Nurse, and could, paradoxically, seem like a harlot in a polka-dot wash dress with long sleeves. Angel . . .

Gephyrophobia: Fear of Bridges.

Anastophobia: Fear of Kissing.

The Rainbow Tourist Court hadn't been off limits for him after he got his captaincy for streamlining instruction in multi-engine operation and setting up the big visual training unit almost singlehanded. But he'd been glad enough to let Angel make the arrangements ahead of time, and he'd kept his head down as they ducked from the car to the cottage that night. How quickly a man can change! What had been simple—flying, playing, working, getting ready to "finish the job" as soon as he could wangle active duty—was suddenly complex and twisted and mixed-up, and all the old dreams and plans and ideals were smothered and shamefully hidden beneath a hot, thick blanket of lust and unknown appetites. He was possessed, not only with new and strange carnalities, but possessed in whole by Angel. Angel, of whom he knew less with each night spent.

Claustrophobia: Fear of Closed Spaces.

Lalophobia: Fear of Speaking.

Major Anders and his wife somewhat reluctantly had stood up with them at the base chapel the week before Huston shipped out. Anders didn't approve of Angel, and had said so bluntly on more than one occasion, specifically recalling that Angel's reputation around the base had been none too spotless even before Huston's arrival. But Huston raised no defense. Angel was Angel and needed no championing. To him her past was as far gone, as beyond ken, as his own. It mattered not at all. What did matter was that he could go to whatever hell waited for him next to the edge of the world knowing there was someone, a wife, one who loved him, waiting for him to come back and begin life again. Not the rose-covered cottage, mundane sort of life, but the full productive life with highs of sweet triumph and lows of gentle compassion wherein each gave strength to the other. And between, pinnacles of fire and flame and white-hot ecstasy. The wonder of it had choked him during the ceremony so he had stammered on the "I do!" Lalophobia?

Androphobia: Fear of Men.

Autophobia: Fear of Solitude.

Phobophobia: Fear of Being Afraid.

They had one week to themselves, in a San Pedro hotel room. The day he sailed Huston had been certain he was going to his death and the only emotion left in him was a stabbing disappointment and, yes, some of that phobophobia. It had passed, of course, in the roaring hot madness of motors and madmen. Memory died a little, too, so that total recall of Angel's feminine tricks, all her winsome abandon, formed a false patina over the other things—the things a man doesn't want to remember when he's getting ready to die. He began showing her picture around, after a while, and felt real pride and pleasure at the appreciative whistles. Even men in other squadrons knew about Huston—"the only man in the AUS married to a live pin-up girl!" Luckily, he had managed to distinguish himself otherwise as well. They must have liked him. They gave him a terrific beer party when he got word and told about Angel's Condition. But he didn't show them the letter, and he didn't have a very good time at the party even though the boys had flown all the beer to forty thousand to make sure it was properly chilled.

Ophidiophobia: Fear of Snakes.

Hydrophobia: Fear of Water.

Pyrophobia: Fear of Fire.

He hadn't jumped until last, being skipper, and by that time the *Naughty Mona Lisa* was a furnace. All the way down he hoped he'd land in the water and drown because it was his fault, their being hit. He'd been thinking too much about other things. He didn't want to live, because by that time she'd written again and there wasn't going to be any baby. Angel had taken care of that little item. Angel had not contracted to be a brood sow and would shortly move into L. A. with another girl who had a lovely apartment being paid for by an absent lieutenant (j.g.). But Huston didn't land in the water. And the six nights in the jungle had been a lot worse than dying, though not worse, perhaps, than being shipped Stateside later, on crutches.

Aichmophobia: Fear of Sharp Instruments.

Hemophobia: Fear of Blood.

It was while they were doing the permanent patching job on his leg in Reed that he first began thinking of medicine as a profession. He'd had an enormous amount of respect for the bare-armed, bare-chested, sweating medics on the other side who'd knitted smashed men back together with little but their wonderful hands as tools. Stateside, when he saw what miracles skill could accomplish with the aid of asepsis and proper equipment, his imagination was stirred until for the first time since

Continued on page 148

PERSONNAlly Speaking:

"I been pollin' the poppa-lation"

WILLIAM BENDIX

Starring in "Time of Your Life"
released thru United Artists

". . . and all of us poppas is agreed on what we want for Father's Day. We don't want no huntin' lodges or ermine shorts.

"We *do* want plenty of them long-lastin' *Personna Blades* what keeps our faces so smooth an' well-groomed all day long!

"So you kids better crash through wit' Personna Blades for Father's Day or I'll give *you* something you'll remember!"

Yes—give your favorite father Personna Blades for Father's Day . . . and you'll give him the best, the smoothest, the most downright luxurious shaves there are!

SPECIAL FOR
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June 20th
2-in-1 Gift Box
50 superb Personna Blades plus handsome cigarette box—BOTH for the regular price of the blades alone— $5

PERSONNA
Precision Blades

Also regular box of 10 blades for $1
Single or Double Edge

Personna Blades are made in the U.S.A., Canada, Great Britain and South America, and are sold all over the world.

A Study in Murder

Continued from page 147

Angel he knew where he was going and what he wanted to do. He would be a doctor, a surgeon, perhaps. This was an obsession, a driving urge that made him impatient of all delay and, when he was almost whole again, made it quite easy for him to decline the air line's offer and even to stand Angel's violent, bitter and lashing disapproval. Angel had no stomach for an academic stretch on a Bill of Rights income.

Agoraphobia: Fear of Being Alone in Large Open Spaces.

Taphephobia: Fear of Burial Alive.

That was precisely what Angel had called it. Buried alive in this small, overcrowded college town with no parties to speak of. Not that parties were important, except to Angel. Unwittingly she had precanceled most of their social life in the first semester by getting vomiting drunk at the Frosh Welcome. They weren't invited anywhere after that. So Angel had joined a clique of esoteric townies and Huston had more time to study evenings, since close application was quite impossible with Angel around.

"*. . . an' just lissen to the brass on this side, kids! It's outta this world . . .*"

Toxicophobia: Fear of Poisons.

Thanatophobia: Fear of Death.

It had been during the past year that he'd been thinking too frequently of getting rid of Angel in the only way possible. She would not leave him, that she had made clear. Angel was certain she could goad him into doing the money-making things she wanted him to do. He could not leave her. Angel had sworn if he did she would go to the college authorities and end everything in a welter of the nastiest scandal she could invent. There remained for Huston the deed he could never bring himself to do. Never? How long can the human soul stand the steady, wearing effect of a constant rasp against its core?

Ailurophobia: Fear of Cats. (See Case History "G")

He could say, in honesty, that he had tried to make the best of the situation, to strive toward a semblance of graceful living. He gave in to Angel in every instance of disagreement—except the big, basic one—and pampered most of her strangely childish desires and dislikes. This phobia, now, this fear of cats; they'd passed by the little pet shop on Acorn Street last week on the way to a football game and the big Tom in the window had sent her screaming with fear into Huston's arms. She had been so

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Model sketched — the Biloxi

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upset he'd taken her home and torn up the tickets, while Angel sought balm for her nerves in her usual fashion. Impossible to understand, Angel. This Ailurophobia, a strange neurosis. He liked cats, himself.

Huston leafed to Case History "G." "When originally seen, this twenty-four-year-old woman exhibited every evidence of severe traumatic shock. Under questioning it was learned that she had been attacked by a cat at the age of three years and during the intervening years had suffered from sublimated ailurophobia. On the day of examination she had been startled by another cat which leaped into her lap while she was visiting a neighbor. Calmed, she was taken home, but that same night hanged herself in the bathroom after leaving a note which showed incontrovertible signs of insanity."

Huston put down the book and noticed Angel was standing, swaying, in the bedroom doorway.

"Well, Doctor, still hard at work learning to squeeze boils and roll pink pills for pale people?"

"Please, Angel, not tonight. I've got a lot of studying to do."

"Isn't that too goddam bad! Study, study, study! The great Doctor Kildare doesn't have any time to think about his wife or his marriage or anything quite so ordinary as that, does he?"

"Angel . . ."

"He doesn't have time, even, to remember dates. He's too goddam busy to remember dates today . . . 'This is the happiest day of my life,' the big, brave captain said right out loud. He said, 'I'll never forget it!' he said. No, he wouldn't forget it! Oh no, not the flyer-ashman-doctor! But he's too goddam busy learning how to squeeze pimples according to books . . ."

Huston stood up. "Angel, I'm sorry. I did forget. I'm sorry."

"Sorry! I'll just bet you're sorry. I'll bet you're sorry enough to get me a ten-carat diamond ring for a present too, aren't you? I'll just bet . . ."

"It . . . it slipped my mind. Truly. I'll go out right now and get you something. Forgive me."

"Forgive you? Forgive you, little ashman, pimple-squeezer? Sure, I'll forgive you if you bring back a nice mink coat. You'll do that won't you . . ."

Huston closed the hut door behind him and stood for a moment in the night, breathing the sharp fall air. Saturday; some stores would still be open. The pet shop would be open. He'd ask them to deliver it right away. He'd have them put it in a box with a big red bow so she could untie it with a flick of the wrist. On the bow he'd pin a note:

To My Wife,
On Her Fourth Wedding Anniversary. #

Continued from page 60

XTRA
SAYS TRUMAN

To men who'd offer the seat, if it weren't for their feet!

WHY NOT STAND UP in day-long comfort next time? Give your feet a break with a pair of Ward Hill Shoes. Their great good looks have styled-in fit . . . the real McCoy for comfort.

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Here are 3 practical suggestions for getting a better fit . . . more comfort!

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DUTCH MASTERS

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IN THE BEST-DRESSED CIRCLES . . . your car and your shirt are smart with "top" up or down. Worn open or closed, this Tu-Way Convertible Casual Shirt is tailored by Nelson-Paige for ease and good grooming. Unconditionally washable Soap 'n' Water Fabric. Sanforized—won't shrink over 1%. Fashioned to fit by Mylish, Mann & Drucker, Inc., Philadelphia.

Nelson-Paige
CREATIVE SHIRTMAKER

Fury in the Fifth Level

Continued from page 75

stopped about five months ago. If Bruno sets off a blast in there it'll be like dynamiting a dam."

Reynolds glanced at his watch. It was seven-thirty. Bruno would fire his first blast at eight in accordance with colliery rules. The saying was you could set your watch by Bruno's first shot.

Reynolds rushed to the wall telephone. He cranked out four rings—the foreman's shanty nearest Bruno's heading. He waited a moment, then cranked again. There was no response.

"Johnson must be out making his rounds," he said grimly, looking at Griffiths. He reached for his helmet and lamp, strapped the heavy battery case to his hip. "I'll try to get up there to stop that blast. You keep calling Johnson's shanty. Whoever answers, get them the hell up there and put Bruno wise. In between, call all the other shanties and tell them to get the men out of the path of the flood—up to the top of the slopes—in case we don't get to Bruno in time."

He covered the distance to the first turnout in a few minutes. It was a gentle downgrade, but his legs were already beginning to tire. It was up to him if the phone call failed. He was puffing fiercely when he reached the mouth of the gangway that would take him to Johnson's shanty. Once he stumbled. He glanced at his watch. It was twenty of eight.

Small electric bulbs, spaced every fifty yards, made pin points of light to guide his way. His own lamp shone only a few feet ahead and he had to watch for low-hanging timbers. A group of bobbing lights in the distance turned out to be track repairmen, and when he reached them he gasped, "Get everyone up to the top of the slopes. There may be a flood here in a few minutes." And he sped on.

Nearing Johnson's shanty he looked anxiously for moving lights. If the call had got through someone would have sped to Bruno's heading with the message and certainly someone would be stationed at the shanty to inform him when he arrived. But the shanty was deserted. He heard four rings as he sped past. It was Griffiths still calling.

Without pausing he glanced at his watch. Ten minutes of eight. If the airway was clear of roof-falls he might get there in time.

He began his short cut at a junction point where the airway "jumped" the gangway by means of an enclosed overpass. He pulled open the small door, not stopping to close it behind him. A slight short circuit in the air current would result, but it was nothing

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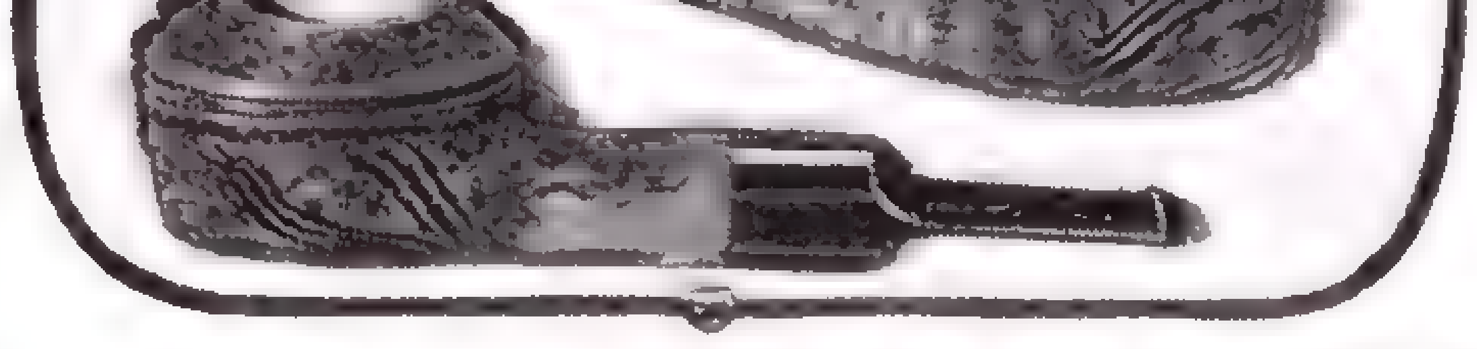

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compared to the danger ahead.

The airway was cool and damp and he felt some relief in his dust-coated throat. He was puffing violently now and the muscles in his legs had begun to tighten. The several small roof-falls in the airway had not barred his way.

He left the airway at the point nearest Bruno's heading. As he stopped momentarily to open the step-over door he again stole a glance at his watch. Five minutes of. He increased his pace and his head throbbed painfully.

Reaching the last crosscut he tried to cry out a warning, but his dust-clogged throat allowed only a feeble sound. He saw two dancing lights in the distance—Bruno and his helper preparing to touch off their blast.

Then he heard the dull "Puu-woof," and felt the floor vibrate under him. As if by shock-cure his voice returned and he shouted, "Bruno . . . Joe . . . this way!" Bruno and Joe could hear him now and came running. While his lamplight played on them he caught their looks of stupefaction.

"Follow me as fast as you can," he cried and turned.

As they ran Reynolds heard an ominous sound behind them—a splashing noise coming from the face of Bruno's heading. The blast had opened several fissures, he guessed. In a few moments the entire barrier would crumple under pressure of Ridgewood water.

He led the way, searching for passageways that pitched upwards. Suddenly, as they came to an abrupt dead end, Reynolds knew he had made a wrong turn and entered an abandoned heading which ended only twenty yards from the gangway.

"Must find higher place," Bruno demanded, pointing to the roof of the heading where a small circle enclosed a group of numbers painted in white. "Elevation only eight feet higher than my place."

"Back down to the gangway," shouted Reynolds, starting with long steps in that direction. It surprised him that Bruno could interpret the numbers left by colliery surveyors. To most miners station readings were meaningless.

Then, from the gangway, came the deafening roar of rushing water. The wall of coal had collapsed and they were trapped between the gangway and the dead end of the heading.

"Up to the face again," shouted Reynolds.

They clambered up the slight incline. The heading had more than thirty degrees of pitch, but the water soon rose to the chamber's halfway mark where it swirled in small whirlpools.

Bruno put his arm around Joe's shoulders. His helper was a thin, elderly Slovak, who several years back had been injured in a roof-fall. The accident had left him with a bad set of nerves, and now

Continued on page 152

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HAND TURNED

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Then pack this convenient, handsome Esquire Bridge Case in your suitcase when you leave. Easy to carry. The temperatures of your vacation companions will rise as you riff through fifty-two of those tawny, dark-eyed Esquire Leopard Girl Cards or a pack of the burning blond Esquire Zebra Girl Cards.

And the case is especially suitable for travelling . . . the zipper closure secures the contents. It's made of rich New Zealand Lambskin, handsomely trimmed with rich gold striping . . . complete with handy pencil and etched covered score pad . . . containing *both* decks of these cellulose-coated, two ply, gilt-edged Esquire Jungle Girl Playing Cards . . . cards which are so sturdy and durable . . . easy to handle and keep clean . . . and to look at!

The Esquire Bridge Case $5.75
(complete)

(Esquire Jungle Girl Playing Cards: $2 per pair, $1 per single deck)

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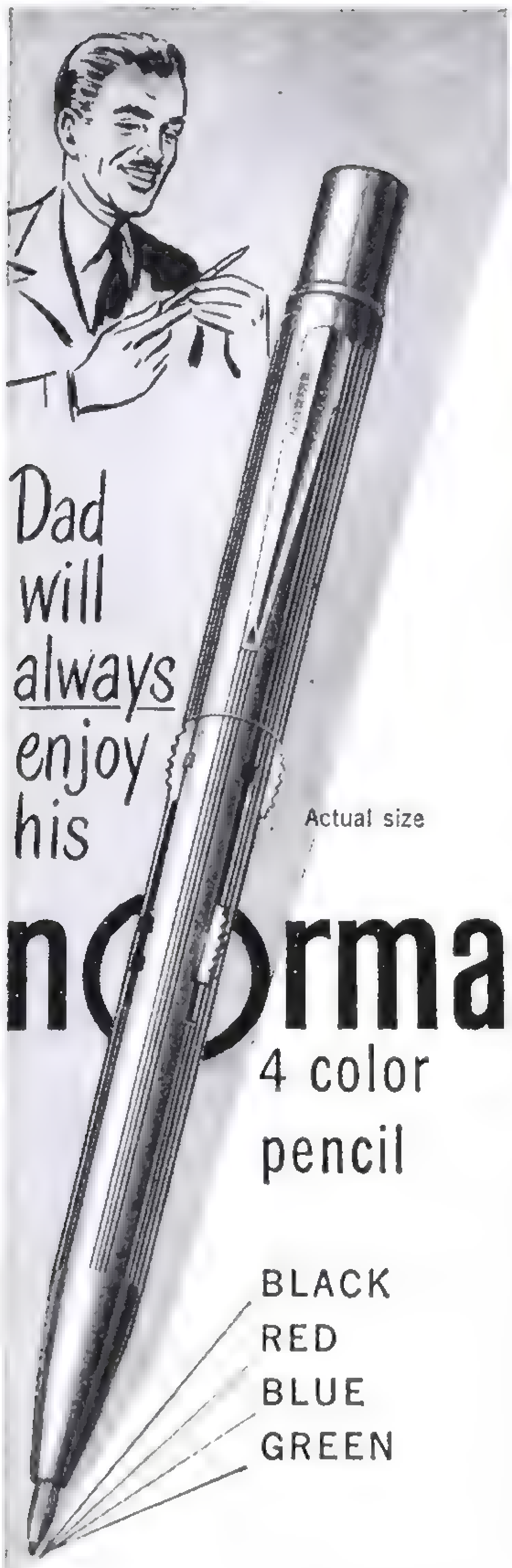

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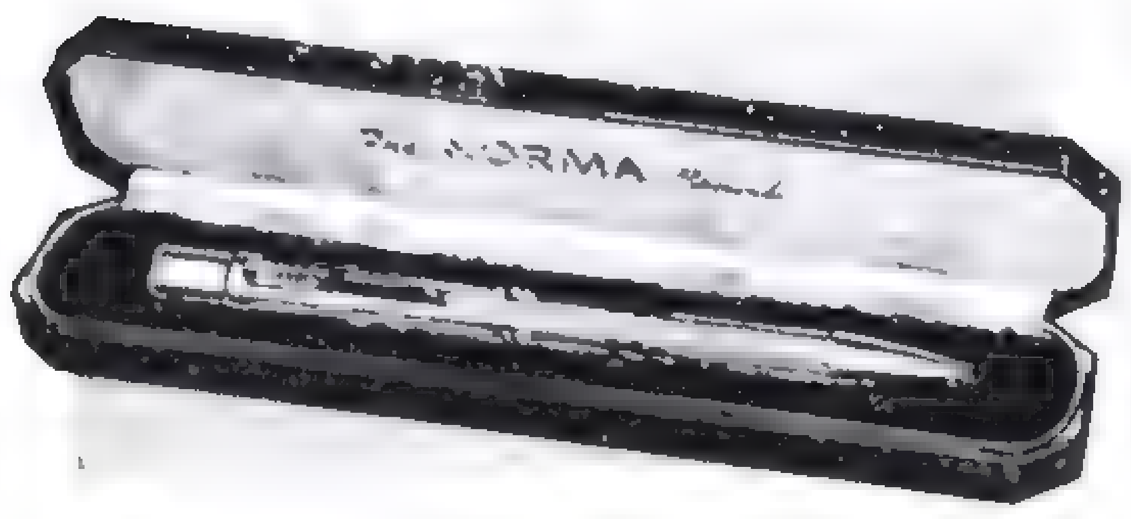

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Fury in the Fifth Level

Continued from page 151

he was sobbing like a child.

"Everything going to be all right, Joe," said Bruno. "Water soon go down to sump." He helped lower Joe to a sitting position.

Reynolds and Bruno stood side by side, their lamp beams playing on the water which now rose higher as the full force of the flood coursed through the gangway. Another two feet would bring it up to their boots; if it continued to rise there would be no escape.

Suddenly Bruno shouted, "Look—water going back down."

Reynolds could see the water was receding quickly, and decided the flood's force had been spent.

Then they heard the terrifying ripping of mine timbers.

"Holy hell," Reynolds shouted. "The gangway's caving!" They stood pressed against the wall of coal, hearing the straining and groaning of the props. With loud, sharp cracklings the timbers in the gangway gave way and tons of top-rock fell with a series of thuds.

Reynolds looked at Bruno, trying to hide his terror. "Force of the water must have washed out some wedges and loosened the props," he said. "Stay here with Joe while I go down and see if there's a space we can crawl through to get out of here."

As he felt his way through the cloud of dust left by the cave-in, again he heard the groaning of timbers, this time from the collar-props above him. The cave-in was spreading to the heading!

Something struck his head and shoulder, knocking off his helmet and lamp. He fell to the rocky floor and lay in darkness for a moment. Now he felt sharp pain where the chunk had struck him, and warm blood trickled down the side of his jaw.

He heard the splash of water and thought he felt a cool spray. A light shone in his face. It was Bruno, bending down to lift him. "Cave-in made opening in roof near face. Water coming in like anything," the Pole said, helping Reynolds to sit up.

Reynolds shook his head from side to side, trying to fight the dizziness. He played his lamp in the direction of the face and found the stream of water falling from a wide crack in the roof.

"Must be another pocket of Ridgewood water above us," he said, raising his voice against the loud splash of the water. "We better get out of here fast. I don't like the looks of that roof."

Bruno hurried down to the gangway. He was back in a moment. "No place to crawl through," he reported, a tremor in his voice. "Cave-in piled all way to the roof. Water coming in too."

Reynolds held his handkerchief to his head as Bruno helped him to his feet and down to the gangway. Thick black mud from the flood had mixed with the rubble of the cave-in and made a dam.

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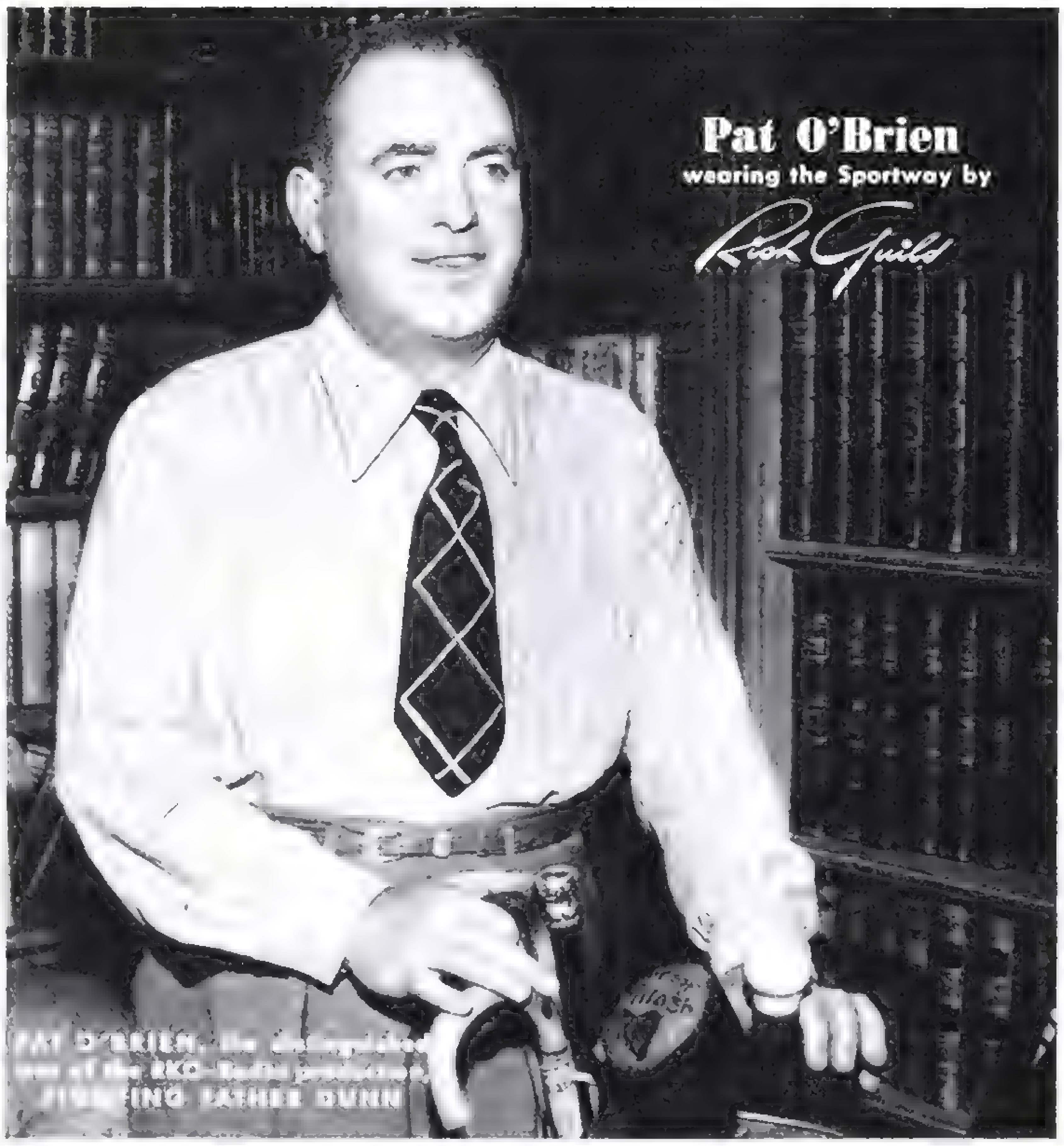

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Without the water they might have tried to dig their way out. Now, however, they must wait for the rescue crews and pray that they would come in time.

The throbbing in Reynold's head was now dying away to an empty giddiness and his shoulder had turned numb. He held out his hand for support and Bruno led him up to the face.

"The tracks," said Reynolds weakly. "Start hammering on the tracks and let them know we're still alive." He sat on the coal chunks next to Joe and faintly heard his prayers. It was time for them all to pray, he thought.

When the cave-in was discovered, the rescue party would listen for rail-tappings. However, it would take hours to dig away the debris and meantime the water would creep up to the dead end.

Bruno had found an old drill near the tracks and Reynolds heard the clang of steel on steel.

"Hammer on both rails, Bruno," shouted Reynolds. "In case one of them snapped during the cave-in." Both rails could have snapped, he knew. There was also the danger of suffocation; black damp formed quickly between an airtight cave-in and a dead end.

Playing his lamp down past the large slabs of the roof-fall, he saw a reflection and guessed the progress of the water. About three more hours, he figured. The water would get to them before the black damp. If it had to be, he would have preferred the gas. It produced sleeping-away death.

Bruno's pounding ceased and he lay with his ear to the rail.

"I got answer," he said. "They tapping back to us."

"How strong is it?"

Bruno listened again. "Must be pretty far away," he said.

Reynolds tried to push himself up to his feet, but his arms and legs went limp and he fell back; with no helmet, his head struck the wall of coal behind him and he lay on the floor at Joe's feet. He could see Bruno at the end of the tracks. The water was now only six feet or so from the face, and was forcing Bruno to retreat. He had lain there stunned for better than an hour, he guessed. He felt the nauseating sensation of floating into space.

He tried to keep his senses aware, and the harsh pounding helped him hang on. He counted the strokes as the notes rang out.

One . . . two . . . three . . . four, he counted. A pause. Then: one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . Another pause. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six. Each group of strokes was increasing by one. There would be seven in the next, he guessed. He counted seven, anticipating the pause following. And now eight would be coming up. It was his near-delirium, he decided, that made the strokes fall into this curious group pattern. Or else Bruno was playing games. Perhaps he had cracked under the strain. Now he himself was sinking, floating off into darkness . . .

Continued on page 154

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Fury in the Fifth Level

Continued from page 153

He opened his eyes and saw the whitewashed ceiling of a shanty. He tried to sit up, but a sharp pain shot through his head and shoulder and he fell back to the soft comfort of the first-aid cot.

He heard voices. Bruno was explaining to Dan McMahon, colliery superintendent, how the scraps of food he'd put out for the rats remained untouched three days before the flood. It was strange—Bruno talking about the rats and not a single guffaw coming from the men grouped around him.

McMahon came to his side. Griffiths also stood there, a smile on his boyish-looking face.

"Take it easy, Jim," said McMahon. "Don't try to talk. Doc Benson taped your head and shoulder when we got you down here. He thinks you're okay, but he wants to take you to the hospital for a checkup. In about an hour, when the foot of the shaft is cleared of water, we'll take you up."

Reynolds smiled weakly, feeling the bandages wrapped tightly under his jaw.

"Don't worry about a thing," McMahon continued. "Everyone got safely out of the way of the flood, thanks to you and Griffiths. Bruno's helper has a bad case of nerves, but rest will fix him up.

"Never liked that Ridgewood company. Imagine them mining clear through the boundary pillar like that. That was smart of you to detect it from the maps, Jim. And damn clever of you to have Bruno tap out a message to let us know exactly where you were. For a while we didn't get wise and kept following the rail, clearing up the cave-in as we went along. We couldn't figure out why you kept tapping one-to-ten repeatedly. Finally it dawned on us that you were trying to send us a number. We answered with the same one-to-ten count and then we heard you tap out the number five-two-seven-four. It didn't mean a damn thing to me, but Griffiths ran to a shanty, brought back a map and pointed to the surveyors' station number 5-274. Knowing exactly where you were trapped, we figured out the shortest way to get to you and broke in on you from an airway running close to your heading. We got there just in time. The water was up over your knees. Bruno was holding both you and Joe propped against the face. Another half hour—"

Reynolds looked for Bruno and found him at the foot of the cot, smiling, stroking his mustache with blackened fingers. Reynolds smiled as best his bandages would allow. Later he would straighten them out on who had been the "damn clever" one. Right now, however, he wanted to rest till it was time to be taken to the foot of the shaft. ⧺

Continued from page 75

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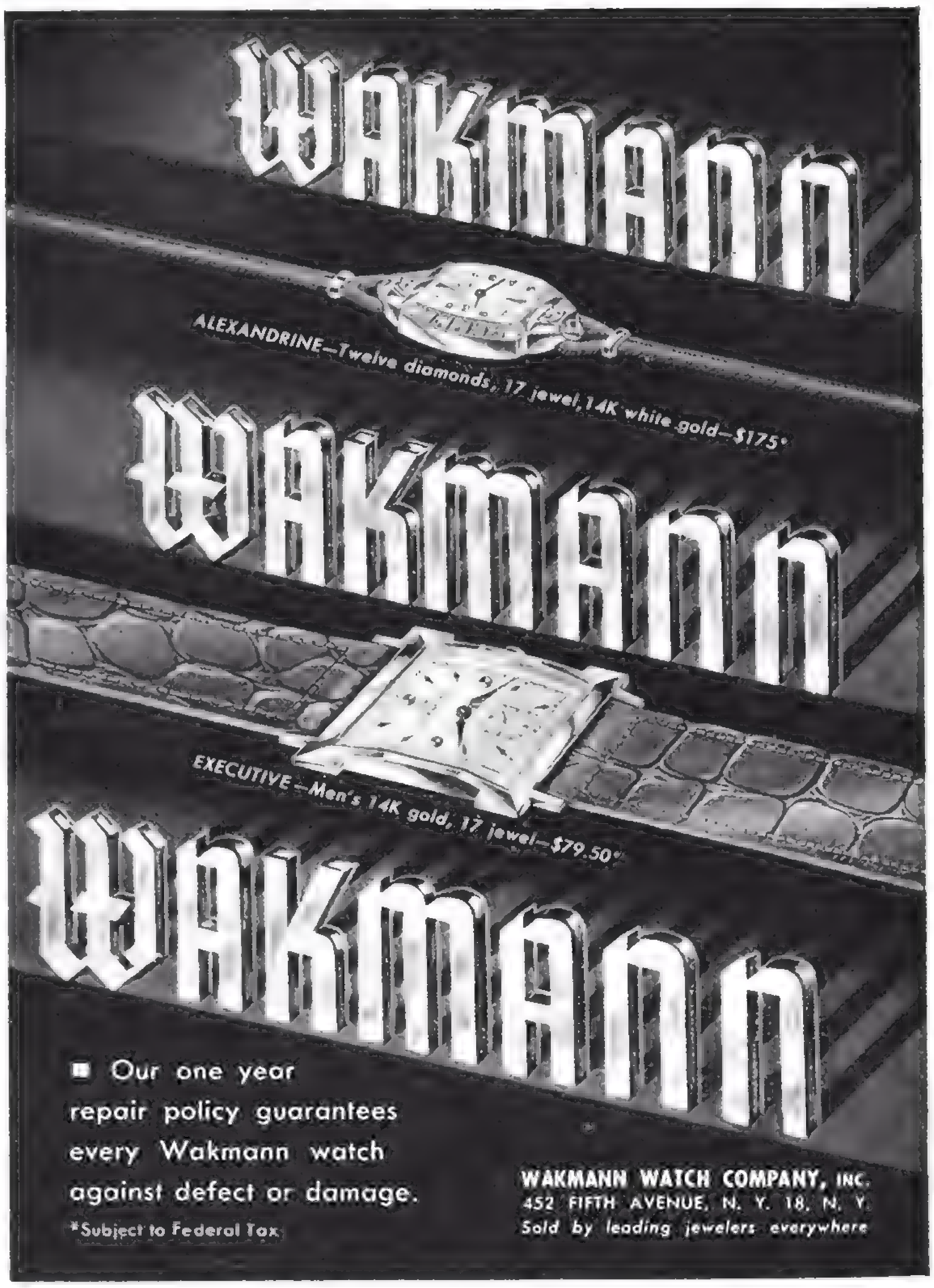

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It Was Good Enough for Father

Continued from page 33

beloved spouse. As a result the couple wakens in the morning after a restive night as out of tune as when they went to bed. By the time the husband gets home in the evening, the wife has had time to think up a lot of other grievances; and the first thing you know, space permitting, one or the other of them has moved out of the nuptial chamber and the rift is widened for fair.

With contiguous beds, the situation is ameliorated but it is still not good, since any move for a rapprochement must be telegraphed, the magnanimous partner (as he will think of himself)—or the crow-eating one (as he thinks he will be considered)—having either to get up and go around the beds or tug at the covers of his own and then of his partner's in order to slip from one to the other. This is a deliberate gesture and takes doing.

But in the double bed! How simple, how natural, how unintentional! The lights are extinguished and tension prevails, but not for long. A tentative toe is stretched toward the center. Quite by accident it touches a leg. Well, even in the heat of battle nothing was said about the other party's being physically repugnant. There is no real need to draw one's toe back again. It stays. One is conscious of a gentle return pressure. A hand, by chance, brushes a shoulder, two heads draw nearer, an arm reaches out . . . It is an endearing arrangement. And even if the reconciliation doesn't happen before going to sleep, where there has been physical contact rest is broken. Two are likely to wake in the deep darkness. Things are different in the dark: those who went to bed as strangers waken as lovers, and pride and bitterness and anger are daylight demons.

The most general objection to the communal couch seems to be that many people feel they cannot sleep in the same bed with another person. This argument is not to be lightly brushed aside. Actually, three-quarter beds and standard doubles are small for two people. There is nothing so restful as kicking space, and nothing more conducive to resentment than the feeling that one must budge only with caution for fear of disturbing another person. Then, too, it is maddening, as one slips into the gauzy borderland of sleep, to have the bed leap under a sudden flounce or to have an arm flop across one's face or to receive a sharp gouge in the ribs from an elbow. Nor does it give rise to gentle thoughts of love to waken chilled to the marrow, exposed to the winds of heaven, while one's unconscious spouse slumbers blissfully at one's side wrapped snug and mummylike in *all* the blankets. Also there is no denying that many wives are prey

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It Was Good Enough for Father

Continued from page 155

to peckish morning moods when they have been kept awake at night by that calliope with the cutout open which is a snoring husband. Sometimes he may be throttled without total extinction, or rubber stoppers in wifely ears may mute the racket (there is a nasty rumor afloat that some husbands are driven to them too); but, where such treatment fails, even twin beds won't help. Despite love and longing, separate rooms may be the only answer. Let us turn in sorrow from this insoluble problem and its painful solution.

There are those who complain that double beds tend to sag in the middle and that both occupants are likely to spend their nights rolling downhill to bump into each other at the bottom, getting thoroughly awake as they haul themselves back up the slope, and then repeating the performance all over again. To those who demur on this score we give short shrift. Keep the springs and mattress in good repair, and it won't happen.

In fact, to all objections, barring the noise of snoring, there is a shining answer: the outsize double bed, the jumbo job that anyone can obtain with patience, guile, and some money. A bed seven feet square is a domain of flawless delight. In such a bed one is a property owner roaming the lower forty, solitary if one wishes it, in easy contact with fellow man or fellow woman when the spirit moves. Either partner may curl into a ball or lie spread-eagle, secure in the knowledge that his spouse is undisturbed, unaware during his most restless gyrations. The feeling of freedom and at the same time of coziness that one experiences in this broad pasturage is delightful. There is so much room that even disciplinarian dog lovers, the kind who say with suspicious firmness, "I'm crazy about dogs, but I do *not* approve of them on beds," may alibi Rover's presence on those very premises with the explanation that they didn't know he was there.

One shocking thing about the movies is that sight of a double bed strikes horror in the heart of the Johnston Office. For a community as concerned about public morals as Hollywood, it's interesting to note that if figures tended to show that fewer divorces occur among couples using double beds than among those occupying twin beds or separate rooms, then Hollywood itself is instrumental in the breakup of countless homes. For Hollywood sets fashions, and many Americans follow slavishly.

Struggling to understand the point of view of the censors, we can't help wondering what is supposed to be "dirty" about a double bed? Or "suggestive"? for countless generations men and women have slept in them, and

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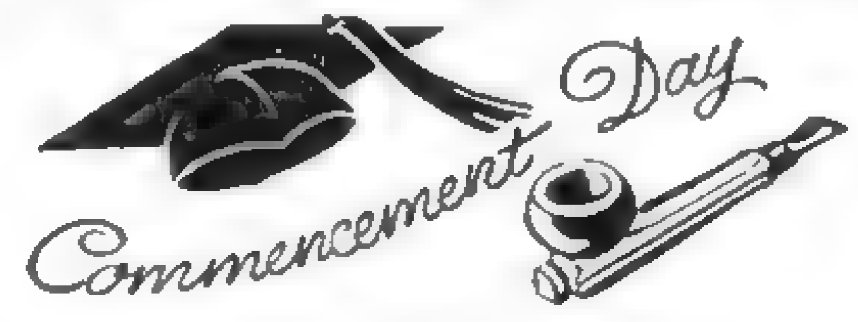

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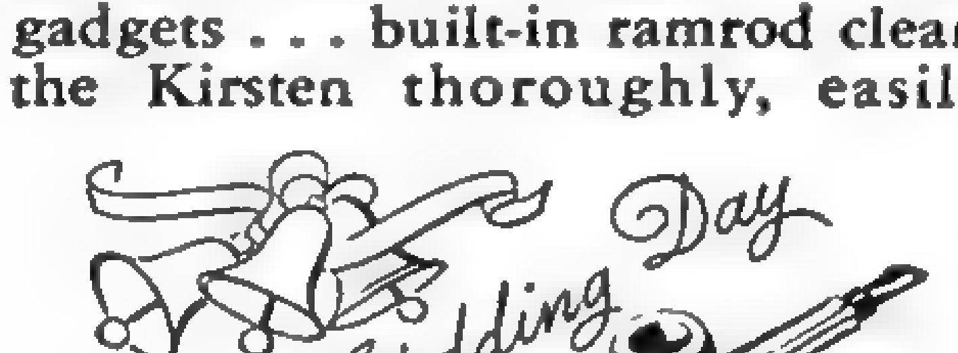

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the children of the household grew up thinking of them—if they thought at all—as symbols of family unity. Father and Mother shared a bed. Why wouldn't they? It was one of the most commonplace and sweetest facts of life. It was the custom in every country of the world and among all classes for hundreds of years. Then came Hollywood and couples in the movies sleep on measly single beds (which, mark you, are separated by two or three feet).

As we have acknowledged, there are arguments against double beds, but they have nothing to do with morals. When the double bed is outsize, they are chiefly economic. Though initial price is steep, it is not prohibitive. The fly drops into the ointment later. Upkeep! That is expensive, because the furnishings for this mammoth cot—mattress pads, sheets, blankets, blanket covers, quilts and spreads—have to be specially made. It takes a lot of goods, blankets, blanket covers, quilts, but, fortunately, an electric blanket does away with layers of wool and down quilts and provides bug-snugness in zero weather. The electric blanket, which seemed originally designed for slow torture, has evolved into the sleeper's boon. And with dual control for double beds, the harmony it creates among married couples is so marked that Nevada will soon be looking for clients. The great he-man who spurns comfortable warmth as something effeminate can virtually put his master switch in reverse and manufacture a row of icicles while the little hot dish at his side turns hers on full strength and sizzles cheerily through the night.

It is true that maids are likely to complain when first confronted with the task of making up the mastodon and to mutter that some people are crazy—"that's what, crazy,"—but as a matter of fact the task is not as arduous as it seems, and moving the bed is child's play, since the box springs are set on wheels. That is of no practical importance, of course, because it never occurs to maids to move beds for cleaning purposes in any event; but, should the mistress be fired with enthusiasm, it's a handy device.

The continuing headache is the laundries. They don't complain, laundries don't, but they take one look at those sheets, which are only slightly larger than the movie screen in Radio City Music Hall, and add a few naughts to the bill. It's worth it, though. Such drawbacks as these are far outweighed by the joys, a fact that seems to be dawning on more and more people. One large department store reports a new ratio of more than three double beds sold for every pair of twins.

It is, after all, a simple mathematical computation. Eight hours out of every twenty-four we devote to sleep. Since time flies so quickly, how practical it is—and how delightful—to spend a third of our lives on the double! ⋕

Continued from page 33

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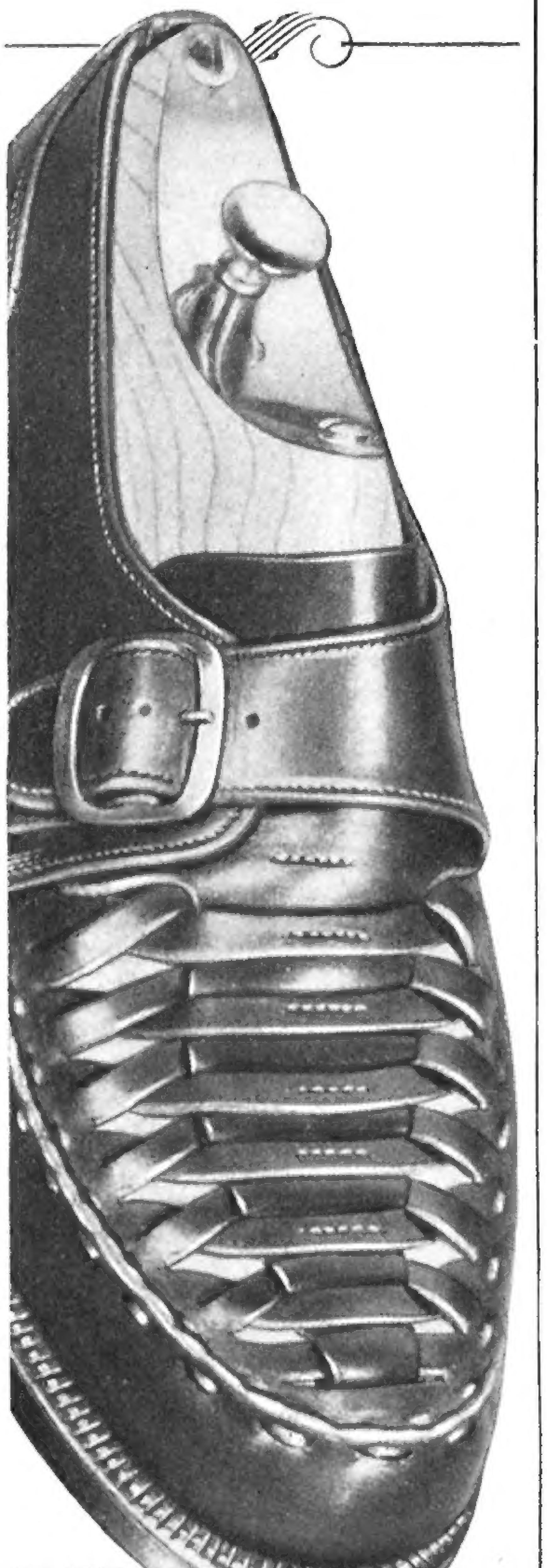

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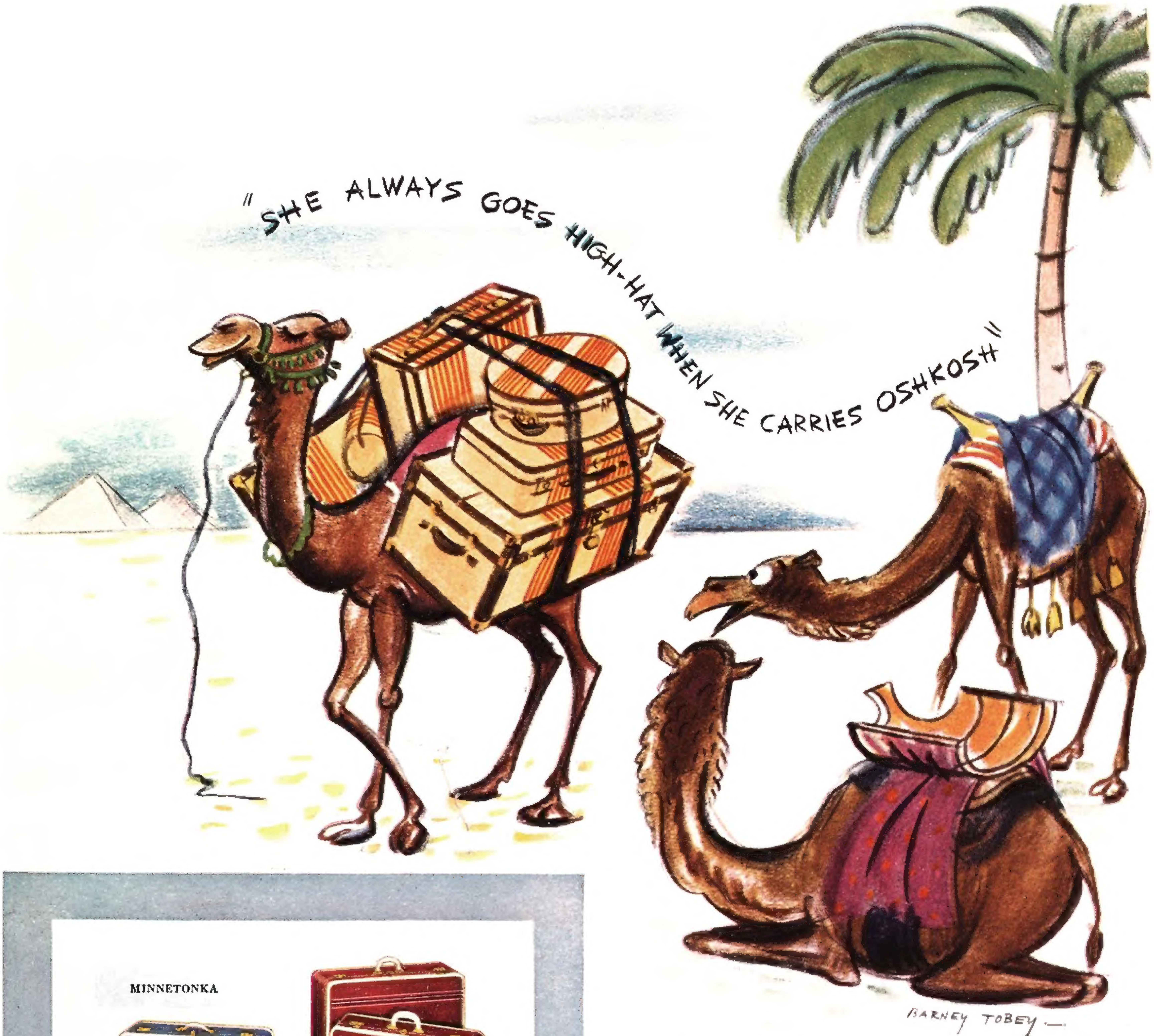
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